SUB inglês

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 (4) my head to the side
Deep in the land of the Rus'	And think of (5) back home
Following the wind in our sails	I see the (6) rushing by
And the (1) of the oars	Like blood (7) 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 (2) and defend	I clinch my (8) in my hand
Our ship 'til the (3) 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 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 (9) to my memor
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	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. rhythm
- 2. fight
- 3. bitter
- 4. tilt
- 5. those
- 6. river
- 7. runs
- 8. sword
- 9. carved