

Disposable Heroes

Metallica

Bodies fill the fields I see, hungry heroes end
No one to play soldier now, no one to pretend
Running blind through killing fields, bred to kill them all
Victim of what said should be, a servant 'til I fall
Soldier boy, made of clay, now, an empty shell
Twenty one, only son but he served us well
Bred to kill, not to care, do just as we say
Finished here, greeting death, hes yours to take away
Back to the front, you will do what I say, when I say
Back to the front, you will die when I say, you must die
Back to the front, you coward
You servant, you blind man
Barking of machine gun fire, does nothing to me now
Sounding of the clock that ticks, get used to it somehow
More a man, more stripes you bare, glory seeker trends
Bodies fill the fields I see, the slaughter never ends
Soldier boy, made of clay, now, an empty shell
Twenty one, only son but he served us well
Bred to kill, not to care, do just as we say
Finished here, greeting death, hes yours to take away
Back to the front, you will do what I say, when I say
Back to the front, you will die when I say, you must die
Back to the front, you coward
You servant, you blind man
Why, am I dying?
Kill, have no fear
Lie, live off lying
Hell, hell is here
Why, am I dying?
Kill, have no fear
Lie, live off lying
Hell, hell is here
I was born for dying
Life planned out before my birth, nothing could I say
Had no chance to see myself, molded day by day
Looking back I realize, nothing have I done
Left to die with only friend, alone I clench my gun
Soldier boy, made of clay, now, an empty shell
Twenty one, only son but he served us well
Bred to kill, not to care, do just as we say
Finished here, greeting death, hes yours to take away
Back to the front, you will do what I say, when I say
Back to the front, you will die when I say, you must die
Back to the front, you coward
You servant, you blind man
Back to the front
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Back to the front

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