

# 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