Avenger

Amon Amarth

My pale face glows in the light of fire
My hollow eyes see but cannot see
I stare deep into the glowing inferno
The loss I feel is breaking meI heard their screams
Through flaming walls
Walls, I could not tear down
I could not help themI'd been away for two full years
Only to return to late to save them
Helplessly I watched my life go up in flamesI pull the sword from the glowing fire
And hammer-beat it on the anvilForging it with rage and hate
I will seal my enemy's fateI ingrave the blade with magic runes
And summon Gods by sacrifice in blood
Pure blue hate shines within this sword
This magic sword will cut only onceNo sword has ever been like this one
The Avenger is it's nameNow my sworn enemy
Vengeance will belong to me
A year has gone by
Now my sworn enemy
It's your turn to die!
It's your turn to die!
Die!
To die!
Die!
Die!
Die!
Die!
Die!
Die!
Die!
Die!The sword cuts through his throat
His head tumbles to the ground
The headless body lays gently down
Down to sleep in a pool of bloodThe Avenger has lost its shine
The magic is now drained
Dull and useless it rests in my hand
It's purpose is soon fulfilledNow hate is gone but emptiness remains
So I turn the blade around
And run it through my stomach veins
And I fall to the groundTo the ground

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