

# Tattered Banners and Bloody Flags

Amon Amarth

There comes Lopt, the treacherous  
Lusting for revenge  
He leads the legions of the dead  
Towards the Aesir's realm

They march in full battle dress  
With faces grim and pale  
Tattered banners and bloody flags  
Rusty spears and blades

Cries ring out, loud and harsh  
From cracked and broken horns  
Long forgotten battle cries  
In strange and foreign tongues

Spear and sword clash rhythmically  
Against the broken shields they beat  
They bring their hate and anarchy  
Onto Vigrid's battlefield

There comes Lopt, the treacherous  
He stands against the gods  
His army grim and ravenous  
Lusting for their blood

Nowhere is longer safe  
The earth moves under our feet  
The great world tree Yggorasil  
Trembles to its roots

Sons of muspel gird the field  
Behind them Midgaard burns  
Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim  
And the Fenris wolf returns

Heimdall grips the Giallarhorn  
He sounds that dreaded note  
Oden rides to quest the Norns  
But their web is torn  
The Aesir rides out to war  
With armor shining bright  
Followed by the Einherjer  
See valkyries ride

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