

## Runes to My Memory

Amon Amarth

We hold the rivers of the Eastern trail  
Deep in the land of the Rus'  
Following the wind in our sails  
And the rhythm of the oars

No shelter in this hostile land  
Constantly on guard  
Ready to fight and defend  
Ours ships 'til the bitter end

We came under attack  
I received a deadly wound  
A spear was forced into my back  
Still I fought on

When I am dead  
Lay me in a mound  
Raise a stone for all to see  
Runes carved to my memory

Now here I lie on the river bank  
A long, long way from home  
Life is pouring out of me  
Soon I will be gone

I tilt my head to the side  
And think of those back home  
I see the river rushing by  
Like blood runs from my wound

Here I lie on wet sand  
I will not make it home  
I clench my sword in my hand  
Say farewell to those I love

When I am dead  
Lay me in a mound  
Place my weapons by my side  
For the journey to Hall up high

When I am dead  
Lay me in a mound  
Raise a stone for all to see  
Runes carved to my memory