SUB inglês

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 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 runs from my wound
No shelter in this (3) 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 ship 'til the (4) end		Say farewell to (8) I love
We came under 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 (5) 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 stone for all to see
Runes carved to my memory		Runes carved to my memory
Here I lay on the (6) bank		To my memory
A long, (7) way from home		To my memory
Life is pouring out of me		
Soon I will be gone		



1. rode

- 2. Eastern
- 3. hostile
- 4. bitter
- 5. fought
- 6. river
- 7. long
- 8. those

Fill in the gaps