Song to Hall Up High

Bathory

I know you watch over me
Father of all the past
And all that will ever be
You are the first and the last

The watcher of all that lives The guardian of all that died

The one-eyed God way up high Who rules my world and the sky

Northern wind take my song up high To the Hall of glory in the sky So its gates shall greet me open wide When my time has come to die