

# The Hammer of Thor

Týr

Mercy, spare me, I was but jesting  
Didn't mean to cut all her hair off  
Listen, I will make the sons of

Iwald forge her, you won't regret this  
New hair, see here  
Dwarves are fine craftsmen  
Simple, you know, they make let me

Stand by, setting their souls on fire  
My my, watching the world

Go through mischief and malice and the woes of war  
Still some things are worth fighting for  
Let death and destruction stand your foes before  
And Midgard is safer the more  
Out of the fire of freedom and out of the forge of dwarves  
To hold in your hand now and for evermore  
I give you the Hammer of Thor

War unlike peace leaves it's lore  
Takes our blood and our gore and never repay us  
Once thrown there's no way back  
To the way things were before

Warfare somewhere  
Forge now your finest weapons  
Worthy of blood of battle  
Metal, deadly for these days of

Wartime, war crime  
Leave all you loved once safety  
Sheltered from foes of freedom  
Stardom fortune to the fools who

Stand by, setting their souls on fire  
My my, watching the world

At it goes through mischief and malice and the woes of war  
Still some things are worth fighting for  
Let death and destruction stand your foes before  
And Midgard is safer the more  
Out of the fire of freedom and out of the forge of dwarves  
To hold in your hand now and for evermore  
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War marches up to your door  
If you don't stand before the giants of chaos  
Once thrown there's now way back  
To the way things were before