

Amon Amarth

"The Mighty Doors of The Speargod's Hall"

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A battle on distant shore
 Seawolves warth sweep the land
 Down from the skies valkyries ride
 And walk the field halowed by tyr
 The fight is hard, axes are swung
 Swords bite sharp, men are slewn
 The ground turns red, bloodsoaked field
 Dead man's last bed and odin sees

Vikings fall, in blood they lie
 The webs of norn's, they've met their fate
 With shield and sword they've benn brought in pride
 To the mighty doors of the speargod's hall

The gates open and into the hall of braves
 The silently walk
 The one-eyed sits in glory mighty
 Raises his cup and says:

"pa vida fã, Æÿfÿµltet
 Hã, Æÿfÿµrmã, Æÿfÿµn svingat
 Det blanket svã, Æÿfÿµrdet
 Och banen mã, Æÿfÿ"tt
 Till den hã, Æÿfÿ"ges sal
 De l ã, Æÿ, Æ¹ra fã, Æÿfÿ"rts
 Och vid mjã, Æÿfÿ"det hã, Æÿfÿ"r
 Odin kvã, Æÿfÿµda"

Dawn breaks, the einherjer go to
 Relive their fight
 With passion swords held high
 As they ride in the morning mist

The sun warms the air, warcries sound
 Tor hjelpe! the battle begins
 Charging horses with fire breath
 Rush to battle, in glory die!

Swords sing in joy, again they cut
 With shining edges, bloodstained steel
 Axes shine, again they've been swung
 Ripping flesh, death be done

And the cold night comes with charging darkness
To odin's hall the einherjer return
A feast awaits, until the next day
When warriors eyes again shall burn

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