## SUB inglês

Soon I will be gone

## Fill in the gaps

## Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We (1) the rivers of the (	(2)	trail	I tilt my head to the side	
Deep in the land of the Rus'			And (7)	of those back home
Following the wind in our sails			I see the river rushing by	
And the rhythm of the oars			Like blood runs from	my wound
No shelter in this hostile land			Here I lie on wet sand	i
Constantly on guard			I will not make it hom	е
Ready to fight and defend			I clinch my sword in n	ny hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end			Say farewell to those	I love
We (3) (4) a	attack		When I am dead	
I received a (5) wou	ınd		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 Ha	ll 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 stone for all t	o see
Runes carved to my memory			Runes carved to my r	memory
Here I lay on the (6) ba	ank		To my memory	
A long, long way from home			To my memory	
Life is pouring out of me				



- 1. rode
- 2. Eastern
- 3. came
- 4. under
- 5. deadly
- 6. river
- 7. think

## Fill in the gaps