

Soon I will be gone

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the (1) of the (2)	I (8) my head to the side
trail	And think of those back home
Deep in the (3) of the Rus'	I see the river rushing by
Following the wind in our sails	Like blood runs from my wound
And the rhythm of the oars	Here I lie on wet sand
No (4) in this hostile land	I will not make it home
Constantly on guard	I clinch my sword in my hand
Ready to (5) and defend	Say farewell to those I love
Our ship 'til the bitter end	When I am dead
We came (6) attack	Lay me in a mound
I received a deadly wound	Place my weapons by my side
A spear was forced into my back	For the (9) to Hall up high
Still I fought on	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	To my memory
Here I lay on the (7) bank	To my memory
A long, long way from home	
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. rivers
- 2. Eastern
- 3. land
- 4. shelter
- 5. fight
- 6. under
- 7. river
- 8. tilt
- 9. journey

Fill in the gaps