

## Sleep of the Sword

SIG:AR:TYR

To ride out of Hel, and into the light  
To feel its warmth, to see the sunrise  
To die again, to ride with the gods  
To fight alongside, the blood chosen ones

Together, the north star will steer our ship home to his hall  
ravens guide us home

This blood we are cursed, the god's gift of life  
The cycles we live, of fire and ice  
The northern path calls, to sons of the light  
A journey of sorrows, of eternal strife

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I have crossed the path, of darkness and sorrow  
The grief of my kin, sends me on my way  
To face my destiny, to reveal the truth  
That my soul will live, and never die

I fear not the end, left to die and to bleed  
Lay a stone to my life, to speak of my deeds  
My doom to return, my soul to await  
The shield of my kin, the sword of our fate

Together, the north star will steer our ship home to his hall  
ravens guide us home