SUB inglês

Soon I will be gone

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the rivers of the Eastern trail	I (7) my head 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 river rushing by
And the rhythm of the oars	Like blood (8) from my wound
No shelter in this (1) land	Here I lie on wet sand
Constantly on guard	I will not make it home
Ready to fight and defend	I (9) my sword in my hand
Our (2) (3) the bitter end	Say farewell to those I love
We (4) under attack	When I am dead
I received a (5) wound	Lay me in a mound
A spear was forced (6) my back	Place my weapons by my side
Still I fought on	For the (10) 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 stone 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, long way from home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. hostile
- 2. ship
- 3. 'til
- 4. came
- 5. deadly
- 6. into
- 7. tilt
- 8. runs
- 9. clinch
- 10. journey

Fill in the gaps