

# One Against All

Amon Amarth

Winter's lost its grip  
The ocean is set free  
The ship glides through the broken ice  
Out to an open sea

North winds fill the sails  
They fly on frothing seas  
As hope grows stronger in his heart  
It's easier to breathe

Days turn into nights  
Nights turn into days  
His determination grows  
With every breath he takes

There he stands alone, one man against all  
With a sword in each hand, soon he will fall  
There he stands alone, one man against all  
With a sword in each hand, heeding the call

When they reach the Hano bay  
There waits a ship of war  
Like the bear attacks its prey  
It comes at them with force

All men to the oars!  
Row for all your worth!  
Most likely this will be your last day  
on this wretched earth!

The weak they try to run  
But he's prepared to fight  
One by one his friends are slain  
Only he remains

He knows the end is near  
They have him in their jaws  
When a noble man appears  
He tells them: "Withdraw!"

There he stands before him  
as the skirmish quells  
He offers him:  
"Join our crew or join your friends in hell"

There he stands alone, one man against all  
With a sword in each hand, and soon he will fall  
There he stands alone, one man against all  
With a sword in each hand, he's heeding the call