

# The Way of Vikings

Amon Amarth

Whirling dust in morning air  
Two warriors in the ring  
With the strength of two great bears  
They make their weapons sing

Sparks fly high when steel meets steel  
And no one can believe  
That these two men are best friends  
Not enemies

They lash out with ferocious force  
The fight grows more intense  
But each avoid the other's sword  
As if by seventh sense

Their muscles ache, their bones are sore  
But none of them will yield  
They fight a two-man practice war  
As enemies

Faster!  
Stronger!  
Fight until your dying breath!  
Fiercer!  
Harder!  
This is a matter of life and death!

Full on fight in training  
It's the way of vikings  
Every muscle straining  
It's the way of the Jomsvikings  
These men aim to shatter  
It's the way of vikings  
This is how we battle  
It's the way of the Jomsvikings

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Sun beats down with intense heat  
The swordsmen start to break  
Pain shoots through their tired feet  
With every step they take

In this fight of iron wills  
One man takes a knee  
The other goes for the kill  
Like an enemy

Faster!

Stronger!  
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