

Song to Hall Up High

Bathory

I know you watch over me
Father of all the past
And all that will ever be
You are the first and the last

The watcher of all that lives
The guardian of all that died

The one-eyed God way up high
Who rules my world and the sky

Northern wind take my song up high
To the Hall of glory in the sky
So its gates shall greet me open wide
When my time has come to die