

# Live for the Kill

Amon Amarth

The pack of wolves  
Are closing in  
Now, hear the howling beasts  
They move fast  
Through winter woods  
And soon it's time to feast

A vicious hunt  
On through the night  
The prey is short of breath  
They feel the sting  
Of burning eyes  
That's fixed upon their necks

A predator's heart  
Knows no remorse  
It lives for the hunt  
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Knows no remorse  
It lives for the hunt  
A natural force

They show their sharp  
And grinning teeth  
As howls are getting higher  
Sending chills  
Down fleeing spines  
Their blood runs hot as fire

The vicious chase  
Is soon at end  
They're hunted until death  
They feel the pain  
Of sharpening steel  
That's cutting through their flesh

Fearless warriors  
Feed the wolves  
Now hear the howling beasts  
They move fast  
Through winter woods  
See the grey-backs feast

A natural force  
It knows no remorse  
And lives for the kill