

The Lay of Thrym

Týr

Hammertheft and all the world bereft
Of reason and of right overnight
Left between a tyrant's temper mean
And treason and betrayal, cold and stale
Hue and cry, I can't sit idly by
We're hostages to greed, intercede

All you have is illgotten gain
You stand only for your own
Any man may throw you off the throne
Seat will not be set for thee
At the league of free nations
May this mark the end of your reign
Let the lay of Thrym be heard
Leave no tyrant out there undeterred
Thunderstruck theocracy
This theodicy heathen
In the end the giant was slain

Hammer home to any despots dome
That tales of tyranny end with me
Hue and cry, I can't sit idly by
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