

## Hear the Heathen Call

Týr

Many a thing may change during all the days  
A mighty man wanders free on this earth  
Kinsmen young may fall by the bitter blade  
When he heard is when he laid down his life  
Borne on his shield, his sword lying on his chest  
The Northern Gate they passed through  
They marched on to the eastern mound where they laid him down  
Crying rain and wailing wind in the mountains we all  
Hear the heathen call  
Time will take us all  
And hear the heathen cry  
Finally we die  
So hear the heathen call  
Time will take us all  
And only time will tell  
Time will bid us all farewell  
All knew our greatest times had come to an end  
We proudly carved a memorial stone  
There to stand alone through the ages long  
Lasting onto later times of the world  
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