

Prediction of Warfare

Amon Amarth

Ships were prepared
Weapons and shields
Sails were raised
We headed out to sea!

Norway disappeared in the east
Our journey had begun
Helpful winds gave us our speed
Under a warming sun

Heading to the emerald land
A fleet of 50 ships
An army of two thousand men lead by the king

On the horizon dark clouds arose
Thor rode across the black clouds
As the night rolled in over us
We felt the wrath of the storm

That night I was haunted by dreams
An omen, of what was to come
The serpent arose from the sea

Ready to strike
With hammer in hand
The serpent in pain,
twisting in furious rage!
Fought for its life
The serpent escaped
Thor was in rage
My dreams began to fade

Woke from dreams
Sword in my hand
The break of dawn
We were closing in on Irish land
Time to attack
Grabbed our shields
We came ashore
And saw the waiting horde

The fight was short and deadly intense
The Irish fought us well
But as we gained the upperhand
Their fighting spirit quelled

Ready to strike
With swords in our hands
They struggle with heart
The Irish fell to our wrath
Fought for his life
Their king escaped
With fury divine
King Olaf threw his sword