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

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

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

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