

Tyr, St

Og hvr i enn klettum rur ei vindi v
Teir hildu um strisvl t ódnin legi
"Legg upp loti," rópti ein og samdir teir
hla strisvl, men alt til fntis
Leiin er lgd, gróti er hgd,
og eru vit ngd t sgnin er sgd
Og skriur tn knrrur fram ta sama hvat t vil
Teir bardust um strisvl men einki róur til
Og enn vit halda strisvl eins og vit
halda vit eru frls, trlborin óspurd so
Fjakka vit ll um kirkjugarsvll
oyini hll, um fjarblu fjll
Tiltuska av landnyrings ódn, og vindurin
leikar Migari mól
Til sgars har Askurin stó, sum trirrir
lvsins lotinum har blaktrau t
Fjakka vit ll um kirkjugarsvll
oyini hll, um fjarblu fjll
og fltur, vitandi hvat ml vit megna livandi
Og feigdin dregur liandi, vit vla henni
Tigandi ting
Fjakka vit ll um kirkjugarsvll
oyini hll, um fjarblu fjll
VI vitandi langnunnar lei, men gott er
ta treysti at val er vón
Óteljandi leiirnar tr, men ilt er ta
treysti at vali er gjrt, leiin bert ein
Leiin er lgd, gróti er hgd
og eru vit ngd t sgnin er sgd

[Translation:]

And whoever reigns these cliffs, did not defeat the wind
They held the tiller when the storm broke loose
"Steer into the wind, shouted one and united they
pulled the tiller, but all in vain
The course has been set, carved in stone
And are we satisfied when the tale is told
And does your ship advance regardless of what you want
They fought over the rudderless tiller
And still we hold the tiller as we
Think we are free, thrallborn unconsulted so
We all drift on the graveyard field
In desolate halls, about distant mountains
Drenched and weary by the northwestern
storm, and the winds rages in Midgard
To Asgard where the Ash stood, like the
threads of life then flapped in the breeze
We all drift on the graveyard field
In desolate halls, about distant mountains
And plains, knowing what goal we are capable of living
And destiny draws slowly, we drift to meet it
We all drift on the graveyard field
In desolate halls, about distant mountains
Well aware of the course of destiny but it is
comforting that choice is before us
Countless your possible courses, but
discomforting that the choice has been made,
only one course
The course has been set, carved in stone
And are we satisfied when the tale is told