

# Where Silent Gods Stand Guard

## Amon Amarth

The last head falls to the ground  
No one is left alive  
They thought that they could take me down  
But it's not my time to die I wipe the blood from my sword  
And slide it in my belt  
This is the sweetest of rewards  
The best rush I have felt Ten men are dead by my feet  
I smell their streaming blood  
And I smile, cause it makes me  
Makes me feel so good They were crawling on their knees  
Begging for their pathetic lives  
Now their souls belong to me  
As well as their eyes Each man has something that I crave  
I ate their steaming eyes  
And drink their blood to make them my slaves  
At Odin's feet in afterlife I bring the skulls to my shrine  
Where silent gods stand guard  
Soak them in blood and in wine  
A sacrificial ritual One thousand heads are on display  
Collected through years of thirst  
Macabre trophies from my prey  
Picked clean of flesh by Odin's birds I am a wolf in human shape  
I am a predator with flaming rage I'm a wolf in human shape  
Every man is prey  
A predator with flaming rage  
Blood is in my trace I will die with sword in hand  
And then my seat's secured  
When Odin calls from golden hall  
He will greet me at the door

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