

Amon Amarth

"An Ancient Sign Of Coming Storm"

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"Dǎær tog en nordlig vind
skeppet, sa att kungen
ombord fjǎrdes med
till strid mot tva kungar
De djǎerva kungarna
Hǎlsade med pilskott
Ordlǎst i striden.
Slǎldarnas buller rǎckte."

Blood red bows plough the waves
Dragon heads grin
Twenty ships with Horsemen braves
Riding the nothern wind

They left their shores at early dawn
As a red sun was rising in the east
An ancient sign of coming storm Thunder of sword
and shield

Sails appear in the south
Now every man prepare
The sea will be colored by blood
Battle is drawing near

A mighty fleet of forty ships
Two kings bring lethal steel
No words spoken between enemies
Just thunder of sword and shield

A rain of arrows darkens the sun
A cloud of wood and steel
Through shields and flesh the arrows run
Bringing warriors to their knees

A war-cry loud as Heimdall's horn
Fills the vibrating air
Here is where death is always near

Here it comes, the mighty storm
Every man attacks
Now is when heroes are born

There is no turning back

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