

Ride for Vengeance

Amon Amarth

As his life's blood's leaving
I hold my son, my only son
And tears fill my burning eyes While his skin turns pale as snow
Butchered he lies here bleeding in my arms
Slewn by the men of the single God
Hatred burns in my chest Rain falls, from a raging heaven
The wind howls like wolves at the moon
I will seek vengeance for my son
I swear, I'll avenge my first born one I ride fast through the woods
My friends are by my side
Dark hatred burns in my eyes
Slaves of Hvitekríst today you die Maktiga gudar, i gyllene salen
Hjálp mig i striden mot sondraparna
Den hoge skall
For hugga hamnas och blod skall galdas i blod Our cloaks fly in the wind
As we ride in the cold dark night
We're closing in our enemies
With rage in our hearts burning bright The clouds scatter in the northern wind
A full moon rides the pitch black sky
Now, hounds of Hviterkríst
Your time has come to die! Kneel before my sword, no mercy
Your time has come to die
This is the ride for vengeance

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