

Masters of War

Amon Amarth

STRIKE!

Fast and hard, show no mercy for these men
The vermin of Christ, prophets of lies and their disciples
Seek them out, hunt them down
Break their spirits, crush their hearts
Not even death will set them free from this pain

CHARGE!

Ride them down as they flee from our steel
Draw their blood, make them suffer
Before they die by war-field sacrifice
Wipe them out! Burn their homes and fields
Feed the wolves with their offspring, annihilate them all!

Masters of War, torment every soul
Rape every whore that carries the cross

FIRE!

Burn them all, burn them alive
Send their souls to Deathqueen's hall
To the land of cold burning flames
Send them to the land of famine and despair
Eternally they will starve and freeze