

The Berserker At Stamford Bridge

Amon Amarth

We had marched all night long
Now silently we stood upon the ridge
An army of fifteen thousand strong
Looking down at Stamford Bridge

The English stood on the hill
Caught off guard we had to retreat
The omens of this day boded ill
The river cold and wide lay at our feet

One man walked out on the bridge
With Dane axe held firm in his mighty hand
Alone he stood against our foes
A giant Berserker of a man

Charge! The order to attack
Nothing now can hold us back
Our entire force pours down the slope
Now, abandon all of your hope
Death! Move in for the kill
Today Norsemen blood will spill

Englishmen! I am waiting here
In my heart I know not an ounce of fear
We are waiting here my trusted axe and me
Just come at me, I will not flee
Death! I know that it awaits
Soon I will enter Valhalla's gates!

On the bridge we met his axe
While he stood, none could pass
His axe cut deep, through flesh and bone
He held the bridge all on his own

Forty men, died by his steel
The only way we could make him kneel
Was to send four men out on the stream
And sting the bastard from beneath
From Beneath