

Live For The Kill

Amon Amarth

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 gray backs feast)
A natural force
It knows no remorse
And lives for the kill

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