

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