

Amon Amarth, The Dragons' Flight Across The Waves

Alone he stands in the doorway
His family still asleep
Gazing at the starlit horizon
And the moonsparkling sea
When dawn comes he must leave them
His home, his children and loved
For his destiny beyond those waves
Known only to the Norns
He's already dressed ready to leave
His four friends are waiting by the shore
Each with a dragon ship
And one hundred men prepared for war
He returns to his bed kissing
His sleeping wife goodbye
And as he leaves his youngest son
A tear rolls from his eye
They set sail with the first morning rays
Heading for glorious wars
And as the five ships steer out from the bay
Their hearts pound like never before
The wind is strong, the sun is warm
Their Dragons fly across the waves
No greenfaces are seen here onboard
Only a crowd of braves
Many nights pass
And days long as a year
They await the battle
They await without fear
On the morning of the fifth day
Before the sun arose
They hear bells chime and see pyres
Torches at a nearby coast
"LOWER THE SAIL, GRAB YOUR OARS,
NOW MEN IT'S TIME TO ACT!
ROW LIKE THE WIND TO THE SHORE,
ROW LIKE THE WIND TO ATTACK!"