

Ginger Wildheart

"Snake Tongue"

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Forstbitten and stained with blood
Are the words of peace and love
The golden cross around your neck
Speaks of greed and a crucified wreck

All I hear as you preach
Is blinding fools by threats and leach
All I see in your hands so wise
Is our freedom in demise

There's death in the eyes of the savior, beware of the
praise
There's blood on the hands of the Messiah
See through the lies of the snake tongue

We don't need your false salvation
Or your threats of God's damnation
Leave us be it's peace you need
Or feel the wrath of northern seed

I grasp my hammer of Thor
To spite your king of a peasant whore
The Norse gods is still my creed
For them I live, for them you'll bleed

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