

# Tyr, The Hammer of Thor

Mercy, spare me, I was but jesting  
Didn't mean to cut all her hair off  
Listen, I will make the sons of  
Iwald forge her, you won't regret this  
New hair, see here,  
Dwarfs are fine craftsmen  
Simple, you know, they may let me  
Stand by, setting their souls on fire  
My my, watch the world  
Go through mischief  
malice and the woes of war  
Still some thing 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 dwarfs  
To hold in your hand now  
and for evermore  
I give you the Hammer of Thor  
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 safely  
Sheltered from foes of freedom  
Stardom fortune to the fools who  
Stand by, setting our souls on fire  
My my, watching the world  
As it goes 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 dwarfs  
To hold in your hand now  
and for evermore  
I give you the Hammer of Thor  
War marches up to your door  
If you don't stand before the Giants of Chaos  
Once thrown there's no way back  
To the way things were before