SUB inglès

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the rivers of the (1)	trail	I tilt my head to the side	
Deep in the land of the Rus'		And think of those (6)	home
Following the wind in our sails		I see the river rushing by	
And the (2) of the oars		Like blood runs from my wou	nd
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 'til the bitter end		Say farewell to those I love	
We came under attack		When I am dead	
I (3) a deadly wound		Lay me in a mound	
A spear was (4) into my back		Place my weapons by my sid	е
Still I fought on		For the (7)	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 carved 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			
Soon I (5) be gone			



- 1. Eastern
- 2. rhythm
- 3. received
- 4. forced
- 5. will
- 6. back
- 7. journey

Fill in the gaps