

# 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