

# Amon Amarth, Thor Arise

Run for your lives, death has arrived  
Try save your soul, run from the sound of rowing oars

Out of the mist  
Breaks a dragon ship  
Even more feared  
Than the nail-ship "Naglfar";

A bear-coated man stands in the bow  
Cold-eyed he gazes towards the shoer  
The dragon's head is grim and red  
All covered with blood, a gift to the mighty Gods

Warshields are raised, the Gods are praised  
The people stare paralyzed with fear

The legend tells of a man that fell  
From grace of his baptised king  
As a banished mn he fled his land  
But solemnly sworn to return with holy war

But noone knows how the legend goes  
'Cause noones survived  
That's gazed into his eyes  
'Cause noone's returned that's met his fire

They say wolf-skinned men follow him  
Berserks whose eyes burn with flames of ice

Some say mighty Thor  
Guides their blades in war  
They say they cannot be killed  
Nor can their blood be spilled

So run for your lives  
Death has arrived  
The legend has come  
To take the lives of the deceitful ones

Run for your lives  
The death ship's arrived  
There's no way you'll live  
To tell of meeting his fire