

Amon Amarth, Friends Of The Suncross

Salt water licks my face
and wind fills the sail
We head for wars on distant shores

My friends are all with me
And so they'll always be
We'll never bend until the end

We cross the open waves
On course to far off lands
Thor guides our ships
With his strong hands

Across the waves our seasnakes fly
Carried like ravens in the sky
By heavens breath on wings of death

Blood will run red
As we sever bodies from their heads
We maim and kill by pure will

We hail our Gods
Sacrifice in blood
Our altar is the battlefields

Death is something we don't fear
Though it's always near
Ygg brings us home when time has come

We are five of us
Friends of the suncross
Strong and brave to the grave!