

# The Great Hall of Feasting

## 3 Inches of Blood

As the day breaks and the battle hour approaches  
Many cries will echo through the hills  
Be not afraid your sacrifice is not in vain  
The God's reward for dying with your sword in hand  
Roaring fires, strumming lyrics  
Clean the blood stain from you  
Blade before coming in  
Enter the massive feasting hall  
Above the roar, tales are told of war  
And heroes lost forever  
Your name will live in song on high and down below  
Your kills in fighting have earned your special place  
Mentioned in the same breath as all heroes past  
A statue of your likeness, revered forever more  
Flagons clank, and beers are drank  
In the mighty hall  
Tales are told of woe  
In the might hall  
The goats are roasted slow  
In the mighty hall  
Let us sing the songs of old  
In the mighty hall  
All sound a mighty SKÅL  
In the great feasting hall, splendor of all  
Die in battle do us proud