

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 eyes
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
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No more is the sun

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