

## 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Since my goddess has withdrawn

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