

Amon Amarth, Valdall Awaits One

Blood gushes from the wound
The cut is wide and deep
And before I turn around
He falls to his knees

A clear song rings in the blade
When steel meets hardened steel
I hear the sound of wood that breaks
A sword cuts through my shield

I drop the shield and grab my axe
A weapon in each fist
The first blow makes the helmet crack
The axe cut to the teeth

I rip the axe from the head
Covered in blood and brains
Leave the body lying dead
Ready to strike again

My sword cuts through clothes and skin
Like a hot knife cuts through snow
I smile as the bastard screams
When I twist my sword

Sword in my hand
Axe on my side
Valhall awaits me
Soon I will die
Bear skin on my back
Wolf jaw on my head
Valhall awaits me
When I'm dead

I raise my axe above my head
My eyes stare in furious rage
Yet more blood will be shed
This is a victorious day

Blood gushes from the wound
The cut is wide and deep
As I turn around
I fall to my knees

Sword in my hand
Axe on my side
Valhall awaits me
Soon I will die
Bear skin on my back
Wolf jaw on my head
Valhall awaits me
When I'm dead