

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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