

The Hammer of Thor

Týr

Mercy, spare me, I was but jesting
Didn't mean to cut all her hair off
Listen, I will make the sons of

Iwold forge her, you won't regret this
New hair, see here
Dwarves are fine craftsmen
Simple, you know, they make let me

Stand by, setting their souls on fire
My my, watching the world

Go through mischief and malice and the woes of war
Still some things are worth fighting for
Let death and destruction stand your foes before
And Midgard is safer the more
Out of the fire of freedom and out of the forge of dwarves
To hold in your hand now and for evermore
I give you the Hammer of Thor

War unlike peace leaves it's lore
Takes our blood and our gore and never repay us
Once thrown there's no way back
To the way things were before

Warfare somewhere
Forge now your finest weapons
Worthy of blood of battle
Metal, deadly for these days of

Wartime, war crime
Leave all you loved once safety
Sheltered from foes of freedom
Stardom fortune to the fools who

Stand by, setting their souls on fire
My my, watching the world

At it goes through mischief and malice and the woes of war
Still some things are worth fighting for
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War marches up to your door
If you don't stand before the giants of chaos
Once thrown there's now way back
To the way things were before