

# Amon Amarth, The Hero

The blade I swing is black as night  
Black as my soulless heart  
It bears the burden of many lives  
But I don't feel remorse

I lent my sword to anyone  
Willing to pay the price  
No regrets for what I've done  
A mercenary's life

But there I was on Battleground  
Until I felt the jaws of death  
Cut into my flesh  
Defending old and weak  
But I did not retreat

Now, here I lie in my own blood  
And strangers cry for me  
I'm prepared to meet the gods  
I wished they'd let me be

I don't deserve their sympathy  
I know who I am  
My soul is death and misery  
I am an evil man

I rest in my blood  
Soon I will face the gods  
Strangers cry for me  
I wish they'd let me be

Show no sympathy  
Shed no tears for me  
I know who I am  
I am an evil man

I know who I am  
I am an evil man