Coming Of The Tide

Amon Amarth

Racing 'cross the arctic lands
A mounted legion
Under my command
We're a brutal force
No men can withstand
Total havoc is at hand

[Chorus]
See the black crows circle high
Waiting for brave men to die
They sense the coming of the tide
When opposition's swept aside

The fateful message
Reached us months ago
That our home was under siege
And since that day
We've been heading north
Our kinsmen needed our relief

As we near our fortress walls
Black smoke is rising to the sky
Burnt black ruins
Of our father's halls
And corpses greet our tired eyes

What madness led them to attack
Victory could not be won
They must've known
There was no turning back
And now they all are gone
No woman, child or man was spared
Their bodies lying where they fell
Suffering, anguish and despair
As they went through living hell

So now we're on the ride again
And vengeance is
Our new found path
We draw our strength

From grief and pain
These bastards shall know
Our endless wrath

[Chorus]
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Waiting for brave men to die
They sense the coming of the tide
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