SUB inglés

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 (6) 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 this hostile land	Here I lie on wet sand
Constantly on guard	I will not make it home
Ready to (1) and defend	I clinch my (7) in my hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end	Say farewell to (8) I love
We (2) under attack	When I am dead
I received a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A spear was forced into my back	Place my (9) 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 (3) to my memory	Runes carved to my memory
Here I lay on the (4) 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. fight
- 2. came
- 3. carved
- 4. river
- 5. will
- 6. those
- 7. sword
- 8. those
- 9. weapons

Fill in the gaps