

## Pursuit of Vikings

Amon Amarth

The warming sun returns again  
And melts away the snow  
The sea is freed from icy chains  
Winter is letting go

Standing on the ocean side  
We can hear the waves  
Calling us out with tide  
To sail into our fate

Oden! Guide our ships  
Our axes, spears and swords  
Guide us through storms that whip  
And in brutal war

Our ships await us by the shore  
Time has come to leave  
Our country, family and homes  
For riches in the east

Some of us won't return  
But that won't bring us down  
Our fate is written in the web  
Woven by the Norns

A ram is sacrificed  
Across the longship's bow  
And as we set our sails  
A strong breeze starts to blow

It carries us out to sea  
With hope of fame and pride  
And glorious all will be  
That with sword in hand will die

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