

Hall of the Fallen

Burzum

Hung in the tree of life.
Wounded. Bleeding.
I fall from the hall of gods!The bond has been cut.
I cannot stand, nor speak.
I cannot crawl, nor think clearly.
I start over again. And again. And again.The bond has been cut.
The tree has fallen.
The life of a god,
returns. Again.There is no death for the honourable.
There is no end for the honourable.
Only eternal rebirth.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>