

Friends Of The Suncross

Amon Amarth

Salt water licks my face
And wind fills the sail
We head for wars on distant shoresMy friends are all with me
And so they'll always be
We'll never bend until the endWe cross the open waves
On course to far off lands
Thor guides our ships
With his strong handsAcross the waves our sea snakes fly
Carried like ravens in the sky
By heavens breath on wings of deathBlood will run red
As we sever bodies from their heads
We main and kill by pure willWe hail our Gods
Sacrifice in blood
Our altar is the battlefieldsDeath is something we don't fear
Though it's always near
You brings us home when time has comeWe are five of us
Friends of the suncross
Strong and brave to the grave!

Songwriters

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