

Tyr, The Rune

The Rune
Down from the mountain, cries of an headless love, high above
Cold seems to me your kiss from the ocean deep, in my sleep
I see you go south on the evening tide, end your fight
Futile attempts, you can't change the way, of our day and age of heathen and Hell've been living here
And my heathen kin it was that found and then populated this land
Who is then this man who demands my scat
He whose mighty ancestors drove mine out of Norway to seek new lands
Which are slipping through
Hold they nothing more divine
Than the property of land
Set the thing here and then
Line my booth with cloth, black as ravens wings
See to that these men are dealt as those mighty kings men that came before
Old and weak I am, a pain behind my eyes
Here in darkness with my silver bags, let them come in and take what's mine
All the islands should
But we're running out of time
Wield the axe and make them mine
I will rule within my time
Here in pain
Here in darkness
Here in decadence
Lies my land like a rune that's written by the gods upon the
Ocean deep, so it reads, thou shalt not enslave my kin, I
Swear this oath, I'll keep my faith and
I'll keep my
Kin from all harm, raise the song to the mountains majesty for thee
Now the millenium has gone
And the sad and weary tales
Of the subsequent events
Are what's left of greater times
The millenium has gone
And the sad and weary tales
Of the subsequent events
Are what's left of greater times