

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>