Manilla Road "Merchants Of Death"

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Crusaders in white, red crosses they wear Defilers of light, in god's name they dare Acolytes of God or Baphomet By the churches' law merchants of death

Nightmare-like out of their brain Visions that drive them insane Holy war inside their head Holy men who walk with the dead

We don't want your holy war Don't need this bloodshed anymore The funeral pyres burn evermore We don't want your holy war

Fire and ice falls from the sky
Raining death on all human life
Words of fear to breed in the heart
Fractured lies to tear us apart

We don't want your holy war Don't neeed this bloodshed anymore The funeral pyres burn evermore We don't want your holy war

Everyone wants a paradise Nobody wants to pay the price Peace only comes from sacrifice

Still the winds of war blow on

So many say that they believe Yet they don't prctise what they preach Power hunger spawned out of greed Still the fires of hell burn on

Blasphemy done in god's own name Holy men never take the blame Seems like the world has gone insane still the fires of hell burn on

Sands of time are running out for us all

Free your mind before we fall Senselessly the war machine marches on Bathory before the dawn

We don't want your holy war Don't need this bloodshed anymore The funeral pyres burn evermore We don't want your holy war

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