

Theudho

"Ahnenkult"

Visit "[Ahnenkult](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Senseless devotion is for the weak,
Clinging to the splendour of Christ
Hoping for illusions to prevail
Bowing to the cross while their brothers fall

Golden rules and alien laws
Crafted for betrayal
These words act as a cloak
For the foulness of your creed

I'd rather go to hell
With my noble ancestors
Than to reside in heaven
With the likes of you!

You claim to preach the word of God
The teachings of prophets alike
In reality your soul is stained;
Like the black heart in your chest

Deaf to the call of blood;
The voices of your fathers
Nothing but a meek-eyed thrall
Clinging to the gospel of decay

I'd rather go to hell
With my noble ancestors
Than to reside in heaven
With the likes of you!

Empires are not conquered
By martyrs and empty words
But by storms of steel and flame;
As decided in the iron game

Don't seek salvation for your soul
In foreign lords or hoards of gold
Heed the grim primordial law
Thou born of steel, not of straw!

