

# God, His Son and Holy Whore

Amon Amarth

Serpent tongue speaks to me  
Of a man from southern land  
How ancient Gods are enemies  
But I don't understand

Hippocritic voice of love talks of peace and christ  
Blasphemer of Gods above  
One thousand years of lies

They hold their swords to out throats  
And force-feed us with faith  
'Bout god, his son and holy whore  
But now we retaliate

Prophets of a false believe talk with tongue of ice  
Threaten us with hell beneath  
Now we retaliate

Turn the blade around, put the oppressors down

Free yourselves from the chains  
Of lies that hold you down  
Arise to be free again  
We'll fight till we have won

Priests of hippocratic love talk of peace and christ  
Power is their only goal  
Now they all shall die

Turn the blade around, put the oppressors down

Mess with us and you will feel  
A pain so true yet so unreal

Yeah, use your hate, uncreate  
Christian state will mee its fate

God, his son and holy whore  
Now you will meet your fate