## SUB ingles

Soon I will be gone

## Fill in the gaps

## Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

vve (1) the rivers of the Eastern trail	i tilt my nead 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 (4) rushing by
And the (2) of the oars	Like blood (5) from my wound
No (3) 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 sword in my hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end	Say farewell to (6) 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 (7) for all to see
Runes carved to my memory	Runes (8) 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. rode
- 2. rhythm
- 3. shelter
- 4. river
- 5. runs
- 6. those
- 7. stone
- 8. carved

## Fill in the gaps