

Amon Amarth, Saxons and Vikings

Marching south, we're Wessex bound
We shall take King Alfred's crown
It doesn't matter if he stands or flees
We will bring him to his knees

We've laid waste to Mercia
We have conquered York
We ravaged all these lands
Without an ounce of remorse

Another day, another fight
We are here to win it all
There is no truce in sight
'Tween Saxons and Vikings
We carry on, we will not cease
Relentless 'til your fall
And there is no hope for peace
'Tween Saxons and Vikings

We Saxons stand in Alfred's name
We'll make you bleed, our land regained
Our battle cry is England free and one
You have taken Saxon blood
You'll pay the price in pain
We raise our flags with pride and steel
This is the end of Danelaw

Send you back from whence you came
You'll never conquer Wessex land
Make your threats we're not afraid
You'll taste our English steel

Another day another fight
We're here to win it all
But there is no truce in sight
'Tween Saxons and Vikings
We carry on, we will not yield
God is on our side
There is no hope for peace
'Tween Saxons and Vikings

We'll have your heads
You pagan scum
You'll soon be dead
We'll smash thy skulls
The wolves will tear your flesh
Your skin will soon be threshed
You sons of whores
Satan's spawn
Come get some more
You spineless dogs
The rooks will take your eyes
We're all about to die

Miscreants
Veslingur
You Godless ones
Nithingur
We'll drench this field in blood
We'll send you to your God
Bitches' brood
Arka
We'll run you through
Bakrauf

We'll break your legs like twigs
And gut you all like pigs

We can't live side by side
There's no truce in sight
Bloodlust fills our savaged hearts
Who will live or die!

Blood will soak this battlefield
Who will live and who will die
There is no hope

Another day, another fight
The battle rages on
There is no truce in sight
'Tween Saxons and Vikings
At Eddington the battle stands
That will determine all
Who will rule this English land
Saxons or Vikings

Saxons or Vikings