

## Another Fallen Brother

Týr

Weary wanderers  
Marching on and on  
What I used to be  
Now seem so long gone

Whether it's right or it's wrong

Cry havoc heathens  
No quarter for the other  
Valhalla here comes  
Another fallen brother

This day will be my renown  
In death I will go down  
And we charge across the field  
Though the resistance is strong  
This is where I belong  
For my fate has long been sealed

In the thick of it  
Comes our time to die  
They have come for us  
See them fly up high

Look at me choosers of the slain

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