

Amon Amarth

"Prediction Of Warfare"

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Ships are prepared
Weapons and shields
Sails were raised
We're heading out to sea!

Norway disappeared in the east
Our journey had begun
Helpfull winds gave us our speed
Under a warming sun

Heading to the emerald land
A fleet of 50 ships
A army of 2000 man, led by the king

On the horzion dark clouds arose
...
We felt the wrath of the storm

That night I was haunted by dreams
An omen, of what was to come
The serpent arose from the sea

Ready to strike
With hammer in hand
The serpent in pain, twisting in furious rage!
Fought for its live
The serpent escaped
Thor was in rage
My dreams began to fade

Woke from my dreams
Sword in my hand
The break of dawn
Closing in on Irish land
Time to attack
Ragnar shields
We came ashore
And saw the waiting horde

The fight was short and deadly intense
The Irish fought us well

But as we gained the upperhand
Their fighting spirit grew

Ready to strike
With swords in our hands
They struggled with heart
The Irish fell to our wrath
Fought for his live
The king escaped
With fury divine
King Olaf threw his sword

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