

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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