

Amon Amarth "Gods Of War Arise"

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Darkness flees the rising sun
The village lies ahead
It will wake to a new day soon
Soon they'll all be dead

We came in cover of moonless night
Fifty men at arms
Now at first morning light
The church bell sounds the alarm

Sacrifice to Gods of old
Bleed them of their lives
Fresh blood on our swords
Gods of war arise

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Bleed them of their lives
Fresh blood on our swords
Gods of war arise

Hear the tortured screams
Shattering the air
They awake from soothing dreams
Into their worst nightmare

Fire sweeps their homes
They feel the dragon's breath
Consuming and destructive flames
Agonizing death

Some seek shelter in the church
A refuge for those with faith
But we know how to smoke them out
A pyre will be raised

But those who choose to stand and fight
Will die with dignity
For the unfortunate few who survived
Waits a life in slavery

The day draws to a end
The night comes dark and cold

We return to our ships
With silver, slaves and gold

We gave them agony
As they fell and died
The Gods have granted victory
For our sacrifice

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