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 tilt my (6) 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 river rushing by
And the rhythm of the oars	Like blood runs from my wound
No shelter in (1) hostile land	Here I lie on wet sand
Constantly on guard	I (7) 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 (4) 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 (9) 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 from home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. this
- 2. fight
- 3. bitter
- 4. received
- 5. carved
- 6. head
- 7. will
- 8. sword
- 9. journey

Fill in the gaps