

Fields of the Fallen

Týr

Ways of the wary and the ordinary
Won't take all my time, waste all my days, let me rephrase

All expire, I lived by the lyre
Follow me

To the fields of the fallen
Where the legends lie
Should you suddenly join in their numbers
Say the last goodbye
From the fields of the fallen
Where the lucky leave
And bring with them the word of the victory
That they did achieve

Riches and glory, who will tell my story
There over the hill, wide is the world, make it all mine

Steal my thunder, your world will go under
Follow me

To the fields of the fallen
Where the legends lie
Should you suddenly join in their numbers
Say the last goodbye
From the fields of the fallen
Where the lucky leave
And bring with them the word of the victory
That they did achieve