

Dreaming of the Dawn

SIG:AR:TYR

"Ill omens my friend, look, Ymir's blood drifts into the
dawning sun, and colours it as red as raven's mead,
I warn you again of this dark ambition!"

"Nay, my destiny is writ in stone, as it is for all men.
Fear not or fear greatly, for our wyrd is upon us! May the
gods watch our path, and Tyr light our way.
The doom of our folk is upon us. Quickly they ever fall to the
sign of the southern cross. Our fate must be decided!
We must sail at once!"

"To the north, then?"

"Aye... to the north..."

The red runes spoke of these dark days
A tale forgotten beneath the dying sun
A darkened plague, eclipsing all that should be
To the north we sail, beyond the mists of time

From ancient lore, a stone from above
In the farthest north, beneath the ice and snow
To turn back the southern shadow,
To reverse the river of Freya's tears

"That ninth I know: if need there be,
to guard a ship in a gale.
the wind I calm, and the waves also
And wholly soothe the sea."

Walvater do not desert us
We throw the last spear, across the field of history
To pierce the side of the martyr
To rape the fields of their lies

We dream of the dawn, of honour and legend
To burn brighter than a thousand suns
Our song will lift high, our blood will run deep
Into the veins of the earth, and colour the snow