

## **Tyr** **"God Of War"**

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Tell me not that there is a higher  
Truth to life than my own  
And forces of unseen kind  
Beyond our imagination  
At the end of the day  
Right or wrong must depend on  
Weak or strong, and how would we  
Hang the last hangman

The truth is sad  
Much wants more  
Hang your head  
Ask what for  
We sacrifice  
Blood and gore  
Before the eyes  
Of the God of War

I believe not life could ever exist  
Without the survival of the fittest

Maybe this is the best  
We can do with what we have  
Should we not be grateful  
Privileged as we are  
Walking this rugged old planet  
Who are we to complain  
Such is the nature of man  
This was to be our lot

The truth is sad  
Much wants more  
Hang your head  
Ask what for  
We sacrifice  
Blood and gore  
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