

Atrocious Humanity

Amon Amarth

Ten heavy feet walks the bloodsoiled 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 repentlessly
Their story will be told of five brave men endlessly
All sorrow is left for women to bare
The children cries, they'll live in fear
No man has spared, no house or farm remains
No Christian woman, 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 turns and the song is ringing loud

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