

Amon Amarth

"The Last With Pagan Blood"

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We storm ahead with swords'n shields
For victory we ride
We fight the world on these battlefields
To re-erect the pagan pride

We draw the blood of those in our way
It's 'victory or die
With pounding, raging fury we slay
The Christian hounds will pay

Charge ahead, no retreat
No Mercy, none shall live
To us there is no defeat
No remorse to give

A wind of power blows from the north
The enemy shivers to the core
We slay with strength, pushing forth
Silence before the storm

The gates of Valhalla open up
The ground beneath us shakes
As Odin leads the gods to war
The rainbow bridge cracks

Nothing can stop this final attack
We carve up all in our path
Now there is no turning back
Final battle is here at last

A feast awaits us when we return
Awaiting all that fought in wrath
By the long fires we'll sit in glory
And beer will cool our soar throats

We are few but strong in will
The last with pagan blood
We fought the world with burning steel
Now we sit in hall of gods

Pride and glory in our hearts
Pride and glory in our hearts

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