# Amorphis, Warriors Trail

As the sun falls down
and the swell crashes into the shore
The great warriors of doom and wind
ride high
Silent is the silence,
the only breathing of horses sound,
Cold northern steel, shining blade, pleases us
And we all live under the black mark
Oh lord, lead us to the paradise
My lord, is this the promised land
is this your gift
Let us fly into your dreams
Let us taste some blood
Sorrow - the unknown force
Hate - respect your enemy
Bitterness - shall be forever
Silence - nothing left
Let us fly into your dreams
Let us taste some blood