

Amon Amarth, Under The Northern Star

The icy winter is creeping near
Dark skies above us
Biting frost is in the air
Darkness surrounds us

The cold, piercing autumn breeze
Fills the longship sail
Soon the lakes and seas will freeze
And snow will lay its veil

Many years we have been away
Many oceans we have roamed
Now the North star
Guides us on our way
As we are headed home

The many hardships we've endured
Have brought us rich rewards
Now the North star guides us home
With cargo full of gold

Many friends died on the way
Only few of us survived
But I would gladly
Take their place
In Odens hall up high

The icy winter is creeping near
Dark skies above us
Biting frost is in the air
Darkness surrounds us

Soon the lakes and
Seas will freeze
Snow will lay its veil
And we will long for
The summer breeze
When we can set our sails