

# Merchants of Death

Manilla Road

Crusaders in white, red crosses they wear  
Defilers of light, in god's name they dare  
Acolytes of God or Baphomet  
By the churches' law merchants of death

Nightmare-like out of their brain  
Visions that drive them insane  
Holy war inside their head  
Holy men who walk with the dead

We don't want your holy war  
Don't need this bloodshed anymore  
The funeral pyres burn evermore  
We don't want your holy war

Fire and ice falls from the sky  
Raining death on all human life  
Words of fear to breed in the heart  
Fractured lies to tear us apart

We don't want your holy war  
Don't need this bloodshed anymore  
The funeral pyres burn evermore  
We don't want your holy war

Everyone wants a paradise  
Nobody wants to pay the price  
Peace only comes from sacrifice  
Still the winds of war blow on

So many say that they believe  
Yet they don't practise what they preach  
Power hunger spawned out of greed  
Still the fires of hell burn on

Blasphemy done in god's own name  
Holy men never take the blame  
Seems like the world has gone insane  
still the fires of hell burn on

Sands of time are running out for us all  
Free your mind before we fall  
Senselessly the war machine marches on  
Bathory before the dawn

We don't want your holy war  
Don't need this bloodshed anymore  
The funeral pyres burn evermore  
We don't want your holy war