

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 begunFields of flames greets his eye
He smells the fear and pain
Of dying men in agony
It can drive a man insaneAll enemies flee his spear
No bow nor axe do harm
All father rides out on fields of fear
When Heimdall sounds the alarmBut on the field waits his fate
Foretold in ancient times
A beast with sharp yellow teeth
And hateful burning eyesToday he'll draw his final breath
The wisest God of all
His son will avenge his death
Iormundr's brother will fallHe knows now what is to come
No use to try and run
What is to be, let it be done
What is to be, let it be doneToday he'll draw his final breath
The wisest God of all
His son will avenge his death
Iormundr's brother will fallDown the slopes of death he rides
The eight hooves pound like drums
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky
Invasion has begunDown the slopes of death he rides
The eight hooves pound like drums
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky
No more is the sun

Songwriters

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