

The Great Hall of Feasting

3 Inches of Blood

As the day breaks and the battle hour approaches
Many cries will echo through the hills
Be not afraid your sacrifice is not in vain
The God's reward for dying with your sword in hand
Roaring fires, strumming lyrics
Clean the blood stain from you
Blade before coming in
Enter the massive feasting hall
Above the roar, tales are told of war
And heroes lost forever
Your name will live in song on high and down below
Your kills in fighting have earned your special place
Mentioned in the same breath as all heroes past
A statue of your likeness, revered forever more
Flagons clank, and beers are drank
In the mighty hall
Tales are told of woe
In the might hall
The goats are roasted slow
In the mighty hall
Let us sing the songs of old
In the mighty hall
All sound a mighty SKÅL
In the great feasting hall, splendor of all
Die in battle do us proud