

# Masters of War

## Amon Amarth

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

Lyrics provided by

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