

Amon Amarth, Bloodshed

Midgard's cold and hatred reigns
Hunger and disease
Fenris is set free again
Chaos is unleashed

The storm of death sweeps the shores
Famine sweep the land
Ties of kinship is no more
Sons die by their father's hand

Two men meet on battleground
Their eyes are full of hate
By sacred oaths both are bound
Death will be their fate

They share the blood of once proud men
Yet foes they have become
One fights for truth, the other for faith
Perish has begun

Here comes the - Bloodshed
It's the age of - Bloodshed
Here comes the - Bloodshed
It's the age of - Bloodshed

Two brothers meet in battle heat
Both will die to day
No victory and no defeat
Death is their only way

In their eyes is no remorse
They make their final charge
Thrusting their swords with mortal force
Piercing each other's hearts

Here comes the - Bloodshed
It's the age of - Bloodshed
Here comes the - Bloodshed
Prepare for - Bloodshed