

Amon Amarth, Master Of War

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
Brake their spirits and 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, burn their fields
Feed the wolves with their offspring, annihilate them all
Masters of war, torment every soul
Rape every whore that carries the cross
Masters of war, torment every soul
Rape every whore that carries the cross
Fire, burn them all, burn them alive
Send their souls to deathqueens hall
To the land of cold burning flames
Send them to the land of famine and despair
Eternally they will starve and freeze
[Incomprehensible]
Masters, masters, masters of war