

# Amon Amarth, A Fury Divine

Death is drawing near  
I know it's true but I have no fear  
I know I can't escape my:

FATE! Turns its deadly wheel  
Judgement day is closing in but still I cannot feel:

REMORSE! Is for the weak  
I stand silent while they speak, their accusations are all:

LIES! Spread by preaching men  
I'm on trial for being who I am  
And praising the Gods of my native land

I will stand firm, I refuse to kneel  
The fury in me is divine  
My dark grave awaits, my fate is revealed  
But I'm not afraid to die

Death! The day to die is here  
The sun rides high on the northern sphere  
And the executioner sharpens his:

Axe! Shines in the sun  
I smile when they tie me down  
And hear the sound of the falling blade

Death! Sweet death, relieve me from this world  
Death! Sweet death, relieve me, relieve:

So death finally came to him  
The pagan man could not be turned  
He faced death with a grin  
Now his head rests in the dust

The proud man stood firm, he refused to kneel  
The fury in him was divine  
Now he is dead, his fate has been sealed  
He's brought to Golden Hall up high