

To Hell and Back

Sabatón

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

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