

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 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 (7) (8) by
And the (1) of the oars	Like blood (9) 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 (10) my sword in my hand
Our (2) 'til the bitter 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 (3) was (4) 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 (5) to my memory	Runes carved to my memory
Here I lay on the river bank	To my memory
A long, long way (6) home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. rhythm
- 2. ship
- 3. spear
- 4. forced
- 5. carved
- 6. from
- 7. river
- 8. rushing
- 9. runs
- 10. clinch

## Fill in the gaps