

# Tyr

## "Ride"

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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

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