

Heretic Hunters

Powerwolf

In the sign of the sacrament
On the banner of thorns
On the seventh of days in the Bible, we are born

Break the heart of a reverend
On a sabbath at dawn
On the final of days, not a God came to forewarn

Venomous, feverous, force us to run
We are credulous, ominous, thy kingdom come
One, one, one with the pyres at dawn

We are the heretic hunters tonight
We are the heretic hunters for life
By the hand of our belief
And the harvest of the night
Hand up for heretic life

We are sons of the wilderness
By the sound of the horn
Running faster than light and we hunt 'em 'til the dawn

We are done with the heaven-sent
No messiah we mourn
In the sermon at night, full of hatred and of scorn

Venomous, feverous, force us to shout
We are tenebrous, poisonous, hellbent and loud
Uncrowned, hold up the sacrilege proud

We are the heretic hunters tonight
We are the heretic hunters for life
By the hand of our belief
And the harvest of the night
Hand up for heretic life

We are the heretic hunters all wild
We are the heretic hunters for life
Never forced down to our knees
We're the hardest in the fight
Fist up for heretic life