

The Last With Pagan Blood

Amon Amarth

We storm ahead with swords and shields
For victory we ride
We fight the world on these battlefields
To re-erect the pagan pride We draw the blood of those in our way
It's victory or die
With pounding, raging fury we slay
Now Christian hounds will pay Charge ahead, no retreat
No mercy, none shall live
To us there is no defeat
No remorse to give A wind of power blows from the north
The enemy shivers to the core
We slay with strength, pushing forth
Silence before the storm The gates of Valhall open up
The ground beneath us shakes
As Oden leads the Gods to war
The Rainbow Bridge cracks Nothing can stop this final attack
We carve up all in our path
Now there is no turning back
Final battle is here at last A feast awaits us when we return
Awaiting all that fought in wrath
By the long fires we sit in glory
And beer cools our soar throats We are few but strong in will
The last with pagan blood
We fought the world with burning steel
Now we sit in Hall of Gods Pride and glory in our hearts
Pride and glory in our hearts

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