

The Fate of Norns

Amon Amarth

I feel a chill in my heart
Like lingering winter cold
I and my son are torn apart
He was just 6 winters old

My first-born was he
And the last of my kin
The last one to carry my name
Death smiled at him its deadly grin
There is no one for me to blame

The fate of Norns await us all
There is no way to escape
The day to answer Oden's call
Or walk through hell's gate

I carry him to my ship
He seems to be asleep
But the deep blue colour of his lips
Is enough to make me weep

No man should have to bury his child
Yet this has been my share
The tears i shed run bitter and wild
It's a heavy burden to bear

His body feels so light in my arms
His skin is pale as snow
Yet his weight feels heavy in my heart
As my sadness continues to grow

Allfather!
What fate has been given me?
Why must I suffer?
Why must I feel this pain?
Allfather!
Life has lost it's meaning to me
I think I'm going insane!

I lay him down on a pyre
A burial worthy a king
And as I lie down by his side
I hear the weaving norns sing

The fate of Norns await us all
There is no way to escape
The day to answer Oden's call
Or walk through hell's gate

The fate of Norns await us all
I know this to be true
It's time to answer Odens's call
My son, he calls for me and you