

Amon Amarth

"For Victory Or Death"

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Time has come to wash our shame away
To erase the image of defeat
We have licked our wounds, restored our strength
And our vengeance will be, oh, so sweet

They thought they had us down
That we'd never rise again
They will learn that they were deadly wrong
What's owed will be repaid

Again we'll feed the wolves
And then vengeance will be ours
We'll split their skulls and spill their guts
Upon the frozen ground

Yeah, we'll never kneel again
Not to deity, nor men
Now they'll taste our bitter hate
What's owed will be repaid

So raise the flag once more
And the eagle will be fed
Once again we march to war
For victory or death

They arrived with talk of Hvittekrist
By force they wanted us to kneel
With their swords held to our throats they preached
But we will make them pay, we'll take their lives away

So raise, raise the flag once more
In the east the eagle will be fed
March again, we march to war
We will march for victory or death

Pain, the pain and suffering
Is but a bleak and distant fading dream
Shame, our disgrace, a withering thought
Now finally our names will be redeemed

