

To Hell and Back

Sabatón

A short man from Texas
A man of the wild
Thrown into combat
Where bodies lie piled

Hides his emotions
His blood's running cold
Just like his victories
His story unfolds

Bright
A white light
If there'd be
Any glory in war
Let it rest
On men like him

(Dead men will never come back...)

Crosses grow on Anzio
Where no soldiers sleep
And where hell is six feet deep
The death does wait
There's no debate
So charge and attack
Going to hell and back!

A man of the 15th
A man of can-do
Friends fall around him
And yet he came through
Let them fall face-down
If they must die
Making it easier
To say goodbye

Bright
A white light
If there'd be
Any glory in war
Let it rest
On men like him

Who went to hell and came back!

Crosses grow on Anzio
Where no soldiers sleep
And where hell is six feet deep
The death does wait
There's no debate
So charge and attack
Going to hell and back!

Oh, gather 'round me
And listen while I speak
Of a war
Where hell is six feet deep

And all along the shore
Where cannons still roar
They're haunting my dreams
They're still there when I sleep!

He saw crosses grow on Anzio
Where no soldiers sleep
And where hell's six feet deep
The death does wait
There's no debate
He charged and attacked
He went to hell and back!