

# The Hunt

Týr

Hideaway, I can stay  
Mountains cover my way back  
One door in each direction from my hall my waterfall  
Let them come, how come they never

Wonder why I defy  
Wish to see them all die black  
They do not see a different way alone none but their own  
They just take, I take in they are close by now

Our hunting for their truth  
Out on the fields of insanity after me  
Let me be, they'll deceive me, never believe me  
In the end we all stand alone

Each keeper of his truth  
On our own field of insanity just like me  
Let me be, they'll deceive me, never believe me  
In the end you're alone

Burn and rave, not so brave  
Take him into the cave deep  
Now see your own son as I hold  
My vow to you and now  
Shed a tear and tear his brother

To the bone all alone  
No one hearing your moan creep  
A paragon of pain and sadness lies never to rise  
Bound by guts his guts have left him all by now

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