

Amon Amarth, The Sound Of Eight Hooves

He's running through the woods so black
A loyal servant of christ
Dogs are barking down his back
He's running for his life

He came with words of love and peace
These heathens had to be saved
He thought that he could make them see
Instead he was enslaved

In captivity he spoke of god
To all he met he preached
But when his master's patience ran out
He knew he had to flee

Tears are running down his cheeks
As he sobbing realises
That in this land his god is weak
And today he's going to die

He stumbles out onto an open field
Where an old oak tree grows
In the branches hang men of three
Dressed in preacher robes

His knees refuse to carry him on
Terror shines in his eyes
His faith in christ is almost gone
His god's left him to die
Below the dead he says his prayers
To the god he thought was alive
When he hears a calm voice say:
"Shut him up and hang him high!"

As his breath leaves his eyes open wide
A bright light comes from above
He greets this light with a smile
And thinks: "There is a God"

The sound of eight hooves reaches his ears
Comes from the heavenly light
Two wolves' howls fill his heart with fear
And he sees two ravens fly
Down from the sky a warlord rides
Like fire his one eye glows
And just before the preacher dies
He knows his god is false