## SUB inglés

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 (8) 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
Constantly on guard	I will not make it home
Ready to fight and defend	I clinch my sword in my hand
Our (1) 'til the (2) end	Say farewell to those I love
We came under attack	When I am dead
I received a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A spear was forced (3) my back	Place my (9) 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 (4) 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 (5) bank	To my memory
A long, (6) way from home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. ship
- 2. bitter
- 3. into
- 4. stone
- 5. river
- 6. long
- 7. tilt
- 8. back
- 9. weapons

## Fill in the gaps