

Tyr

"The Hammer Of Thor"

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Mercy, spare me, I was but jesting
Didn't mean to cut all her hair off
Listen, I will make the sons of

Iwold 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

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