

# Gods of War Arise

Amon Amarth

Darkness flees the rising sun  
The village lies ahead  
It will wake to a new day soon  
Soon they all be dead

We came in cover of moonless night  
Fifty man at arms  
Now at first morning light  
The church bell sound the alarm

Sacrifice to Gods of old  
Bleed them of their lives  
Fresh blood on our swords  
Gods Of War Arise!

Sacrifice to Gods of old  
Bleed them of their lives  
Fresh blood on our swords  
Gods Of War Arise!

Hear the tortured screams  
Shattering the air  
They awake the soothing dreams  
Into their worst nightmare

Fire sweeps their homes  
They feel the dragon's breath  
Consuming and destructive flames  
Agonising death

Some seek shelter in the church  
A refuge for those with faith  
But we know how to smoke them out  
A pyre will be raised

But those who choose to stand and fight  
Will die with dignity  
For the unfortunate few who survive  
Waits a life in slavery

The day draws to an end  
The night comes dark and cold  
We return to our ships  
With silver, slaves and gold

We gave them agony, as they fell and die  
The gods have granted victory  
For our sacrifice

The day draws to an end  
The night comes dark and cold  
We return to our ships  
With silver, slaves and gold  
We gave them agony  
As they fell and die  
The Gods have granted victory  
For our sacrifice