

Once Sent From The Golden Hall

Amon Amarth

Rumbling thunder cracks the sky
And rain starts pouring down
Lightning strikes a cold bright light
Upon the blood drenched ground
The sword play is hard and many falls
Steel bites sharp in flesh
And upon a mountain, towering tall
Stands the messengers of death
Five horsemen in armor bright
Waiting in the flashing light
Looking down upon the field
Where Vikings fight with axe and shield
On stallions black as night
With eyes burning red
They ride with thunder to the fight
Deliverance of certain death

A war cry loud as heimdall shone
Echoes across the land
Enemies who hear it freeze to the bone
Friends of doom proudly stand
They ride faster than the wind
With lightning speed they strike
Black ravens follow where they've been
To feed from those died
With power they wield their swords
As they ride down fleeing men
Sending them to Hell's dark court
To never come back again
The warriors ride once more
To the mountain from which they came
Once sent by the Gods to war
And they never return in shame

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