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 (7) of those back home
Following the (1) in our sails	I see the river rushing by
And the rhythm of the oars	Like blood (8) 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 (2) and defend	I clinch my sword in my hand
Our ship (3) the bitter end	Say farewell to those I love
We came under attack	When I am dead
I (4) a deadly wound	Lay me in a mound
A (5) was forced into my back	Place my weapons 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 (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 pouring out of me	
Soon I will be gone	



- 1. wind
- 2. fight
- 3. 'til
- 4. received
- 5. spear
- 6. stone
- 7. think
- 8. runs

Fill in the gaps