

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?