

Hel Hath No Fury

Týr

Some things we cannot mend
And good times always come to an end
Here at the dawn of a day a painful path
Unfolds before my eyes

So if you will, mortal men, remain
Fly me away, chooser of the slain
Above the blood drenched fields
Of furious battle high the fairest flies

I pulled her arrow from out my heart
We wandered already worlds apart
And I have seen the heavens hold no rage
Like love to hatred turned
The gods may grant me a brighter day
There's more where that came from anyway
Life holds no promises nor Hel a fury
Like a woman scorned

Faith was the star that fell
It may forebode our last farewell
Still others shine their height
And hopeful light on distant shores at dawn

Our days are all but a ghost of grey
And I am already far away
For I have walked alone in shadow
Since my goddess has withdrawn

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