

# The Sound of Eight Hooves

Amon Amarth

He's running through woods so black  
A loyal servant of christ  
Dogs are barking down his back  
He's running for his life

He came with words of love and peace  
These heathens had to be saved  
He thought that he could make them see  
Instead he was enslaved

In captivity he spoke of god  
To all he met he preached  
But when his masters patience ran out  
He knew he had to flee

Tears are running down his cheeks  
As he sobbing realize  
That in this land his God is weak  
And today he's going to die

He stumbles out onto an open field  
Where an old oak tree grows  
In the branches hang men of three  
Dressed in preacher robes

His knees refuse to carry him on  
Terror shines in his eyes  
His faith in christ is almost gone  
His god's left him to die

Below the dead he says his prayers  
To the God he thought was alive  
When he hears a calm voice say  
"shut him up and hang him high"

As his breath leaves his eyes open wide  
A bright light comes from above  
He greets this light with a smile  
And thinks: "there is a god"

The sound of eight hooves reaches his ears  
Comes from the heavenly light  
Two wolves howls fills his heart with fear  
And he sees two ravens fly

Down from the sky a warlord rides  
Like fire his one eye glows  
And just before the preacher dies  
He knows his God is false