

# Tyr, The Rune

The Rune  
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 of heathen and Hell've been living here  
And my heathen kin it was that found and then populated this land  
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  
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  
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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