

Lady of the Slain

Týr

Wanton wager
On a war torn way
Take my treasure
For another day

Fettered felines and a battle swine
Fast like there's no future now, showing no restrain
Mead and mayhem, golden drink divine
Let me in your heathen hall, lay of the slain

Tears of red gold she cries
Tales have her realm far beyond the skies
And if a battle was your demise
May come the night when you see she cries
Tears of red gold

Pain and pleasure
My reality
Life of leisure
Or a fantasy

Burning beauty hung above her breast
Moments in her company, high and holy pain
Flaming fairness, I will find no rest
Until I have reached your hall, lady of the slain

Tears of red gold she cries
Tales have her realm far beyond the skies
And if a battle was your demise
Come may the night when you see she cries
Tears of red gold