

Amon Amarth, God, his son and holy whore

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