

## Under the Dragon Star

SIG:AR:TYR

"The crew is restless, we have lost three to exposure already.  
I plead with you, turn back, before it's too late and we all perish!"

"If we turn back now we will be as good as dead anyway,  
and the valkyries will piss on our graves."

"The gods have stopped listening to you, even Aegir thwarts our way.  
His daughters are cold and barren, grasping our hull with icy fingers."

"Tire me not with your superstitions, for soon we will reach the ultimate north,  
our ancestral homeland, where the air is warm and moist, and the sun rains down eternally.  
By the stars, I know we are close!"

"Well let us hope your superstitions are greater than mine!"

Cold winds carry the breath of the past  
An icy path to the shores of Nastrond  
The frozen ocean mirrors the starry sky  
The northern lights, beneath the Dragon Star

Winter hearts of blackened stone  
Forged in fire, in the primordial time  
Cast down from heaven, to the ancient ones  
To bond the iron and blood eternally

"Sure, if sword could vengeance  
Such cruel wrong,  
Evil times would wait  
Aegir, ocean-god.  
That wind-giant's brother  
Were I strong to slay,  
'Gainst him and his sea-brood  
Battling would I go.  
But I in no wise  
Boast, as I ween  
Strength that may strive  
With the stout ships' bane."