

# The Prince (Diamond Head)

## Metallica

Now I see his face, I see his smile  
Such a lonely place, no golden mile  
Eyes tell of morbid tales, of his black heart  
His deeds through ages past, tell of his part  
See his face, see his smile  
Time to die  
Yo-ooh, waoh, no  
Angel from below, change my dreams  
I want for glory's hour, for wealth's esteem  
I wish to sell my soul, to be reborn  
I wish for earthly riches, don't want no crown of thorns  
See his face, see his smile  
Time to die  
Woah, oh, no  
I was born a fool, don't want to stay that way  
Devil take my soul, with diamonds you repay  
I don't care for heaven, so don't you look for me to cry  
And I will burn in hell, from the day I die  
See his face, see his smile  
Time to die  
Woah, oh, no

Songwriters

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