## SUB inglés

## Fill in the gaps

## Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We rode the (1)	of the Eastern trail	I tilt my head to the side	
Deep in the land of the Rus'		And think of those (7) 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 fight and defend		I clinch my sword in my hand	
Our ship 'til the bitter end		Say (8)	to those I love
We (2) under attack		When I am dead	
I received a deadly wound		Lay me in a mound	
A (3) was forced into my back		Place my (9)	by my side
Still I fought on		For the (10)	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 (4) to my	y memory	Runes carved to my mem	ory
Here I lay on the (5)	_ bank	To my memory	
A long, long way from home		To my memory	
Life is (6) out	of me		
Soon I will be gone			



- 1. rivers
- 2. came
- 3. spear
- 4. carved
- 5. river
- 6. pouring
- 7. back
- 8. farewell
- 9. weapons
- 10. journey

## Fill in the gaps