

Tyr, Ride

Northern wind, hail and thunder, blackened sky
All my mind like seagulls soaring high
All these eastern ways lock our minds in darkened halls
Ride to fight it now my chieftain calls
There's a fire in his eye
As he holds his hungry sword into the sky
We ride for the battle, my brothers by my side
We fight, we were still standing by the morning light
They died, well at least those who didn't run to hide
We ride for the borough where mead and wenches bide
We ride, we ride
Lesser men hope for freedom when they die
Home is where the heathen banners fly
And this eastern king laughs at us in darkened halls
Ride to fight him now your chieftain calls
There's a fire in his eye
As he holds his hungry sword into the sky
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