

Soon I will be gone

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the (1)	of the Eastern trail	I (5) my (6) to the side
Deep in the (2) of the Rus'		And (7) of those back home	
Following the wind in our sails		I see the river rushing by	
And the (3)	_ 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 (8)	in my hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end		Say farewell to those I love	
We came under attack		When I am dead	
I received a (4) 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 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. rivers

- 2. land
- 3. rhythm
- 4. deadly
- 5. tilt
- 6. head
- 7. think
- 8. sword

Fill in the gaps