

First Kill

Amon Amarth

The first man I killed was the earl's right-hand man
When he came to take her away
I ran his own sword straight through his throat
And then I stood there, watching him fall

The first blood I spilled was the blood of a bard
I had to wipe the smile away
I was not yet a man, nor was I a boy
But still, I made that bastard pay

So I left him there, on the stone floor
Bathing in a pool of his own blood
My one and only choice was to flee this land
To leave this wretched place for good

I am an outcast
All alone
I'm a nomad without home

I am an outlaw
I'm disowned
And I am no man's son

Through the cold midwinter nights on a southbound winding path
The stars and moon my only light; and the earl's men closing fast
I swore that I'd return; that I would see him burn
I will live it in my dreams; the smell, the blood, his dying screams

To my father I was dead, he took his hand from me
He drove me away, I was shunned
My one and only choice was to leave this land
To become the pagan they would hunt

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