

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 those (6) home
Following the (2) in our sails	I see the river (7) by
And the rhythm 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 sword in my hand
Our ship (3) the (4) end	Say (8) 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 (9) 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 (5) 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. land
- 2. wind
- 3. 'til
- 4. bitter
- 5. river
- 6. back
- 7. rushing
- 8. farewell
- 9. Hall

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