

Amon Amarth

"Wrath Of The Norsemen"

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My head hurts like hell
Can't open my eyes
My clothes are all wet
And I'm freezing right through

Don't know where I am
Or how to get home

My arms feel so numb
And it's hard to get up
My muscles, they ache
With every move

I stand on my feet
But my knees fell so weak

Somebody wake me
From this horrible dream
Somebody save me
From this terror I feel

I stumble around
On the soft muddy ground
I call out the name
Of the friends I can't find

But only the wind
And the ravens reply

With every gasp
With every breath
Smoke fills my lungs
And my intestines wrench

With every gasp
The sweet taste of death
The air is full
Of a thick pungent stench

So comes the rain
It's colder than ice
I wash off my face

And open my eyes

And then I see
But wish I were blind

They are all dead
There's blood everywhere
The norsemen they left
Only death and despair

A stench of flesh
That fills the autumn air

Somebody wake me
From this horrible dream
Somebody save me
From this terror I feel

No one can save me
From this horrible dream
No one can hear me
Or my heartrending screams

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