

Thy Laste Fyre

Stormwarrior

Thy time hath come, thou shalt be honoured
A glorious life thou hast lead
Father of mine, greate warrior
The halle up highe lies ahead
Stallions shalle be sacrificed
Thy ship hath been raised
The weapons of thine are placed at thy side

A slave hath been chosen to followe her lorde
Into the realm far beyond

Thy last fyre lights up the solemn nighte
Thy last fyre under the northern sky

Lead off the ceremony
Lay a rope arounde her neck
Strangle the slave and the poniard
Will end her burning flame
Shieldes are pounding the nighte
Drowning her fearfilling cries
Torches are throwne onto the stake

Thy ship stands aflame, northwards to sail
The laste course of thine to fulfill

Thy last fyre lights up the solemn nighte
Thy last fyre under the northern sky
Ritual flames upon Midgard's lande
Transitional burning tonighte
Thy last fyre

[Solo: Lars]

Mourning leaves the dead no reste
No sleep, no repose
He would gad aboute an intruder to be
Tears cried after thee would burden thy chest
But thou shalt not returne to bring mischief

Thy ship stands aflame, northwards to sail
The laste course of thine to fulfill

Thy last fyre lights up the solemn nighte
Thy last fyre under the northern sky
Ritual flames upon Midgard's lande
Transitional burning tonighte
Thy last fyre