

Amon Amarth

"Under The Grey Clouded Winter Sky"

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The icy wind
Pierces the skin of waiting warriors
Like spears
Will pierce their bodies in battle

Frosted
Beards on pale grey faces
Eyes of death
Are burning with rage

Glancing across the fields of Tyr
In the early morning light

Grey clouds - cover the winter sky
Cold snow - falls like autumn leaves to the ground

The icy wind
Pierces the skin of waiting warriors
Like spears
Will pierce their bodies in battle

War cries break the silent wait

Charging warriors rush to kill
Swords are swung in the air
The gods of war are called

Vikings with fire in soul
Clash on the open field
Slaying with powerful strokes
The snow is turning red

Hooves gallop the plains
Warlords on horsebacks
Ride into battle
With a thunderous roar

The storm wind of death
Blows across the field
Sweeping with it
Everything in its way

So the battle settles
Alone stands just one man
Under the grey-clouded winter sky - alone. . .

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