

Amon Amarth, Legend Of A Banished Man

Run for your lives, death has arrived
Try save your soul, run from the sound of rowing oars

Out of the mist
Breaks a dragon ship
Even more feared
Than the nail-ship "Naglfar";

A bear-coated man stands in the bow
Cold-eyed he gazes towards the shoer
The dragon's head is grim and red
All covered with blood, a gift to the mighty Gods

Warshields are raised, the Gods are praised
The people stare paralyzed with fear

The legend tells of a man that fell
From grace of his baptised king
As a banished man he fled his land
But solemnly sworn to return with holy war

But noone knows how the legend goes
'Cause noones survived
That's gazed into his eyes
'Cause noone's returned that's met his fire

They say wolf-skinned men follow him
Berserks whose eyes burn with flames of ice

Some say mighty Thor
Guides their blades in war
They say they cannot be killed
Nor can their blood be spilled

So run for your lives
Death has arrived
The legend has come
To take the lives of the deceitful ones

Run for your lives
The death ship's arrived
There's no way you'll live
To tell of meeting his fire