

## The Rune

Týr

Down from the mountain, cries of an headless love, high above  
Cold seems to me your kiss from the ocean deep, in my sleep  
I see you go south on the evening tide, end your fight  
Futile attempts, you can't change the way, of our day and age o  
f heathen and Hel

"I've been living here from when I was born  
And my heathen kin it was that found and then populated this la  
nd  
Who is then this man who demands my scat  
He whose mighty ancestors drove mine out of Norway to seek new  
lands

Which are slipping through my hands  
Hold they nothing more divine  
Than the property of land  
Set the thing here and then

Line my booth with cloth, black as ravens wings  
See to that these men are dealt as those mighty kings men that  
came before  
Old and weak I am, a pain behind my eyes  
Here in darkness with my silver bags, let them come in and take  
what's mine

All the islands should be mine  
But we're running out of time  
Wield the axe and make them mine  
I will rule within my time

Here in pain  
Here in darkness  
Here in decadence  
Lies my land like a rune that's written by the gods upon the  
Ocean deep, so it reads, thou shalt not enslave my kin, I  
Swear this oath, I'll keep my faith and  
I'll keep my  
Kin from all harm, raise the song to the mountains majesty for  
thee"

Now the millenium has gone  
And the sad and weary tales  
Of the subsequent events  
Are what's left of greater times

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