

# Friends of the Suncross

Amon Amarth

Salt water licks my face  
and wind fills the sail  
We head for wars on distant shores

My friends are all with me  
And so they'll always be  
We'll never bend untill the end

We cross the open waves  
On course to far off lands  
Thor guides our ships  
With his strong hands

Across the waves our seasnakes fly  
Carried like ravens in the sky  
By heavens breath on wings of death

Blood will run red  
As we sever bodies from their heads  
We maim and kill by pure will

We hail our Gods  
Sacrifice in blood  
Our altar is the battlefields

Death is something we don't fear  
Though it's always near  
Ygg brings us home when time has come

We are five of us  
Friends of the suncross  
Strong and brave to the grave!