

# Amon Amarth, The Dragons' Flight Across The Waves

Alone he stands in the doorway  
His family still asleep  
Gazing at the starlit horizon  
And the moonsparkling sea  
When dawn comes he must leave them  
His home, his children and loved  
For his destiny beyond those waves  
Known only to the Norns  
He's already dressed ready to leave  
His four friends are waiting by the shore  
Each with a dragon ship  
And one hundred men prepared for war  
He returns to his bed kissing  
His sleeping wife goodbye  
And as he leaves his youngest son  
A tear rolls from his eye  
They set sail with the first morning rays  
Heading for glorious wars  
And as the five ships steer out from the bay  
Their hearts pound like never before  
The wind is strong, the sun is warm  
Their Dragons fly across the waves  
No greenfaces are seen here onboard  
Only a crowd of braves  
Many nights pass  
And days long as a year  
They await the battle  
They await without fear  
On the morning of the fifth day  
Before the sun arose  
They hear bells chime and see pyres  
Torched at a nearby coast  
"LOWER THE SAIL, GRAB YOUR OARS,  
NOW MEN IT'S TIME TO ACT!  
ROW LIKE THE WIND TO THE SHORE,  
ROW LIKE THE WIND TO ATTACK!"