

## **Amon Amarth**

# **"God, His Son & Holy Whore"**

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Serpent tongue speaks to me  
Of a man from southern land  
How ancient gods are enemies  
But I don't understand

Hippocratic voice of love  
Talk of peace and Christ  
Blasphemer of gods above  
One thousand years of lies

They hold their swords to our throats  
And force-feed us with faith  
'Bout god, his son and holy whore  
But now we retaliate

Prophets of a false believe  
Talk with tongue of ice  
Threaten us with hell beneath  
Now we retaliate

Turn the blade around  
Put the oppressors down  
Turn the blade around  
Put the oppressors down  
Put them down

Free yourselves from the chains  
Of lies that hold you down  
Arise to be free again  
We'll fight till we have won

Priests of Hippocratic love  
Talk of peace and Christ  
Power is their only goal  
Now they all shall die

Turn the blade around  
Put the oppressors down  
Turn the blade around  
Put the oppressors down

Mess with us and you will feel

A pain so true yet so unreal  
Mess with us, you will feel  
A pain so true yet so unreal  
So unreal

Yeah, use your hate, uncreate  
Christian state will meet its fate

God, his son that holy whore  
Now you will meet your fate

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