

# Victorious March

Amon Amarth

Ten heavy feet  
Walk the bloodsoiled ground  
With rhythm these  
Five warriors march

No matter how much  
The bleeding wounds  
From enemy swordcuts  
Hurt to the bone

The revenge they sought  
Was taken in blood  
No mercy was showed  
No mercy was showed

They ignore the pain  
That hammerlike pounds  
From falls, off slain horses,  
To the ground

No signs of weakness  
No signs of weariness  
Not even a glimpse  
Of remorse in their eyes

They slew men ruthless  
Fed the wolves with flesh  
And now they leave  
This land side by side

Now they're headed home  
Five swordsmen who fought repentlessly  
Their story will be told  
Of five brave men endlessly

All sorrow is left  
For the women to bare  
The children cries  
They live in fear

No man was spared  
No house or farm remains  
No christian woman unraped  
Their church consumed by flames

Their steel shines red  
With enemy blood  
It sings of victory  
Granted by the Gods  
And as they return  
Bleeding but proud  
The horizon burns  
And the song is ringing loud