

# Some Kind Of Monster

Metallica

These are the eyes that can't see me  
These are the hands that drop your trust  
These are the boots that kick you around  
This is the tongue that speaks on the inside  
These are the ears that ring with hate  
This is the face that'll never change  
This is the fist that grinds you down  
This is the voice of silence no more

These are the legs in circles run  
This is the beating you'll never know  
These are the lips that taste no freedom  
This is the feel that's not so safe  
This is the face you'll never change  
This is the God that ain't so pure  
This is the God that is not pure  
This is the voice of silence no more

We the people  
Are we the people?

Some kind of monster (3x)  
This monster lives

This is the face that stoness you cold  
This is the moment that needs to breathe  
These are the claws that scratch these wounds  
This is the pain that never leaves  
This is the tongue that whips you down  
This is the burden of every man  
These are the screams that pierce your skin  
This is the voice of silence no more

This is the test of flesh and soul  
This is the trap that smells so good  
This is the flood that drains these eyes  
These are the looks that chill to the bone  
These are the fears that swing over head  
These are the weights that hold you down  
This is the end that will never end  
This is the voice of silence no more

We the people  
Are we the people?

Some kind of monster (3x)  
This monster lives

This is the cloud that swallows trust  
This is the black that uncolours us  
This is the face that you hide from  
This is the mask that comes undone

Ominous  
I'm in us

Are we the people?

Some kind of monster (3x)  
This monster lives