

Under Siege

Amon Amarth

Outside the walls
An army awaits
But in these halls
We feel safe

Countless attacks
We have repelled
They won't turn back
They cannot be quelled

Supplies are running low
Starvation now awaits
Reinforcements will not show
They day is much too late

Broken and weak
Never give in
Prospects are bleak
We can't win

There is no hope
No time for lament
End of the rope
Our lives are spent

We have held out for months
Hoping for relief
Our fortress now our tomb
And salvation now our grief
We have held out for months
Waiting for relief
Our fortune's now our own
This is destiny

Supplies are running low
Starvation now awaits
Reinforcements never showed
As daylight starts to fade
There's nothing left to lose
We have run out of time

There is nothing left to chose
Except how we shell die

Open the gates!
Now we attack!
Ride into fate!

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