SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

we rode the rivers of the Eastern trail	I tilt my nead to the side
Deep in the land of the Rus'	And think of those back home
Following the wind in our sails	I see the (6) rushing by
And the rhythm of the oars	Like blood runs from my wound
No (1) in this hostile land	Here I lie on wet sand
Constantly on guard	I will not make it home
Ready to fight and defend	I (7) my sword in my hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end	Say farewell to those I love
We came (2) attack	When I am dead
I received a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A spear was forced into my back	Place my weapons by my side
Still I fought on	For the journey to Hall up high
When I am dead	When I am dead
Lay me in a mound	Lay me in a mound
Raise a stone for all to see	Raise a (8) for all to see
Runes carved to my memory	Runes carved to my memory
Here I lay on the river bank	To my memory
A long, (3) way (4) home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	
Soon I (5) be gone	



- 1. shelter
- 2. under
- 3. long
- 4. from
- 5. will
- 6. river
- 7. clinch
- 8. stone

Fill in the gaps