

# Amon Amarth, Under The Northern Star

The icy winter is creeping near  
Dark skies above us  
Biting frost is in the air  
Darkness surrounds us

The cold, piercing autumn breeze  
Fills the longship sail  
Soon the lakes and seas will freeze  
And snow will lay its veil

Many years we have been away  
Many oceans we have roamed  
Now the North star  
Guides us on our way  
As we are headed home

The many hardships we've endured  
Have brought us rich rewards  
Now the North star guides us home  
With cargo full of gold

Many friends died on the way  
Only few of us survived  
But I would gladly  
Take their place  
In Odens hall up high

The icy winter is creeping near  
Dark skies above us  
Biting frost is in the air  
Darkness surrounds us

Soon the lakes and  
Seas will freeze  
Snow will lay its veil  
And we will long for  
The summer breeze  
When we can set our sails