SUB inglés

Soon I will be gone

Fill in the gaps

Runes To My Memory by Amon Amarth

We (1) the (2)	of the Eastern trail	I tilt my head to the s	ide
Deep in the land of the Rus'			And (8)	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 this hostile land			Here I lie on wet sand	
Constantly on guard			I (9) not n	nake it home
Ready to (3)	and defend		I clinch my sword in a	ny hand
Our ship 'til the bitter end			Say farewell to those	I love
We came under attack			When I am dead	
I received a deadly wound			Lay me in a mound	
A spear was forced (4)_	my back	<	Place my weapons b	y my side
Still I (5)	on		For the journey to Ha	ıll up high
When I am dead			When I am dead	
Lay me in a mound			Lay me in a mound	
Raise a (6)	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, long way from home			To my memory	
Life is (7)	out of me			



1. rode

- 2. rivers
- 3. fight
- 4. into
- 5. fought
- 6. stone
- 7. pouring
- 8. think
- 9. will

Fill in the gaps