3 Inches Of Blood, The Great Hall Of Feasting

As the day breaks

And the battle hour approaches

Many cries will echo through the hills

Be not afraid

Your sacrifice is not in vain

The God's reward for dying

With your sword in hand

Roaring fires

Strumming lyres

Clean the blood stain from your blade

Before coming in

Enter the massive feasting hall

Above the roar

Tales are told of war

And heroes lost forever

Your name will live in song

On high and down below

Your kills in fighting have earned your special place

Mentioned in the same breath

As all heroes past

A statue of your likeness

Revered forever more

Flagons clank

And beers are drank

In the mighty hall

Tales are told of woe

In the mighty hall

Goats are roasted slow

In the mighty hall

Let us sing the songs of old

In the mighty hall

All sound a mighty SKL

In the Great Feasting Hall

Splendor of all

Die in battle

Do us proud

In the Great Feasting Hall

Splendor of all

In the Great Feasting Hall