Amon Amarth

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A storm rolls in from the sea
Covering the land with black thunder clouds
Rain whips the ground at their feet
As they come ashore in this foreign land
Thunder brakes the silence
Of five hundred men assembled on shore
Gazing through the misty rain
At the mountain not a mile away
So dark and silent it stands there
The mighty Amon Amarth
Reaching for the cloudcloked skies
So grim and fearful in might
With the wind in their backs, they start walking
Decisive men of the north
They strive through this darkened land
With only mount doom in their eyes can see
A forest of one thousand spears awaiting
Awaiting the battle that will be
A cry of war emerges
Echoes over the field
Warriors run like wolves up to the slopes
Bodley charging the enemy lines

With weapons so fearsome and sharp in their hands
And shields of oakwood and steel
They slit open stomachs and split sculls to the jaw
Intestants cover the field
The defenders are weak in this brutal war
The northmen have power and guts
A bloodshed like no one has seen before
None can escape their cuts
Arrows with fire fly through the air
Torching houses and shields
The Vikings can feel victory is near
As the enemy heedlessly flees
A gust of wind blows in from the north
Clearing the clouds away
As twilight falls and the stars come forth
And the sea wolves return to the bay

Corpses lie scattered all over the field
For the ravens to eat as they please
The mountain is now left there behind
As they sail with the first morning breeze

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