SUB inglés

Soon I will be gone

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 back home
Following the wind in our sails	I see the river (7) 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 (2) the bitter end	Say farewell to those I love
We came under attack	When I am dead
received a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A (3) was forced into my back	Place my weapons by my side
Still I fought on	For the (8) to (9) 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 (4) bank	To my memory
4 long, (5) way (6) home	To my memory
Life is pouring out of me	



- 1. rivers
- 2. 'til
- 3. spear
- 4. river
- 5. long
- 6. from
- 7. rushing
- 8. journey
- 9. Hall

Fill in the gaps