

## Back on Northern Shores

Amon Amarth

A thick fog lies ahead  
The ocean's deadly calm  
Their ship glides on the silent waves  
Into the unknown  
He cannot turn around  
For him it's much too late  
He puts his back into the oar  
And rows towards his fate

The ship cuts through  
The milk white mist  
Through the blind they clearly hear  
The oar strokes of their mighty fleet  
Battle's drawing near  
His heart pounds loud and wild  
He's waited for this day  
Then suddenly a dragon's head  
Appears out of the haze

Back on the Northern shores  
Just as he once swore  
He vowed to return  
And to make them burn

Then a Northern wind picks up  
It sweeps the mist away  
A might viking fleet appears  
Patiently they wait  
"Death or victory!"  
Words by which they stand  
No turning back! In for the kill!  
Led by thy command!

"All men grab your swords and shields  
The enemies lay ahead!  
We'll make this bay our battlefield  
and fill the waves with dead!"  
Darkness then descends  
Day turns into night  
A massive cloud of thousand arrows  
Fills the misty sky

With violent force  
The two fleets crash  
The battle now begins  
Cries of war as weapons clash  
Uncertain who will win

Thunder rolls 'cross the waves  
Lightning cracks the sky  
Clouds release hail big as grapes  
As arrows are let fly

Hear the berserks roar!  
They call to mighty Thor!  
The fury in their raging eyes  
Will burn forever more

Hear the weapons sing!  
Feel the arrows sting!  
They climb onto the Earl's great ship  
And begin to swing

The fight is fierce as they attack  
With sword and axe, no guts, no glory!  
Arrow pierced, they won't back down  
They battle on with heart and fury  
Then it turns  
The flanking ships give way  
And soon they are embattled  
Standing firm! Fight 'til death!  
They refuse to die like cattle

Fighting for his life  
No holds barred  
So close to revenge  
Close but yet so far

Then he stands before him  
It's like the battle fades  
He sees his father's eyes  
As he's struck into the waves

Back on Northern shores  
Just as he once sword  
He has met his fate  
In these cold dark waves

He looks to clouds up high  
A dead and distant stare  
She comes out of the light  
See the chariot flare  
Standing on the shore  
He hears her silent call  
Freja leads him through the door  
Into the great hall