Amon Amarth "Tattered Banners And Bloddy Flags"

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There comes Lopt, the treacherous Lusting for revenge He leads the legions of the dead Towards the Aesir's realm

They march in full battle dress With faces grim and pale Tattered banners and bloody flags Rusty spears and blades

Cries ring out, loud and harsh From cracked and broken horns Long forgotten battle cries In strange and foreign tongues

Spear and sword clash rhythmically Against the broken shields they beat They bring their hate and anarchy Onto Vigrid's battlefield

There comes Lopt, the treacherous
He stands against the gods
His army grim and ravenous
Lusting for their blood

Nowhere is longer safe
The earth moves under our feet
The great world tree Yggorasil
Trembles to it's roots

Sons of muspel gird the field Behind them Midgaard burns Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim And the Fenris wolf returns

Heimdal grips the Giallarhorn
He sounds that dreaded note
Oden rides to quest the Norns
But their web is torn
The Aesir rides out to war
With armor shining bright
Followed by the Einherjer

See valkyries ride

Nowhere is longer safe
The earth moves under our feet
The great world tree Yggorasil
Trembles to it's roots

Sons of muspel gird the field Behind them Midgaard burns Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim And the Fenris wolf returns

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