

# Metallica, The Prince

(Harris / Tatler)

[Original: Diamond Head]

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, o-oh, no-oh, no-oh.

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, o-oh, o-oh, no-oh.

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, o-oh, no-oh, no.