

Distant Northern Shore

SIG:AR:TYR

You called to me,
From a distant northern shore
The horn sounds from ancestral past

Far sailing, for many days
Yet I am no closer, than when I set sail
For what do I journey, where the seabirds mock me
Many blood-gifts I have dealt, to stay on my path
And the blood foams along my prow
The markings of victory and woe
And no ravens went hungry

The clouds smear the sun
And the nights grow cold
As the north star, circles above me
No help it gives, no ship it steers
And the other stars laugh at my grief

As my sea-steed breaks up beneath me
And my body cast to Aegir's wrath
I am pulled under, beneath icy waves
And meet my end, as One-Eye laughs

My life was struggle, but true
I do not spite, the gifts I received
The cycle of time returns again
For my end, Is another beginning