

Amon Amarth "Annihilation of Hammerfest"

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All is lost and foreign kings
Rule the northern realms
Hammerfest, the last outpost
Has fallen to unbearded men

Lords of the bloody cross
Deceived or murdered all of true faith
Now the temple of thor, where mj  lner is kept
Is under siege

They fear the power of mj  lner
The hammer of thor
And all their efforts to destroy it have failed

From deep within the frozen ground
Comes a rumbling sound
Ravens fly and wild wolves howl
Sending shivers down christened spines

As if from nowhere
Dark and grim he appears
The warlord of the gods comes with force
To retrieve the crusher

The first man died with a gurgling sigh
When his head was crushed
Painful surprise within his eyes

As his life was snuffed

With raw and brutal force
The warlord brakes the temple doors
The weak back off in fear
On the altar it lies, he lifts the hammer high
And before it he swears

"allvise ygg, m  uktige h  mrjafader
Gudar av asars och vaners   tt
H  r mina ord, n  r som jag sv  r
Att om tusen vintrar   ter ta v  r r  tt"

(solo: s  derberg)

While he speaks his prayer, mjÄ§Ä“lner rests in the air
As if holding it's breath
Frozen by fear, the gathered stand and stare
And what they see is death

A laughing cry, fills the shivering night
He lets the hammer strike
A bolt of lightning bright, rips the darkend sky
Fire of doom ignite!

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