

Tyr, The Hammer of Thor

Mercy, spare me, I was but jesting
Didn't mean to cut all her hair off
Listen, I will make the sons of
Iwald forge her, you won't regret this
New hair, see here,
Dwarfs are fine craftsmen
Simple, you know, they may let me
Stand by, setting their souls on fire
My my, watch the world
Go through mischief
malice and the woes of war
Still some thing are worth fighting for
Let death and destruction
stand your foes before
And Midgard is safer the more
Out of the fire of freedom
and out of the forge of dwarfs
To hold in your hand now
and for evermore
I give you the Hammer of Thor
Warfare somewhere
Forge now your finest weapons
Worthy of blood of battle
Metal, deadly for these days of
Wartime, war crime
Leave all you loved once safely
Sheltered from foes of freedom
Stardom fortune to the fools who
Stand by, setting our souls on fire
My my, watching the world
As it goes through mischief and
Malice and the woes of war
Still some things are worth fighting for
Let death and destruction
stand your foes before
And Midgard is safer the more
Out of the fire of freedom
and out of the forge of dwarfs
To hold in your hand now
and for evermore
I give you the Hammer of Thor
War marches up to your door
If you don't stand before the Giants of Chaos
Once thrown there's no way back
To the way things were before