

Amon Amarth, Down The Slopes Of Death

Down the slopes of death he rides
The eight hooves pound like drums
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky
Invasion has begun

Fields of flames greets his eye
He smells the fear and pain
Of dying men in agony
It can drive a man insane

All enemies flee his spear
No bow nor axe do harm
Allfather rides out on fields of fear
When Heimdall sounds the alarm

But on the field waits his fate
Foretold in ancient times
A beast with sharp yellow teeth
And hateful burning eyes

Today he'll draw his final breath
The wisest God of all
His son will avenge his death
Iormundr's brother will fall

He knows now what is to come
No use to try and run
What is to be, let it be done!
What is to be, let it be done!

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His son will avenge his death
Iormundr's brother will fall

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Down the slopes of death he rides
The eight hooves pound like drums
Darkness reigns the crumbling sky
No more is the sun