

Tyr, Valhalla

Faiths and fools will pretend they have the answers to all
In awe they'll defend fictional visions of mist
I never believed in their stories
I never saw sense in their speech
All they ever taught me was hatred
Trough the ages your desolate pages we're forced to learn
Bitter days and your logical maze in return
Through the stages of conscience in cages we bleed and burn
Just take me to Valhalla
Truth and tears of the past haunting my mind as I lay
Alone have at last made up my mind what you are
No learning or logical method
No reason or rhyme in your word
I have learned that nothing is sacred
Take your time, in the end time takes us all we grow
Old and ail, don't pretend you have the answers to all
Don't trouble me with all your worries
Don't tell me were born into sin
Physically and mentally naked
Existential dictatorship when shall we see the days
Come around when you burn to the ground in a blaze
Stay this madness and keep all your sadness inside your maze
Just take me to Valhalla