

The Pursuit of Vikings

Amon Amarth

The warming sun returns again
And melts away the snow
The sea is freed from icy chains
Winter is letting go
Standing on the ocean side
We can hear the waves
Calling us out with tide
To sail into our fate
Odin! Guide our ships
Our axes, spears and swords
Guide us through storms that whip
And in brutal war
Our ships await us by the shore
Time has come to leave
Our country, family and homes
For riches in the east
Some of us won't return
But that won't bring us down
Our fate is written in the web
Woven by the Norse
A ram is sacrificed
Across the long ship's bow
And as we set our sails
A strong breeze starts to blow
It carries us out to sea
With hope of fame and pride
And glorious all will be
That with sword in hand will die
Odin! Guide our ships
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