Amon Amarth, Valhall Awaits Me

Blood gushes from the wound
The cut is wide and deep
And before I turn around
He falls to his knees
A clear song rings in the blade
When steel meets hardened steel.
I hear the sound of wood that breaks,
A swords cuts through my shield.
I drop the shield and grab my axe,
A weapon in each fist.
The first blow makes the helmet crack,
The axe cut to the teeth.
I rip the axe from the head,
covered in blood and brains.
Leave the body lying dead,
Ready to strike again.
My sword cuts through clothes and skin,
Like a hot knife cuts through snow.
I smile as the bastard screams,
when I twist my sword.
Sword in my hand,
Axe on my side.
Valhall awaits me,
Soon I will die.
Bear skin on my back,
Wolf jaw on my head.
Valhall awaits me
when I'm dead.
I raise my axe above my head,
My eyes stare in furious rage.
Yet more blood will be shed,
This is a victorious day!