

Amon Amarth, The Mighty Doors Of The Speargod

A battle on a distant shore
Seawolves' wrath sweeps the land
Down from the sky Valkyries ride
And walk the field, hallowed by Tyr

The fight is hard, axes swung
Swords bite sharp, men are slain
The ground turns red, blood-soaked field
Dead man's last bed and Oden sees

Vikings fall, in blood they lie
The web of Horns
They've met their fate
With shield and sword
They're brought in pride
To mighty doors of the Speargod's hall

The gates open and into the hall of braves
They silently walk
The one-eyed sits in glory might
Raises his cup and says:

"Pl vida faltet
Harman svingat
Det blankat swardet
Oeh banen mott
Till den hoges sal
De i ara forts
Oeh vid mjodet hor
Oden kvada"

Dawn breaks. The Einherjer goes to
Relive their last fight
With passion, swords held high
As they ride in the morning mist

The sun warms the air
War cries sound
"Tor Hjelpe!"
The battle begins

Charging horses with fire in breath
Rush to battle - in glory die!

Swords sing in joy
Again they cut
With shining edges
Blood-stained steel

Axes shine, again they're swung
Ripping flesh - death be done

The cold night comes
With charging darkness
To Oden's hall
The Einherjer return

A feast awaits until the next day
When warriors' eyes again shall burn