

# Metallica, Crown of Barbed Wire

So tight this crown of barbed wire  
Its destiny I wear  
It splits the skin to the soul  
This jagged wreath I bear

This rusted empire I own  
Bleed as I rust on this throne  
Pierce  
Me  
With torment  
And all the rust that I own

So tight  
This crown of barbed wire  
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So tight this crown

Fist tight, it stains conviction  
Drips down to bloodshot eyes  
It crushes down what is real  
Deep crimson blots the skies

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