

# Warriors of the North

Amon Amarth

We were the warriors of the north  
Notorious and brave  
We'd never lost a fight in war  
We feared not the grave

The ruler of this northern court  
My brother, lord, king  
He always had our loyal swords  
But we would feel his sting

The ageing king had no descendants  
No heir to take his throne  
If filled his soul with fear  
Transcendent  
That next in line was my first-born

The king's heart grew  
Full of dark deception  
Full of foul conspiracy  
This was when dark days  
Had their inception  
And we fell to his vile deceit

Robbed of arms, robbed of pride  
But he spared our lives  
The fear he had of Oden's wrath  
Held his vengeful knife

With hearts so cold we left our homes  
Banished from our land  
A life in shame, a life in grief  
Until we rise again!

Winters come, winters pass  
Twenty wasted years  
We're ageing men, our youth is gone  
We will shed no tears

Winters come and winters pass  
Twenty years have gone  
Like a dream we fade away  
Into Oblivion

We are the warriors of the north  
Notorious and brave  
We're old but strong as before  
And we don't fear the grave!

From the south an army rises  
They ride under cross of gold  
From the shades we're called  
In a time of crises  
To defend the king, now weak and old

As the flames of warfare rage higher  
We feel our destiny's embrace  
We are ageing men of an old empire

Now we can see Valhalla's gates!

We!

March again

First in line

To reach Valhalla's mighty gates!

We!

March again

March to fight

To reach Valhalla's mighty

We!

March again

Give our lives

To reach Valhalla's

Mighty royal gates!