

Amon Amarth

"The Hero"

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The blade I swing
Is black as night
Black as my soulless heart
It bears the burden
Of many lives
But I don't feel remorse

I lent my sword
To anyone
Willing to pay the price
No regrets for
What I've done
A mercenary's life

But there I was
On battleground
Until I felt the jaws of death
Cut into my flesh
Defending old and weak
But I did not retreat

Now, here I lie
In my own blood
And strangers cry for me
I'm prepared to meet the gods
I wish they'd let me be

I don't deserve
Their sympathy
I know who I am
My soul is death and misery
I am an evil man

I rest in my blood
Soon I will face the gods
Strangers cry for me
I wish they'd let me be

Show no sympathy
She'd no tears for me
I know who I am
I am an evil man

I know who I am
I am an evil man

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