

# Metallica, Don't Tread On Me

Liberty or death, what we so proudly hail  
once you provoke her, rattling of her tail  
never begins it, never, but once engaged...  
never surrenders, showing the fangs of rage  
don't tread on me  
so be it  
threaten no more  
to secure peace is to prepare for war  
so be it  
settle the score  
touch me again for the words that you'll hear evermore...  
don't tread on me  
love it or live it, she with the deadly bite  
quick is the blue tongue, forked as lightning strike  
shining with brightness, always on surveillance  
the eyes, they never close, emblem of vigilance  
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