

Over rivers and seas
cross valleys and heaths,
to the edge of the world and back
our journey did lead.
Father up in the sky
let the ravens fly,
to soar aside our ship of oak as
wild oceans we ride.

In the prow I stand
hungry for dry land.
A homeward hammerheart.

Northwind embrace me
as I face the horizon.
Carry me safe ashore
as you did my brethren of yore.

Through the days and nights
through triumphant fights,
we have roamed these far away lands with
no peace in sight.
Mother north of old
let me taste your cold.
Sooth my weary head with visions
that your nature holds.

We're sailing dark waters
come raven come and be our guide.
We're sons of the north star
so blow wind blow, onwards we will ride.