

The Way of Vikings

Amon Amarth

Whirling dust in morning air
Two warriors in the ring
With the strength of two great bears
They make their weapons sing

Sparks fly high when steel meets steel
And no one can believe
That these two men are best friends
Not enemies

They lash out with ferocious force
The fight grows more intense
But each avoid the other's sword
As if by seventh sense

Their muscles ache, their bones are sore
But none of them will yield
They fight a two-man practice war
As enemies

Faster!
Stronger!
Fight until your dying breath!
Fiercer!
Harder!
This is a matter of life and death!

Full on fight in training
It's the way of vikings
Every muscle straining
It's the way of the Jomsvikings
These men aim to shatter
It's the way of vikings
This is how we battle
It's the way of the Jomsvikings

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Sun beats down with intense heat
The swordsmen start to break
Pain shoots through their tired feet
With every step they take

In this fight of iron wills
One man takes a knee
The other goes for the kill
Like an enemy

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