

Avenger

Amon Amarth

My pale face face glows in the light of fire
My hollow eyes see but cannot see
I stare deep into the glowing inferno
The loss I feel is breaking me

I heard their screams
Through flaming walls
Walls, I could not tear down
I could not help them

Helplessly I watched my life go up in flames

I pull the sword from the glowing fire
And hammer-beat in on the anvil

Forging it with rage and hate
I will seal my enemy's fate

I engrave the blade with magic runes
And summon Gods by sacrifice in blood
Pure blue hate shines within this sword
his magic sword will cut only once

No sword has ever been like this one
The Avenger is its name

Now my sworn enemy
Vengeance will belong to me
A year has gone by
Now my sworn enemy
It's your turn to die
It's your turn to die!

The sword cuts through his throat
His head tumbles to the ground
The headless body lays gently down
Down to sleep in a pool of blood

The Avenger has lost its shine
The magic is now drained
Dull and useless it rests in my hand
Its purpose is soon fulfilled

Now hate is gone but emptiness remains
So I turn the blade around
And run it through my stomach veins
And I fall to the ground