

Amon Amarth, Pursuit Of Vikings

The warming sun returns again
And melts away the snow
The sea is freed from icy chains
Winter is letting go

Standing on the ocean side
We can hear the waves
Calling us out with tide
To sail into our fate

Oden! Guide our ships
Our axes, spears and swords
Guide us through storms that whip
And in brutal war

Our ships await us by the shore
Time has come to leave
Our country, family and homes
For riches in the east

Some of us won't return
But that won't bring us down
Our fate is written in the web
Woven by the Norns

A ram is sacrificed
Across the longship's bow
And as we set our sails
A strong breeze starts to blow

It carries us out to sea
With hope of fame and pride
And glorious all will be
That with sword in hand will die

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