

# Avenger

Amon Amarth

My pale face face glows in the light of fire  
My hollow eyes see but cannot see  
I stare deep into the glowing inferno  
The loss I feel is breaking me

I heard their screams  
Through flaming walls  
Walls, I could not tear down  
I could not help them

Helplessly I watched my life go up in flames

I pull the sword from the glowing fire  
And hammer-beat in on the anvil

Forging it with rage and hate  
I will seal my enemy's fate

I engrave the blade with magic runes  
And summon Gods by sacrifice in blood  
Pure blue hate shines within this sword  
his magic sword will cut only once

No sword has ever been like this one  
The Avenger is its name

Now my sworn enemy  
Vengeance will belong to me  
A year has gone by  
Now my sworn enemy  
It's your turn to die  
It's your turn to die!

The sword cuts through his throat  
His head tumbles to the ground  
The headless body lays gently down  
Down to sleep in a pool of blood

The Avenger has lost its shine  
The magic is now drained  
Dull and useless it rests in my hand  
Its purpose is soon fulfilled

Now hate is gone but emptiness remains  
So I turn the blade around  
And run it through my stomach veins  
And I fall to the ground