

# Victorious March

## 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 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 turns and the song is ringing loud

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