

# Amon Amarth, Varyags Of Miklagaard

Miklagaard has been our home  
For twenty years or more  
We've lent our axes, spears and swords  
In service of the emperor

We are loyal warriors  
That's the oath we gave  
To protect the emperor  
Even to a violent grave

Our loyalty was always firm  
We kept our given word  
On these southern battlefields  
Our northern war cries roared

Battles have been fought  
Many gave their lives  
But all who died by axe and sword  
Were called to hall up high

Our time here  
Is now at end  
Can't help but reminisce  
A cold spring day  
So long ago  
When we set out to sea

We!  
Set out from Svitjod's Shores!  
With dreams of fame and gold!  
And!  
The work of weaving Norns!  
Was unknown

We were loyal warriors  
That's the oath we gave  
To protect the emperor  
Even to the grave

It's time to take farewell  
We have been resolved  
From the sacred oath we gave  
It's time to go back home

Our time here  
Is now at end  
Our memories will stay  
Of Miklagrd  
Our southern home  
Until the end of days

We!  
Set out from Svitjod's Shores!  
With honor and rewards!  
We return back home!  
We return back home!  
With honor and rewards!  
We return back home!