

An Ancient Sign of Coming Storm

Amon Amarth

"Där tog en nordlig vind
skeppet, så att kungen
ombord fördes med
till strid mot två kungar
De djärva kungarna
Hälsade med pilskott
Ordlöst i striden.
Sköldarnas buller räckte."

Blood red bows plough the waves
Dragon heads grin
Twenty ships with Norsemen braves
Riding the northern wind

They left their shores at early dawn
As a red sun was rising in the east
An ancient sign of coming storm
Thunder of sword and shield

Sails appear in the south
Now every man prepare
The sea will be colored by blood
Battle is drawing near

A mighty fleet of forty ships
Two kings bring lethal steel
No words spoken between enemies
Just thunder of sword and shield

A rain of arrows darkens the sun
A cloud of wood and steel
Through shields and flesh the arrows run
Bringing warriors to their knees

A war-cry loud as heimdall's horn
Fills the vibrating air
This is the place where heroes are born
And where death is always near

Here it comes the mighty storm
Every man attacks
Now is when heroes are born
There is no turning back