

A Fury Divine (Live in Bochum)

Amon Amarth

Death is drawing near
I know it's true but I have no fear
I know I can't escape my Fate! Turns it's deadly wheel
Judgement day is closing in but still I cannot feel: Remorse! Is for the weak
I stand silent while they speak, their accusations are all: Lies! Spread by preaching men
I'm on trial for being who I am
And praising the Gods of my native land I will stand firm, I refuse to kneel
The fury in me is divine
My dark grave awaits, my fate is revealed
But I'm not afraid to die Death! The day to die is here
The sun rides high on the northern sphere
And the executioner sharpens his: Axe! Shines in the sun
I smile when they tie me down
And hear the sound of the falling blade
Death! Sweet death, relieve me from this world
Death! Sweet death, relieve me, relieve: So death finally came to him
The pagan man could not be turned
He faced death with a grin
Now his head rests in the dust The proud man stood firm, he refused to kneel
Then fury in him was divine
Now he is dead, his fate has been sealed
He's brought to Golden Hall up high

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LUNDSTROM Published by

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