

The View

Metallica

I am a chorus of the voices
That gather up the magnets
Set before me

I attract you and repel you
A science of the heart
And blood and meaning

The coldness of most beauties
Is a challenge that our youth
Must quickly conquer

There is no time for guilt
Or second guessing, second guessing
Based on feeling

I am the truth, the beauty
That causes you to cross
Your sacred boundaries

I have no morals
Some think me cheap
And someone who despises
The normalcy of heartbreak
The purity of love

But I worship the young
And just formed angel

Who sits upon the pin of lust
Everything else
Bores me

I want to see your suicide
I want to see you give it up
Your life of reason
I want you on the floor
And in a coffin your soul shaking
I want to have you doubting
Every meaning you've amassed
Like a fortune

Oh throw it away

For worship someone
Who actively despises you

For worship someone
Who actively despises you

I am the root
I am the progress
I am the aggressor
I am the tablet
These ten stories

Worship

Worship

Pain and evil have their place
Sitting here beside me
I offer them to you as servants
Of the gold that you must give

Pain and evil have their place
Sitting here beside me
And I'll offer them, I offer them to you
As servants of the gold
That you must give to me

I want to see your suicide
I want to see you give it up, give it up
Your your life of reason

I want to see you on the floor

And in a coffin, soul shaking
Soul shaking
I want to have you doubting
Every meaning you've amassed
Like a fortune, like a fortune
Throw it away

For worship of someone who actively despises you

Who actively despises you