

# Under the Grayclouded Winter Sky

Amon Amarth

Gray clouds  
Cover the winter sky  
Cold snow  
Falls like autumn leaves to the ground  
The icy wind  
Pierces the skin of waiting warriors  
Like spears  
Will pierce their bodies in battle

Frosted  
Beards on pale grey faces  
Eyes of death  
Are burning with rage

Glancing across  
The fields of tyr  
In the early  
Morning light

Warcries break the silent wait  
Charging warriors rush to kill  
Swords are swung in the air  
The gods of war are called

Vikings with fire in soul  
Clash in the open field  
Slaying with powerful strokes  
The snow is turning red

Hooves gallop the plains  
Warlords on horsebacks  
Ride into battle  
With a thunderous roar

The stormwind of death  
Blows across the field  
Sweeping with it  
Everyone in it's way

So the battle settles  
Alone stands just one man  
Under the grayclouded  
Winter sky  
Alone