

# Down The Slopes Of Death

## Amon Amarth

Down the slopes of death he rides  
The eight hooves pound like drums  
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky  
Invasion has begun  
Fields of flames greets his eye  
He smells the fear and pain  
Of dying men in agony  
It can drive a man insane  
All enemies flee his spear  
No bow, nor axe do harm  
All father rides out on fields of fear  
When Heimdal sounds the alarm  
But on the field waits his fate  
Foretold in ancient times  
A beast with sharp yellow teeth  
And hateful, burning yes  
Today, he'll draw his final breath  
The wisest god of all  
His son will avenge his death  
Iormundr's brother will fall  
He knows now what is to come  
No use to try and run  
What is to be, let it be done  
What is to be, let it be done  
He knows now what is to come  
No use to try and run  
What is to be, let it be done  
What is to be, let it be done  
Today, he'll draw his final breath  
The wisest god of all  
His son will avenge his death  
Iormundr's brother will fall  
Down the slopes of death he rides  
The eight hooves pound like drums  
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky  
Invasion has begun  
Down the slopes of death he rides  
The eight hooves pound like drums  
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky  
No more is the sun

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>