

Thousand Years of Oppression

Amon Amarth

He hung on the windswept world tree
Whose roots no one knows
For nine whole days he hung there pierced
By Gugnir, his spear

Swimming in pain he peered into the depths
And cried out in agony
Reaching out he grasped the runes
Before falling back from the abyss

He gave himself unto himself
In a world of sheering pain
So that we all may live our lives
By the wisdom that he gained

You doubted him, and spread their lies
Across the world, with sword in hand
You raped our souls, and stole our right
All for the words of mild-mannered man

You listened to mild-mannered god
And put your faith in deceitful words
Your powertrip was paid by blood
In kindness' name you spilled our blood

I refuse to submit
To the god you say is kind
I know what's right, and it is time
It's time to fight, and free our minds

Let me die without fear!
As I have lived without it
So shut your mouth and spare my ears
I'm fed up with all your bullshit

After a thousand years of oppression
Let the berserks rise again
Let the world hear these words once more:
"Save us, oh lord, from the wrath of the Norseman"

Our spritis were forged in snow and ice
To bend like steel forged over fire
We were not made to bend like reed
Or turn the other cheek

He grasped the runes, they're ours to use