

# Tyr, Brenniv

[Chorus]:

Aevi mn er eintómt hlaup

Efter brennivni

Geturu sett glasi Staup

Gmlu Fyllisvni

Where I'm walking alone, thirst is my worst enemy

My measure of mead, treasure in need

Up to the Brim, one down on the heart can feel like the rain

Crying on dry desert sands my story is sad, nothing to add

Days have been dim, drink while you are able!

[Chorus]

I have squandered my days cold is the gold in my grip

Dark mould on my mouth all I've found deep in a Jar

Too many a drunken poet has praised ale in a failed fairytale

My measure of mead, treasure in need

Up to the Brim, drink while you are able!