

For the Stabwounds In Our Backs

Amon Amarth

Silently we bide our time
Soon we'll pay you back
For all the wrongs you've done our kind
For the stab wounds in our backs You think you're safe, well, live your lie
There's no way you'll escape
The day that all things living die
The day we rise again Then Ferris father will summon us
And we will rise from death
One million warriors with foaming mouths
To challenge life itself A horrid ship of dead men's nails
Will bring our ranks ashore
The eastern wind will fill our sails
And your son will hold the oar You think you're safe, well, live your lie
There's no way you'll escape
The day that all things living die
The day we rise again Our rusty swords will never rest
So send the best you've got
Into our grinning jaws of death
We'll make their suffering short So sit there on your golden throne
Soon we will arise
Time for vengeance is coming soon
The time for all to die

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