

Amon Amarth, Fafner's Gold

Regin forges more than swords and blades
In his smithy schemes and plans are made
There is vengeance to be claimed
To this cause his fate is chained

But he needed someone strong and brave
And for the price of horse and blade
He found a hero who would do the deed
To make his brother, Fafner, bleed

In search of
Fafner's gold
A dragon's tale
He'll run his sword
Through his scales
Fafner's gold
A dragon's tale
Treachery unfolds
Deceit unveiled

There is a dragon's treasure to be claimed
To its curse Regin's fate is chained
He sent his hero on this baleful ride
With the sword Gram at his side
Heading out on the Grita plains
A wasteland where desolation reigns

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Gram stung him well
The dragon fell
Regin said
"Fry its heart"
Tasting dragon's blood
He now understood
All of Regin's collusive plans
Then he made Gram bite him well
And Regin fell as well
To Andvare's malicious curse

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