

## Lady of the Slain

Týr

Wanton wager  
On a war torn way  
Take my treasure  
For another day

Fettered felines and a battle swine  
Fast like there's no future now, showing no restrain  
Mead and mayhem, golden drink divine  
Let me in your heathen hall, lay of the slain

Tears of red gold she cries  
Tales have her realm far beyond the skies  
And if a battle was your demise  
May come the night when you see she cries  
Tears of red gold

Pain and pleasure  
My reality  
Life of leisure  
Or a fantasy

Burning beauty hung above her breast  
Moments in her company, high and holy pain  
Flaming fairness, I will find no rest  
Until I have reached your hall, lady of the slain

Tears of red gold she cries  
Tales have her realm far beyond the skies  
And if a battle was your demise  
Come may the night when you see she cries  
Tears of red gold