

Another Fallen Brother

Týr

Weary wanderers
Marching on and on
What I used to be
Now seem so long gone

Whether it's right or it's wrong

Cry havoc heathens
No quarter for the other
Valhalla here comes
Another fallen brother

This day will be my renown
In death I will go down
And we charge across the field
Though the resistance is strong
This is where I belong
For my fate has long been sealed

In the thick of it
Comes our time to die
They have come for us
See them fly up high

Look at me choosers of the slain

Cry havoc heathens
No quarter for the other
Valhalla here comes
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