

Amon Amarth, Live For The Kill

The pack of wolves
Are closing in
Now, hear the howling beasts
They move fast
Through winter woods
And soon it's time to feast

A vicious hunt
On through the night
The prey is short of breath
They feel the sting
Of burning eyes
That's fixed upon their necks

A predator's heart
Knows no remorse
It lives for the hunt
A predator's heart
Knows no remorse
It lives for the hunt
A natural force

They show their sharp
And grinning teeth
As howls are getting higher
Sending chills
Down fleeing spines
Their blood runs hot as fire

The vicious chase
Is soon at end
They're hunted until death
They feel the pain
Of sharpened steel
That's cutting through their flesh

Fearless warriors
Feed the wolves
Now hear the howling beasts
They move fast
Through winter woods
See the grey-backs feast

[Solo: Johan Sderberg]

[Strings by Apocalyptica]

A natural force
It knows no remorse
And lives for the kill