

# The Last with Pagan Blood

Amon Amarth

We storm ahead with swords and shields  
For victory we ride  
We fight the world on these battlefields  
To re-erect the pagan pride

We draw the blood of those in our way  
It's 'victory or die  
With pounding, raging fury we slay  
The Christian hounds will pay

Charge ahead, no retreat  
No mercy, none shall live  
To us there is no defeat  
No remorse to give

A wind of power blows from the north  
The enemy shivers to the core  
We slay with strength, pushing forth  
Silence before the storm

The gates of Valhalla open up  
The ground beneath us shakes  
As Odin leads the Gods to war  
The Rainbow Bridge cracks

Nothing can stop this final attack  
We carve up all in our path  
Now there is no turning back  
Final battle is here at last

A feast awaits us when we return  
Awaiting all that fought in wrath  
By the long fires we sit in glory  
And beer will cool our soar throats

We are few but strong in will  
The last with pagan blood  
We fought the world with burning steel  
Now we sit in Hall of Gods

Pride and glory in our hearts  
Pride and glory in our hearts