

The Gathering

Amorphis

As I sense their steel,
As I see the mighty one,
As we all gather once again
the gods of war summon us...
summon us

North wind blows to our valley
men with ships, with swords, with honour

Their horses between flames,
their dogs eating enemy childs,
Our heavenly father, what is this mortality,
do you see my mortal agony

Look, I see the shield up high
this must be the sign from my lord
this can be my death - sentence
what a fine day to die

Taste of blood comes up high
Wind blows hard, our men fall...
one by one
This oath claims me
I must bleed for my generation

Strong is the enemy,
strong is my sword
the hammer is rising
I feel their cold steel

Now when I leave this world
I shall open the mighty oaken gate
and we all shall gather once again