

# Prediction of Warfare

Amon Amarth

Ships were prepared  
Weapons and shields  
Sails were raised  
We headed out to sea!

Norway disappeared in the east  
Our journey had begun  
Helpful winds gave us our speed  
Under a warming sun

Heading to the emerald land  
A fleet of 50 ships  
An army of two thousand men lead by the king

On the horizon dark clouds arose  
Thor rode across the black clouds  
As the night rolled in over us  
We felt the wrath of the storm

That night I was haunted by dreams  
An omen, of what was to come  
The serpent arose from the sea

Ready to strike  
With hammer in hand  
The serpent in pain,  
twisting in furious rage!  
Fought for its life  
The serpent escaped  
Thor was in rage  
My dreams began to fade

Woke from dreams  
Sword in my hand  
The break of dawn  
We were closing in on Irish land  
Time to attack  
Grabbed our shields  
We came ashore  
And saw the waiting horde

The fight was short and deadly intense  
The Irish fought us well  
But as we gained the upperhand  
Their fighting spirit quelled

Ready to strike  
With swords in our hands  
They struggle with heart  
The Irish fell to our wrath  
Fought for his life  
Their king escaped  
With fury divine  
King Olaf threw his sword