

The Sound of Eight Hooves

[Amon Amarth](#)

He's running through woods so black
A loyal servant of Christ
Dogs are barking down his back
He's running for his lifeHe came with words of love and peace
These heathens had to be saved
He thought that he could make them see
Instead he was enslavedIn captivity, he spoke of God
To all he met, he preached
But when his master's patience ran out
He knew, he had to fleeTears are running down his cheeks
As he sobbing realized
That in this land his God is weak
And today he's going to die, to dieHe stumbles out onto an open field
Where an old oak tree grows
In the branches hangs men of three
Dressed in preacher robesHis knees refuse to carry him on
Terror shines in his eyes
His faith in Christ is almost gone
His God's left him to dieBelow the dead he says his prayers
To the God he thought was alive
When he hears a calm voice say
"Tie 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 GodThe sound of eight hooves reaches his ears
Comes from the Heavenly light
Two wolves howls fills his heart with fear
And he sees two ravens flyDown from the sky, a warlord rides
Like fire his one eye glows
And just before the preacher dies
He knows his God is false

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