

# For Victory or Death

Amon Amarth

Time!  
has come to wash our shame away  
to erase the image of defeat  
We!  
have licked our wounds, restored our strength  
and our vengeance will be oh so sweet

They thought they had us down  
that we'd never rise again  
they will learn that they were deadly wrong  
what's owed will be repaid

Again we'll feed the wolves  
and then vengeance will be ours  
we'll split their skulls and spill their guts  
upon the frozen ground  
Yeah, we'll never kneel again  
not to deity nor men  
now they'll taste our bitter hate  
what's owed will be repaid

So raise the flag once more  
and the eagle will be fed  
once again we march to war  
for victory or death

They arrived with talk of hvitekrist  
by force they wanted us to kneel  
with their swords held to our throats they preached  
but we will make them pay we'll take their lives away

So Raise!  
raise the flag once more  
in the east the eagle will be fed  
March!  
again we march to war  
we will march for victory or death  
Pain!  
the pain and suffering  
is but a bleak and distant fading dream  
Shame!  
our disgrace; a withering thought  
finally our names will be redeemed