

# 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