

# Amon Amarth, Amon Amarth

A storm rolls in from the sea  
Covering the land with black thunder clouds  
Rain whips the ground at their feet  
As they come ashore in this foreign land

Thunder breaks the silence of five hundred men assembled on shore  
Gazing through the misty rain  
At the mountain not a mile away  
So dark and silent it stands there  
The mighty AMON AMARTH  
Reaching for the cloudcloked sky  
So grim and fearful in might

With the wind in their backs they start walking  
Decisive men of the north  
They stride through this darkened land  
With only mount doom in their sight  
The closer they get to the mountain  
The clearer their eyes can see  
A forest of one thousand spears awaiting  
Awaiting the battle that will be

A cry of war emerges  
Echoes over the field  
Warriors run like wolves up the slopes  
Boldly charging the enemy lines

With weapons so fearsome and sharp in their hands  
And shields of oakwood and steel  
They slit open stomachs and split skulls to the jaw  
Intestines cover the field

The defenders are weak in this brutal war  
The northmen have power and guts  
A bloodshed like no one has seen here before  
None can escape their cuts

Arrows with fire fly through the air  
Torching houses and shields  
The vikings can feel victory is near  
As the enemy head-lessly flees

A gust of wind blows in from the north  
Clearing the clouds away  
As twilight falls and the stars come forth  
And the seawolves return to the bay

Corpses lie scattered all over the field  
For the ravens to eat as they please  
The mountain is now left there behind  
As they sail with the first morning breeze