

Leaves' Eyes, Skraelings

Solitary houses by the fjord,
Rain is drifting in small water chains,
Silent voices talking behind walls,
Fire burning keeps us warm.

Will they come my way?
Will this change my fate?
Do they ask for friendship?
Do they speak my language?
Will they come my way?

The new sound arises from their base
And now it's rowing from the south.
Stay and swim back and forth,
Skraelings are in search for the shore.

Will they come my way?
Will this change my fate?
Do they ask for friendship?
Do they speak my language?
Will they come my way?

Usher men
In the boats,
Holding spears,
Getting close.
Swear struck, ha!
Getting low, ha!
I don't know,
Lower the swords.

Will they come my way?
Will this change my fate?
Do they ask for friendship?
Do they speak my language?
Will they come my way?