

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 is 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 soldier sleeps
And where hell is six feet deep
That 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 soldier sleeps
And where hell is six feet deep
That 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 soldier sleeps
And where hell is six feet deep
That death does wait
There's no debate
He charged and attack
He went to hell and back

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