

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