

Wrath of the Norsemen

Amon Amarth

My head hurts like hell
Can't open my eyes
My clothes are all wet
And I'm freezing right through
Don't know where I am
Or how to get home
My arms they're so numb
And it's hard to get up

My muscles they ache
With every move
I stand on my feet
But my knees feel so weak

Somebody wake me
From this horrible dream
Somebody save me
From this terror I feel

I stumble around
on the soft muddy ground
I call out the name
of the friends I can't find
but only the wind
And the ravens reply

With every gasp
with every breath
smoke fills my lungs
and my intestines wrench
With every gasp
the sweet taste of death
The air is full of a thick
pungent stench

So comes then rain
it's colder than ice
I wash off my face
and open my eyes
And then I see
but wish I were blind

They are all dead
there's blood everywhere
The Norsemen they left
only death and despair
A stench of flesh
that fills the Autumn air

Somebody wake me
From this horrible dream
Somebody save me
From this terror and pain
No one can save me
From this horrible dream
No one can hear me
Or my heart-wrenching screams