

# Thousand Years of Oppression

Amon Amarth

He hung on the windswept world tree  
Whose roots no one knows  
For nine whole days he hung there pierced  
By Gugnir, his spear

Swimming in pain he peered into the depths  
And cried out in agony  
Reaching out he grasped the runes  
Before falling back from the abyss

He gave himself unto himself  
In a world of sheering pain  
So that we all may live our lives  
By the wisdom that he gained

You doubted him, and spread their lies  
Across the world, with sword in hand  
You raped our souls, and stole our right  
All for the words of mild-mannered man

You listened to mild-mannered god  
And put your faith in deceitful words  
Your powertrip was paid by blood  
In kindness' name you spilled our blood

I refuse to submit  
To the god you say is kind  
I know what's right, and it is time  
It's time to fight, and free our minds

Let me die without fear!  
As I have lived without it  
So shut your mouth and spare my ears  
I'm fed up with all your bullshit

After a thousand years of oppression  
Let the berserks rise again  
Let the world hear these words once more:  
"Save us, oh lord, from the wrath of the Norseman"

Our spritis were forged in snow and ice  
To bend like steel forged over fire  
We were not made to bend like reed  
Or turn the other cheek

He grasped the runes, they're ours to use