INTRODUCTION

When you’re able to brandish the kind of musical firepower that Metallica has unleashed for more than two decades—their uncompromising albums, marking an unprecedented reign as the greatest hard rock band in history—you learn a thing or two about where to aim. But curiously enough, the making of their first studio album since 1997’s Reload, the primal, raptorial, St. Anger, found Metallica not behind the turrets this time, but in the firing line itself.

The trials and tribulations leading up to St. Anger are well documented. The fissures in what the band members themselves describe as the well-oiled “Metallica machine” were beginning to show. Bassist Jason Newsted’s nefarious exit from the group, James Hetfield’s voluntary sojourn into rehab and much-needed sobriety. Public squabbles over the illegal downloading quandary. All of these issues revealed the kind of seismic fault lines that even the Metallica juggernaut could not navigate—could not negotiate away.

At stake? Nothing less than the very existence of the band itself. Metallica’s three principals, Kirk Hammett, Lars Ulrich, and James Hetfield, along with their frequent producer/collaborator Bob Rock, found themselves at the kind of crossroads worthy of the themes in many a Metallica song—the kind of foreboding scenario Ulrich and Hetfield could write in their sleep.

The irony was, if this was Metallica’s oft-predicted meltdown, each member would have to face it in his own way. And from the inside out this time, without the Metallica heat shield to fend off all the bullshit that tends to unfold when you’re a member of the most exclusive rock club in the world for 20-odd years. With James on an indefinite hiatus, the group admitted to becoming “professional speculators” themselves as to whether Metallica was headed for a rebirth or would wither away on life support.

“It has been a very interesting three years,” Lars Ulrich begins, with atypical understatement. “A very different three years for us. Difficult, awkward. It’s been a ride that’s taken us to places inside ourselves, inside the band, inside the potential of human beings and the music and everything else that we could not imagine existed. But if you asked me then, I would say for the first time in my life with Metallica, I was starting to prepare myself that maybe the ride was over.”

If it sounds like the tenets of a harrowing struggle, who else but Metallica to apply for the job. The result of the “ride” Lars refers to can indeed be found in the sweat and blood and grooves of St. Anger. From the album’s crushing title song and its bombarded heaps of magnified guitar and drums, to the colossal time and tempo changes of “Frantic,” to the chugging slabs and staccato exchanges of the exhilarating confessional “My World,” Metallica has once again, in the boldest strokes imaginable, made music its most viable currency.

The three band members, who gingerly refer to themselves as brothers—and mean it—emerged from the other side of their journey with their musical compass intact. St. Anger is an album that invariably will draw comparisons to their best work, to Metallica’s bygone days, to Eddie Van Halen’s 1984, to AC/DC and 1986’s Master of Puppets. Monumental in scope, the new album also recalls—by its sheer willfulness—the group’s 15-million selling masterpiece known as the Black album. But this is clearly a work that couldn’t have been made 20 years ago. Not even a decade ago, though it fits the Metallica canon like a glove.

According to producer Rock (the Black album was his first collaboration with Metallica) St. Anger completes the circular creative cycle that only the greatest artists are able to sustain. “It’s been my experience that only the big artists know how to achieve a goal in their career. They know like Metallica did with the Black album. Fever still could have gone through what they experienced with all their personal journeys, throw away the rulebook, and try to capture the soul and truth of Metallica again. I think the real vision was to almost take them back to where they were first getting together, when three or four guys got together and say This is the kind of music we like, let’s write some songs.”

For James, whose own personal quest may have been the tipping point for Metallica’s inspirational sea change, the album was an
which is very reminiscent of Cliff Burton, and we really liked that sound. He delivered on all fronts. He had a big sound and on top of that he's a great, solid guy." Adds James: "He pounds. The power that comes through his fingers. He's a ball of energy and he's so calm and able and balanced. He's got great stuff to offer but his personality is just right. He's on fire, he's ready, he's plugged right into the strength of Metallica and helping it shine."

Another aspect of Metallica's rejuvenated approach on this album is Hammett's joining in on the lyric writing, territory previously exclusive to James and Lars. "At first I was like, I don't want anything to do with this; this is James' job. But Bob was very adamant. I we are back playing the stuff that people think is the parent, it is the most natural, it is the most effortless. The other thing I think we're challenging here is the perception most people have that in order for things to be really, really, energetic, they can only come from negative energy. Metallica was fueled by negative energy for 20 years. Now we've spent a lot of time working on ourselves and on our relationships, and we've turned that around. Now Metallica is fueled by positive energy that has manifested itself so it sounds like the album we've made."

Case in point, "Some Kind of Monster," with its bristling, time bomb refrain, and yet, underneath, a hint of affirmation: "This is the voice of silence no more." You begin to understand the able to conceive of an intensely personal triumph like St. Anger. For James the process obviously begins in a much quieter place than a recording studio. "It comes from us realizing the world doesn't revolve around Metallica. For me it began with "my name is James Hetfield." St. Anger means to me that now that we've found our serenity we're capable of making this monster of an album going full throttle at the time. Anger is an energy. It's a feeling. It's gotten a bad reputation, but it's what you do with it after that gives it its reputation. I could squeeze out sideways with rage and stuff the shit down, yet it can be such a source of strength. Metallica has always been about invading places where we don't belong. We just took down the barbed wire, that's all."
DISCOGRAPHY

KILL ‘EM ALL July 1983
RIDE THE LIGHTNING August 1984
MASTER OF PUPPETS February 1986
GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED August 1987
...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL August 1988
METALLICA August 1991
LIVE SHIT: BINGE & PURGE December 1993
LOAD June 1996
RELOAD November 1997
GARAGE INC. November 1998
S&M November 1999
ST. ANGER June 2003

Metallica Web Site: www.metallica.com
Metallica Fan Club: www.metallica.com
Metallica Fan Club mailing address:
The Metallica Club
369-B Third St.
PMB #194
San Rafael, CA 94901
contents

6 frantic
14 St. anger
21 some kind of monster
31 dirty window
37 invisible kid
46 my world
54 shoot me again
65 sweet amber
74 the unnamed feeling
85 purify
90 all within my hands

103 guitar notation legend
FRANTIC

Drop D tuning (D A E B G)
(see graphic GCEAD)

Intro
Moderately fast Rock – 168

Ch 1: Riff A

Ch 2: Riff A

Copyright © 2003 Creeping Death Music (ASCAP). EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Metallica Publishing
All Rights for EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Metallica Hesu Publishing Controlled and Administered by EMI Blackwood Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Verse
A D E D
A D E D
A D E D

I could have—my wast—ed—days—back, would I use them—to get—

Rhy. Fig. 1

P M ———— P M ———— P M ————

A D E D A D E D A D E D

back on track. I’ve made stop to warm at fur—nace—ing or

End Rhy. Fig. 1

P M ————

A D E D A D E D

look a—head—but keep on turn—ing? Do I have the strength to

Gr. 2

P M

Gr. 1

Rhy. FH I

End Rhy. FH I

P M

Gr. 1

Rhy. FH I

End Rhy. FH I

P M
End half-time feel

Could I have my wanting days back? Would I use them to get back on track?
Went out always being a fraud, in endless stream of fear that I've made I

You live it or lie it! You

live it or lie it! (You live it or lie it! You live it or lie it!) My

at clean tone
lifestyle determines my death. My lifestyle determines my death.

Pre-Chorus
Half-time feel

Keep searching. keep on searching.

Choral

This search goes on. 1, 2, this search goes on. 3. on and on.

Keep searching. keep on searching.
ST. ANGER

Intro

Fast Rock \( \times \) = 196

Chorus

Copyright © 2003 Creeping Death Music (ASCAP), EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mohrns Hoku Publishing. All Rights for EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mohrns Hoku Publishing Controlled and Administered by EMI Blackwood Music Inc. International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
He never gets respect.

Pre-Chorus

D5

C5 E(5/4)/G A5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

C5 E(5/4)/G A5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

*Chord symbols reflect overall harmony.

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff G & G1 (3 times)
Interlude
Tempo I

D5

C5
E(5)/Bb
A5

(Ending)

Chorus
Double-time feel

D3

C5
E(5)/D9
A5

(Ending)

(1. Voc. Interv.)
(2. Only)

Puck it all and no regrets... I hit the lights on these dark...
Chs. 1 & 2: Blas & Bo (7 Tests)

D5

need a voice... to let my self... to let my self... go free...

D5

Fuck it all... and fuck of no regrets... I hit the lights... on these dark seas... Mal.

del... mon. I hang my self... Saint Anger's mind... my neck...

D5

feel my world shake like an earth quake.

D5

Hard to see clear. Is it me? Is it you? I'm madly in anger with you. I'm madly in anger with you.

D5

To Coda 2

Goes 1 & 2

To Coda 1

D.S. al Coda 1

Coda 1
Interlude
NC

Bridge
NC

And I want my anger to be healed

And I want my anger just for me

And I need my anger not to control

Yeah, and I want my anger to be me
These are the boots that kick you around,
These are the claws that scratch these wounds,
this is the tongue that speaks on the inside.

End Riff B

This is the face that's never change,
This is the burden of every man.

This is the fist that grinds you down,
This is the voice of violence, no more.

NC.
This is the face you'll never change,
These are the fears that swing a never head,
This is the god that ain't so pure.
This is the god that is not new,
This is the voice of silence no more.

Pre-Chorus

We are the people.

2nd time, Chorus 1 repeat or back 1.
A tempo
Double-time feel
Gv. 1 & 2, w/B (B-A-C) twice
NC.

F/A

C5 NC.

F/A

End Riff D

F/A

C5 NC.

I'm judge and... I'm jury and I'm executioner too...

I'm judge and... I'm jury and I'm executioner too...

Gv. 2 (close)
INVISIBLE KID

Words and Music by
James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich,
Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

*Chr. 1: Drop D Tuning, down 3 steps.
(Low to high) Ad-Db-Eb-F-Eb-Bb
*Chr. 2: Tuning:
(Low to high) Db-Gb-D-Eb-F-Eb-Db

Intro
Moderately fast Rock = 164

Key: G (Dorian

Copyright © 2003 Creeping Death Music (ASCAP), EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing. All Rights for EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing Controlled and Administered by EMI Blackwood Music Inc. International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Verse

2. Invisible kid, locked away in his brain from the
shore and the stack where he hid, fall on through the grid
of your touch, don’t win your crutch but it’s all too much.

In place of his own where he’ll never be known, in ward he’s grown.
Go away.

In the distance let me fade.

I'm okay, just go away.

I'm okay, but please don't stray too far.

Open your heart, I'm beating right here.

Open your mind, I'm being

O.K., but please don't stray too far.
Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2 w/ Ref B (3 times)

NC

D5 F5 G5 F5 D5 D5

motherfuckers got in my head

3. Who's in charge... of my head today?

Try 'n' to

NC

D5 F5 G5 F5 D5

make me some other else in stead.

Dancin' devils in an' girls' way.

It's

It's

47
Chorus
D5
Rhy. Fig. 3A

Go. 2

It’s my world... you can’t have it. It’s my world... It’s my world...

Go. 1

Rhy. Fig. 3

Go. 1 & 2

Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (2 times)

D5
F5
G5

It’s my world... you can’t have it. It’s my world... It’s my world...

A5
F5
D5
NC.

Half-time feel
F5
D5
Rhy. Fig. 4

F5
D5
G5
A5
D5
End Rhy. Fig. 4

It’s my world. Suck er!

Go. 1 & 2

Rhy. Fig. 4 (7 times)

F5
D5
G5
A5
D5
F5
D5
F5
D5
G5
A5
D5
F5
D5

G5
A5
D5
F5
D5
F3
D5
G5
A5
D5
F3
D5
F5
D5

I’m out of my head...

G5
A5
D5
F5
D5
F5
D5
G5
A5
D5
F5
D5

Get ’em out of my head...

49
Not only do I not know the answer, I don't even know what the question is.

Sucks - er!

Out of my head...
Pre-Chorus

NC

Shoot me a gain... I ain't dead yet.

Come on.

Go on.

*Played by Gr. 2 only.

NC

Shoot me a gain... I ain't dead yet.

Yeah.

said.

NC

Shoot me a gain... I ain't dead yet, uh.

Come on.

NC

Shoot me a gain... I ain't dead yet, uh.

Come on.

said.

Gr. 2

Shoot me a gain... shoot me a gain. (Come on.) Shoot me a gain... shoot me a gain, come on!

Gr. 1

RHYD

End Riff D

58
Verse
Chs. 1 & 2 w/ Rhy. B & C (2 times)
D5
3. I won’t go away
(with a bullet in my back).

Right here I’ll stay
(with a bullet in my back.)

Interlude
Chs. 1 & 2 w/ Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
D5 E5 D5 D5 E5 D5 E5 D5 D5 E5 D5 E5 D5 E5 D5 E5

Shoot me. (Take a shot.)

Verse
Chs. 1 & 2 w/ Rhy. B & C (2 times)
D5
4. I’ll stand on my own
(with a bullet in my back.

I’m stranded and sold
(with a bullet in my back... ah.)

Coda
Chs. 1 w/ Rhy. A (1st time)
D5 NC.

End Rhy. Fill I
Chs. 1 & 2

61
heart won't pump the other way.

Let ring... Let ring... Let ring... Let ring... Let ring...

D7

PM...

Gms. 1 & 2 w/ Riff F

Wake the sleeping giant, wake the beast. Wake the sleeping dog, no, let him sleep.

(Nos!)

Bite my tongue, trying not to shout back.

Chorus

All the shots I take

Riff Fig 6

Gms. 1 & 2

63
SWEET AMBER

Words and Music by
James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich,
Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

Deep D tuning, down 1 step
(low to high: G-D-A-D-F-A)

Intro
Moderately slow \( \text{Bpm} = 184 \)

(Ch 1 clean)

\[ \text{C5/D} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{C5/D} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{F5} \]

*Chord symbols reflect implied harmony.

Faster \( \text{Bpm} = 192 \)

\[ \text{C5/D} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{F5} \quad \text{C5/D} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{C5/D} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{F5} \]

Copyright © 2003 Creeping Death Music (ASCAP), EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing
All Rights for EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing Controlled and Administered by EMI Blackwood Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured - All Rights Reserved
Verse

1. Wash your back... so you won't stick... She rolls in... bed... with your...
2. Chase the hib... for the stick...
Verse

1. Been here be - fore. If I can - not say I liked it. Yeah.
do not start writing all this down...

I've found

Can't you help me be

Give my heart hope

And

if I could I'd turn my eyes to see

what's coming

It comes alive

It comes alive (and I could) die in a little room

it comes alive it comes alive each mo...

must hear I die a little more

Ooh... I die... I die... I die... a little more...
yeah... yeah.

Then the un... turned feeling...
Bridge

Half-time feel

A

G5 D5 N.C.

I can find the dirt on anything

Rhy. Fig. 5

End Rhy. Fig. 5

G5 D5

I can find the dirt on anything

End half-time feel
ALL WITHIN MY HANDS

Words and Music by James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich, Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

Copyright © 2003 Creeping Death Music (ASCAP), EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing. All Rights for EMI Blackwood (Canada) Music Ltd. and Mahina Hoku Publishing Controlled and Administered by EMI Blackwood Music Inc. International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.

90
Love is control. I'll die if I let...
Half-time feel

F5  G5  A5  G5  A5  F5  A5  D5  

F5  G5  A5  G5  F5  A5  D5  

I will only let you breathe my

A5  D5  F5  G5  A5  G5  F5  A5  D5  

air that you receive. Then we'll see if I
frantic
St. anger
some kind of monster
dirty window
invisible kid
my world
shoot me again
sweet amber
the unnamed feeling
purify
all within my hands