

# Sabaton, To Hell and Back

A short man from Texas  
A man of the wild  
Thrown into combat  
Where bodies lie piled

Hides his emotions  
His blood's running cold  
Just like his victories,  
his story unfolds

Bright  
A white light  
If there'd be,  
any glory in war

Let it rest  
On men like him

Dead men will never come back

Crosses grow on Anzio  
Where no soldiers sleep  
and where hell is six feet deep  
That death does wait  
There's no debate  
So charge and attack  
going to Hell and Back

A man of the 15th  
A man of Can Do  
Friends fall around him  
And yet he came through

Let them fall face down  
If they must die  
Making it easier  
To say goodbye

Bright  
A white light  
If there'd be,  
any glory in war

Let it rest  
On men like him

Who went to Hell and came back

Crosses grow on Anzio  
Where no soldiers sleep  
and where hell is six feet deep  
That death does wait  
There's no debate  
So charge and attack  
going to Hell and Back

Oh gather round me  
And listen while I speak  
Of a war  
Where Hell is six feet deep

And all along the shore  
Where cannons still roar  
They're haunting my dreams

They're still there when I sleep

Crosses grow on Anzio  
Where no soldiers sleep  
and where hell is six feet deep  
That death does wait  
There's no debate  
So charge and attack  
going to Hell and Back