

Flames of the Free

Týr

Flames of the free, just come and take me
After I burn it will be your turn

Ancient tales tell how life began in the ice and flames of the
old world burning
Recent times tell of trial and error, the reign of terror will
soon be turning

Cages of fear that the future holds nothing but our dismal pas
t with a vengeance

Flames of the free, just come and take me
Out of deep desperation
After I burn it will be your turn
For the good of our nation
Flames of the free, just come and take me
Let me fall in the fire
After I burn it will be your turn
To be cast on the pyre

Worn out is your welcome when subjects would rather fry than l
inger
In a world of this heedless hunger desire for freedom grows on
ly stronger

Burning is better when men have been utterly bereft of hope in
the future

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