

God of War

Týr

Tell me not that there is a higher
Truth to life than my own
And forces of unseen kind
Beyond our imagination
At the end of the day
Right or wrong must depend on
Weak or strong, and how would we
Hang the last hangman

The truth is sad
Much wants more
Hang your head
Ask what for
We sacrifice
Blood and gore
Before the eyes
Of the God of War

I believe not life could ever exist
without the survival of the fittest

Maybe this is the best
We can do with what we have
Should we not be grateful
Priviledged as we are
Walking this rugged old planet
Who are we to complain
Such is the nature of man
This was to be our lot

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