

Amon Amarth, Victorious March

Ten heavy feet
Walks the bloodsoiled ground
With rhythm these
Five warriors march

No matter how much
The bleeding wounds
From enemy swordcuts
Hurts to the bone

The revenge they sought
Was taken in blood
No mercy was showed
No mercy was showed

They ignore the pain
That hammerlike pounds
From falls, off slain
Horses, to the ground

No signs of weakness
No signs of weariness
Not even a glimce
Of remorse in their eyes

They slew men ruthless
Fed the wolves with flesh
And now they leave
This land side by side

Now they're headed home
Five swordsmen who fought repentlessly
Their story will be told
Of five brave men endlessly

All sorrow is left
For the woman to bare
The children cries
They live in fear

No man was spread
No houses or farm remains
No christian woman unraped
Their church consumed by flames

Their steel shines red
With enemy blood
It sings of victory
Granted by the Gods

And as they return
Bleeding but proud
The horizon burns
And the song is ringing loud