

# Bloodshed

Amon Amarth

Midgard's cold and hatred reigns  
Hunger and disease  
Fenris is set free again  
Chaos is unleashed

The storm of death sweeps the shores  
Famine sweep the land  
Ties of kinship is no more  
Sons die by their father's hand

Two men meet on battleground  
Their eyes are full of hate  
By sacred oaths both are bound  
Death will be their fate

They share the blood of once proud men  
Yet foes they have become  
One fights for truth, the other for faith  
Perish has begun

Here comes the - Bloodshed  
It's the age of - Bloodshed  
Here comes the - Bloodshed  
It's the age of - Bloodshed

Two brothers meet in battle heat  
Both will die to day  
No victory and no defeat  
Death is their only way

In their eyes is no remorse  
They make their final charge  
Thrusting their swords with mortal force  
Piercing each other's hearts

Here comes the - Bloodshed  
It's the age of - Bloodshed  
Here comes the - Bloodshed  
Prepare for - Bloodshed