

Amon Amarth, For The Stabwounds In Our Backs

Silently we bide our time
Soon we'll pay you back
For all the wrongs you've done our kind
For the stabwounds in our backs

You think you're safe. Well, live your lie
There's no way you'll escape
The day that all things living die
The day we rise again

Then Fenris' father will summon us
And we will rise from the death
One million warriors with foaming mouths
To challenge life itself

A horrid ship of dead men's nails
Will bring our ranks ashore
The eastern wind will fill our sails
And your son will hold the oar

You think you're safe. Well, live your lie
There's no way you'll escape
The day that all things living die
The day we rise again

Our rusty swords will never rest
So send the best you've got
Into our grinning jaws of death
We'll make their suffering short

So sit there on your golden throne
Soon we will arise
Time for vengeance is coming soon
The time for all to die!