

# Amon Amarth, The Fate Of Norns

I feel a chill in my heart  
Like lingering winter cold  
I and my son are torn apart  
He was just six winters old

My first-born was he  
And the last of my kin  
The last one to carry my name  
Death smiled at him its deadly grin  
There is no one for me to blame

The fate of Norns await us all  
There is no way to escape  
The day to answer Oden's call  
Or walk through hel's gate

I carry him to my ship  
He seems to be asleep  
But the deep blue colour of his lips  
Is enough to make me weep

No man should have to bury his child  
Yet this has been my share  
The tears I shed run bitter and wild  
It's a heavy burden to bear

His body feels so light in my arms  
His skin is pale as snow  
Yet his weight feels heavy in my heart  
As my sadness continues to grow

Allfather!  
What fate has been given me?  
Why must I suffer?  
Why must I feel this pain?  
Allfather!  
Life has lost it's meaning to me  
I think I'm going insane!

I lay him down on a pyre  
A burial worthy a king  
And as I lie down by his side  
I hear the weaving norns sing

The fate of Norns await us all  
There is no way to escape  
The day to answer Oden's call  
Or walk through hel's gate

The fate of Norns await us all  
I know this to be true  
It's time to answer Oden's call  
My son, he calls for me and you