

## **Amon Amarth**

# **"Once Sent From The Golden Hall"**

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Rumbling thunder cracks the sky  
And rain starts pouring down  
Lightning strikes a cold bright light  
Upon the blooddrenched ground

The sword play is hard  
And many falls  
Steel bites sharp in b'flesh  
And upon a mountain  
Towering tall  
Stands the messengers of death

Five horsemen in armour bright  
Waiting in the flashing light  
Looking down upon the field  
Where Vikings fight with axe and shield

On stallions black as night  
With eyes burning red  
They ride with thunder to the fight  
Deliverance of certain death  
A warcry loud as h'Heimdall'shorne  
Echoes across the land  
Enemies who hear it freeze to the bone  
Friends of doom proudly stands

They ride faster than the wind  
With lightning speed they strike  
Black ravens follow where they've been  
To feed from those died

With power they wield their swords  
As they ride down fleeing men  
Sending them to Hel's dark court  
To never come back again

The warriors ride once more  
To the mountain from which they came  
Once sent by the Gods to war  
And they never return in shame

