Under The Grayclouded Winter Sky

Amon Amarth

Gray clouds
Cover the winter sky
Cold snow
Falls like autumn leaves to the ground
The icy wind
Pierces the skin of waiting warriors
Like spears
Will pierce their bodies in battle
Frosted
Beards on pale grey faces
Eyes of death
Are burning with rage
Glancing across
The fields of tyr
In the early
Morning light
Warcries break the silent wait
Charging warriors rush to kill
Swords are swung in the air

The gods of war are called
Vikings with fire in soul
Clash in the open field
Slaying with powerful strokes
The snow is turning red
Hooves gallop the plains
Warlords on horsebacks
Ride into battle
With a thunderous roar
The stormwind of death
Blows across the field
Sweeping with it
Everyone in it's way
So the battle settles
Alone stands just one man
Under the grayclouded
Winter sky
Alone

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