

## An Ancient Sign of Coming Storm

Amon Amarth

"Där tog en nordlig vind  
skeppet, så att kungen  
ombord fördes med  
till strid mot två kungar  
De djärva kungarna  
Hälsade med pilskott  
Ordlöst i striden.  
Sköldarnas buller räckte."

Blood red bows plough the waves  
Dragon heads grin  
Twenty ships with Norsemen braves  
Riding the northern wind

They left their shores at early dawn  
As a red sun was rising in the east  
An ancient sign of coming storm  
Thunder of sword and shield

Sails appear in the south  
Now every man prepare  
The sea will be colored by blood  
Battle is drawing near

A mighty fleet of forty ships  
Two kings bring lethal steel  
No words spoken between enemies  
Just thunder of sword and shield

A rain of arrows darkens the sun  
A cloud of wood and steel  
Through shields and flesh the arrows run  
Bringing warriors to their knees

A war-cry loud as heimdall's horn  
Fills the vibrating air  
This is the place where heroes are born  
And where death is always near

Here it comes the mighty storm  
Every man attacks  
Now is when heroes are born  
There is no turning back