

# 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!  
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No more is the sun