

Amon Amarth, Embrace Of The Endless Ocean

I stroke the blade with my hand,
The sharp edge cuts the skin.
Blood drips to the rain-wet sand;
My journey can begin.

Once a slave, but now I'm free
My honor is restored!
Once again, I ride the seas
Free at last, from whip and oar

I slide the sword into a sheath
The ocean god is hailed
And as we push out to the sea
We raise the rest of sails

I've missed the breeze of my home shore
The frozen lakes and winter snow...
But now my dream starts to unfold.
Father, I'm coming home!

The storm devoured without remorse
And water crushed the rails
The ship was thrown back and forth
A strong wind ripped the sails

The icy waves embrace my skin,
I am going numb
The endless ocean swallows me
This will be my hollow tomb

Won't feel the breeze of my home shore
Nor see the lakes or winter snow...
My hopeful dreams lie ripped and torn
Father, I die alone, I die alone!