

Back on Northern Shores

Amon Amarth

A thick fog lies ahead
The ocean's deadly calm
Their ship glides on the silent waves
Into the unknown
He cannot turn around
For him it's much too late
He puts his back into the oar
And rows towards his fate

The ship cuts through
The milk white mist
Through the blind they clearly hear
The oar strokes of their mighty fleet
Battle's drawing near
His heart pounds loud and wild
He's waited for this day
Then suddenly a dragon's head
Appears out of the haze

Back on the Northern shores
Just as he once swore
He vowed to return
And to make them burn

Then a Northern wind picks up
It sweeps the mist away
A might viking fleet appears
Patiently they wait
"Death or victory!"
Words by which they stand
No turning back! In for the kill!
Led by thy command!

"All men grab your swords and shields
The enemies lay ahead!
We'll make this bay our battlefield
and fill the waves with dead!"
Darkness then descends
Day turns into night
A massive cloud of thousand arrows
Fills the misty sky

With violent force
The two fleets crash
The battle now begins
Cries of war as weapons clash
Uncertain who will win

Thunder rolls 'cross the waves
Lightning cracks the sky
Clouds release hail big as grapes
As arrows are let fly

Hear the berserks roar!
They call to mighty Thor!
The fury in their raging eyes
Will burn forever more

Hear the weapons sing!
Feel the arrows sting!
They climb onto the Earl's great ship
And begin to swing

The fight is fierce as they attack
With sword and axe, no guts, no glory!
Arrow pierced, they won't back down
They battle on with heart and fury
Then it turns
The flanking ships give way
And soon they are embattled
Standing firm! Fight 'til death!
They refuse to die like cattle

Fighting for his life
No holds barred
So close to revenge
Close but yet so far

Then he stands before him
It's like the battle fades
He sees his father's eyes
As he's struck into the waves

Back on Northern shores
Just as he once sword
He has met his fate
In these cold dark waves

He looks to clouds up high
A dead and distant stare
She comes out of the light
See the chariot flare
Standing on the shore
He hears her silent call
Freja leads him through the door
Into the great hall