

Tattered Banners and Bloody Flags

Amon Amarth

There comes Lopt, the treacherous
Lusting for revenge
He leads the legions of the dead
Towards the Aesir's realm

They march in full battle dress
With faces grim and pale
Tattered banners and bloody flags
Rusty spears and blades

Cries ring out, loud and harsh
From cracked and broken horns
Long forgotten battle cries
In strange and foreign tongues

Spear and sword clash rhythmically
Against the broken shields they beat
They bring their hate and anarchy
Onto Vigrid's battlefield

There comes Lopt, the treacherous
He stands against the gods
His army grim and ravenous
Lusting for their blood

Nowhere is longer safe
The earth moves under our feet
The great world tree Yggorasil
Trembles to its roots

Sons of muspel gird the field
Behind them Midgaard burns
Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim
And the Fenris wolf returns

Heimdal grips the Giallarhorn
He sounds that dreaded note
Oden rides to quest the Norns
But their web is torn
The Aesir rides out to war
With armor shining bright
Followed by the Einherjer
See valkyries ride

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