## 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 (5) to the side
Deep in the land of the Rus'		And (6) of those back home
Following the wind in our sails		I see the river rushing by
And the (1)	of the oars	Like blood (7) 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 'til the bitter end		Say farewell to (8) I love
We came under attack		When I am dead
received a deadly wound		Lay me in a mound
A spear was (2)	(3) 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
_ay 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, (4) way from home		To my memory
ife is pouring out of me		



- 1. rhythm
- 2. forced
- 3. into
- 4. long
- 5. head
- 6. think
- 7. runs
- 8. those

## Fill in the gaps