

Into the Storm

Týr

Much may change in the life of a man
Now I will sing of how the war first began
How these dark days of doom became mine
It was the year Nine Hundred And Ninety Nine
When pagan poets speak of heathen heroes
Holding high the old way
Warriors waging
Into the storm
On wings of dragons
Fame and fortune
Into the storm
Into the storm
Into the storm
From the old land in east we had word
Of how the Earl had fallen and then we heard
That he dies he who dare disobey
When this new king imposes the eastern way
When pagan poets speak of heathen heroes
A storm has begun by my magic command
And my runes in the sand will deny them land
You may die on our feet or you live on our knees
When the raven is fed time will come for peace
When pagan poets speak of heathen heroes