SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the rivers of the Eastern trail	I tilt my head to the side
Deep in the (1) of the Rus'	And think of (5) (6) home
Following the wind in our sails	I see the river rushing by
And the rhythm of the oars	Like (7) 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 (2) 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 (9) for all to see
Runes (3) to my memory	Runes carved to my memory
Here I lay on the river bank	To my memory
A long, long way (4) home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	
Soon I will be gone	



- 1. land
- 2. deadly
- 3. carved
- 4. from
- 5. those
- 6. back
- 7. blood
- 8. sword
- 9. stone

Fill in the gaps