

# Coming of the Tide

Amon Amarth

Racing 'cross the arctic lands  
A mounted legion  
Under my command  
We're brutal force  
No men can withstand  
Total havoc is at hand

See the black crows circle high  
Waiting for brave men to die  
They sense the coming of the tide  
When opposition's swept aside

The fateful message  
Reached us months ago  
That our home was under siege  
And since that day  
We've been heading north  
Our kinsmen needed our relief

As we near our fortress walls  
Black smoke is rising to the sky  
Burnt black ruins  
Of our father's halls  
And corpses greet our tired eyes

What madness led them to attack  
Victory could not be won  
They must've known  
There was no turning back  
And now they all are gone

No woman, child or man was spared  
Their bodies lying where they fell  
Suffering, anguish and despair  
As they went through living hell

So now we're on the ride again  
And vengeance is  
Our newfound path  
We draw our strength  
From grief and pain  
These bastards shall know  
Our endless wrath

See the black crows circle high  
Waiting for brave men to die  
This is the coming of the tide  
When opposition's swept aside