

# Wrath of the Norsemen

Amon Amarth

My head hurts like hell  
Can't open my eyes  
My clothes are all wet  
And I'm freezing right through  
Don't know where I am  
Or how to get home  
My arms they're so numb  
And it's hard to get up

My muscles they ache  
With every move  
I stand on my feet  
But my knees feel so weak

Somebody wake me  
From this horrible dream  
Somebody save me  
From this terror I feel

I stumble around  
on the soft muddy ground  
I call out the name  
of the friends I can't find  
but only the wind  
And the ravens reply

With every gasp  
with every breath  
smoke fills my lungs  
and my intestines wrench  
With every gasp  
the sweet taste of death  
The air is full of a thick  
pungent stench

So comes then rain  
it's colder than ice  
I wash off my face  
and open my eyes  
And then I see  
but wish I were blind

They are all dead  
there's blood everywhere  
The Norsemen they left  
only death and despair  
A stench of flesh  
that fills the Autumn air

Somebody wake me  
From this horrible dream  
Somebody save me  
From this terror and pain  
No one can save me  
From this horrible dream  
No one can hear me  
Or my heart-wrenching screams