

## Defying the Storm

Folkearth

Defying the storm, the lash of the waves,  
Our Drakkars are advancing  
Fearless upon the raging seas we sail!  
Our Dragon prow is emerging  
From the mist of a winter's morning  
Or the dying gleam of day:  
Upon the fury of the ocean we ride  
With the wind caressing our hair  
And the brine biting into our eyes,  
The frost that invades  
The warmth of a heart...

Defying the storm, the lash of the waves,  
Our Drakkars are advancing  
Fearless upon the raging seas we sail!  
The standard of the hammer  
Atop the mast we hoisted high  
A talisman of Mjolner  
Around our neck we hung:  
To invoke all Fates benign  
And offer sacrifice -  
To Njord, the sea-faring God,  
A mariner across the stars  
That through the night  
Us mortals guide...