

# The Four Horsemen

Metallica

By the last breath the fourth winds blow  
Better raise your ears  
The sound of hooves knock at your door  
Lock up your wife and children now  
It's time to wield the blade  
For now you've got some company

The Horsemen are drawing nearer  
On leather steeds they ride  
They've come to take your life  
On through the dead of night  
With the Four Horsemen ride  
Or choose your fate and die

You have been dying since the day you were born  
You know it's all been planned  
The quartet of deliverance rides  
A sinner once, a sinner twice  
No need for confessions now  
'Cause now you've got the fight of your life

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Time has taken its toll on you  
The lines that crack your face  
Famine, your body it has torn through  
Withered in every place  
Pestilence, for what you had to endure  
And what you have put others through  
Death, deliverance for you for sure  
Now there's nothing you can do

Gather 'round young warriors now  
Saddle up your steeds  
Killing scores with demon swords  
Now is the death of doers of wrong  
Swing the judgment hammer down  
Safely inside armor, blood, guts and sweat

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