## SUB inglés

## Fill in the gaps

## Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We (1) the (2) of the Eastern 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 (3) in (4) hostile land	Here I lie on wet sand
Constantly on guard	I (9) not make it home
Ready to fight and defend	I clinch my sword in my hand
Our ship (5) the bitter end	Say farewell to those I love
We (6) under attack	When I am dead
I (7) a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A spear was (8) 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	
Soon I will be gone	



- 1. rode
- 2. rivers
- 3. shelter
- 4. this
- 5. 'til
- 6. came
- 7. received
- 8. forced
- 9. will

## Fill in the gaps