

Warriors of the North

Amon Amarth

We were the warriors of the north
Notorious and brave
We'd never lost a fight in war
We feared not the grave

The ruler of this northern court
My brother, lord, king
He always had our loyal swords
But we would feel his sting

The ageing king had no descendants
No heir to take his throne
If filled his soul with fear
Transcendent
That next in line was my first-born

The king's heart grew
Full of dark deception
Full of foul conspiracy
This was when dark days
Had their inception
And we fell to his vile deceit

Robbed of arms, robbed of pride
But he spared our lives
The fear he had of Oden's wrath
Held his vengeful knife

With hearts so cold we left our homes
Banished from our land
A life in shame, a life in grief
Until we rise again!

Winters come, winters pass
Twenty wasted years
We're ageing men, our youth is gone
We will shed no tears

Winters come and winters pass
Twenty years have gone
Like a dream we fade away
Into Oblivion

We are the warriors of the north
Notorious and brave
We're old but strong as before
And we don't fear the grave!

From the south an army rises
They ride under cross of gold
From the shades we're called
In a time of crises
To defend the king, now weak and old

As the flames of warfare rage higher
We feel our destiny's embrace
We are ageing men of an old empire

Now we can see Valhalla's gates!

We!

March again

First in line

To reach Valhalla's mighty gates!

We!

March again

March to fight

To reach Valhalla's mighty

We!

March again

Give our lives

To reach Valhalla's

Mighty royal gates!