

By the Light of the Northern Star

Týr

In the mass grave of mythology lie the legends of the past
Discarded superstitions,
Although once held high both in honour and in awe
Now they have fallen too far to rise, and closed their eyes
The time and the tide
From yearning years of want on to dark days of wane
We have walked by the light of the northern star
From frozen fjords of rime out to swift seas of raid
We have sailed by the light of the northern star
The northern night has never seen
The southern cross shine bright
Across the colder seas under rain ridden skies
We go on by the light of the northern star
May the mighty Mjølfnir nail the bleeding
And naked Nazarene upon the pagan planks
Pound in the painful nails now and hang him high and dry
Or have we fallen too far to rise and closed our eyes
The time and the tide
Have we fallen too far to rise and closed our eyes
The time and the tide