

The Dragons' Flight Across the Waves

Amon Amarth

Alone he stands in the doorway. his family's still asleep. gazing at the starlit horizon. and the moonsparkling sea.
when dawn comes he must leave them. his home, his children and loved. for his
Iny beyond those waves. known only to the norms.
He's already dressed ready to leave. his four friends are waiting by the shore. each with a dragon ship. and one
hundred men prepared for war.
He returns to his bed kissing. his sleeping wife goodbye. and as he leaves his youngest son. a tear rolls from his
eye.
They set sail with the first morning rays. heading for glorious wars. and as the five ships steer out from the bay.
their hearts pound like never before.
The wind is strong, the sun is warm. their dragons fly' across the waves. no greenfaces are seen here onboard.
only a crowd of braves.
Many night pass. and days long as a year. they await the battle. they await without fear.
On the morning the fifth day. before the sun arose. they hear bells chime and see pyres. torched at a nearby
coast.
"lower the sail, grab your oars, now men it's time to act! row like the wind to shore, row like the wind to
attack!!!"

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