

## Northern Gate

Týr

So we feast tonight at Northern Gate  
We have won the wars of late  
Hold your head up high tonight  
Have another horn  
Even though we won the war today  
They will find another way  
Don't give up without a fight  
Take what give the norn  
I see ships on the horizon bleak  
I know whom they come to seek  
They will find I'm not alone  
They won't come at ease  
Maybe leaving them alive was wrong  
Even though they were so young  
So I reap as I have sown  
Not a moments peace  
Show your swords  
Drive them down  
Hold my hoards  
Give no ground  
Show your swords