

Amon Amarth, With Oden On Our Side

Finally the storm arrives
Our wait is at an end
Under dark winter skies
We make our final stand

For each of us there are four of them
It matters not to us
We won't leave this field in shame
We are here to crush

Futile to resist
You know why we have come
Futile to resist
The battle is already won

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Our hearts are full of pounding rage
Our minds are hard as steel
And before the dying day
We will have you kneel

The snow turns red from all the blood
Severed limbs and heads
A sacrifice to one-eyed God
He will claim the dead

Under winter skies
We stand glorious
And with Oden on our side
We are victorious

No retreat
No remorse
Victory
Will be ours
Blood on steel
Sacrifice
Victory
Will be ours

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