

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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And the sad and weary tales
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Are what's left of greater times