

# Amon Amarth, Where Death Seems To Dwell

Through a dark and desolate valley he walks  
Pale, flickering fires light the way  
Along an ice cold river lies his path  
The sky is of darkest grey

A cold wind pierce through his bones  
And the sharp rocks cut his feet  
His clothes and skin are ripped by thorns  
His eyes appear to bleed

The land is dead and dry  
The water is poisonous  
Unknown creatures howling to the sky  
Blood chilling and ravenous

The air is thick and dense  
A smell of rotting flesh  
Every breath is like one thousand knives  
Cutting through his chest

Black birds of prey circle the sky  
He hears the shadows moan  
He sees pale faces pass him by  
But he walks this path alone

Darkness fills his heart with chilling fear  
A nameless fear he cannot quell  
How did he ever end up here?  
This place where death seems to dwell

He repeats the question in his weary mind  
The riddle gives him no rest  
Yet he knows the answer deep inside  
He's been touched by the chill of death

Enchanting voices urge him on  
Through he wants to turn around  
They sing to him with soothing words  
A chilling, frightening sound

A cold blue light shimmer ahead  
Where a mountain reaches for the sky  
Nidafiell, mountain of the dead  
Terrifying it's might

He approach the gates  
his heart is cold  
He understands all to well  
She awaits him  
The truth unfolds  
He's been sent to Nifelhel