

One Against All

Amon Amarth

Winter's lost its grip
The ocean is set free
The ship glides through the broken ice
Out to an open sea

North winds fill the sails
They fly on frothing seas
As hope grows stronger in his heart
It's easier to breathe

Days turn into nights
Nights turn into days
His determination grows
With every breath he takes

There he stands alone, one man against all
With a sword in each hand, soon he will fall
There he stands alone, one man against all
With a sword in each hand, heeding the call

When they reach the Hano bay
There waits a ship of war
Like the bear attacks its prey
It comes at them with force

All men to the oars!
Row for all your worth!
Most likely this will be your last day
on this wretched earth!

The weak they try to run
But he's prepared to fight
One by one his friends are slain
Only he remains

He knows the end is near
They have him in their jaws
When a noble man appears
He tells them: "Withdraw!"

There he stands before him
as the skirmish quells
He offers him:
"Join our crew or join your friends in hell"

There he stands alone, one man against all
With a sword in each hand, and soon he will fall
There he stands alone, one man against all
With a sword in each hand, he's heeding the call