

Amon Amarth

"For The Stabwounds In Our Back"

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The last head falls to the ground
No one is left alive
They thought that they could take me down
But it's not my time to die

I wipe the blood from my sword
And slide it in my belt
This is the sweetest of rewards
The best rush I have felt

Ten men are dead by my feet
I smell their steaming blood
And I smile, cause it makes me
Makes me feel so good

They were crawling on their knees
Begging for their pathetic lives
Now their souls belong to me
As well as their eyes

Each man has something that I crave
I ate their steaming eyes
And drink their blood to make them my slaves
At Odin's feet in afterlife

I bring the skulls to my shrine
Where silent gods stand guard
Soak them in blood and in wine
A sacrificial ritual

One thousand heads are on display
Collected through years of thirst
Macabre trophies from my prey
Picked clean of flesh by Odin's birds

I am a wolf in human shape
I am a predator with flaming rage

I'm a wolf in human shape
Every man is prey
A predator with flaming rage

Blood is in my trace

I will die with sword in hand
And then my seat's secured
When Odin calls from golden hall
He will greet me at the door

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