

Victorious March

Amon Amarth

Ten heavy feet
Walks the blood soiled ground
With rhythm these
Five warriors march No matter how much
The bleeding wounds
From enemy sword cuts
Hurts to the bone The revenge they sought
Was taken in blood
No mercy was showed
No mercy was showed They ignore the pain
That hammer like pounds
From falls, off slain
Horses, to the ground No signs of weakness
No signs of weariness
Not even a glimpse
Of remorse in their eyes They slew men ruthless
Fed the wolves with flesh
And now they leave
This land side by side Now they're headed home
Five swordsmen who fought relentlessly
Their story will be told
Of five brave men endlessly All sorrow is left
For the woman to bare
The children cries
They live in fear No man was spread
No houses or farm remains
No christian woman unraped
Their church consumed by flames Their steel shines red
With enemy blood
It sings of victory
Granted by the Gods
And as they return
Bleeding but proud
The horizon burns
And the song is ringing loud

Songwriters

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MIKKONEN, TED LUNDSTROM Published by

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