

How Far to Asgaard

Týr

A journey, with which we attempt to look beyond our boundaries
To answer questions asked for centuries
Will it not only leave us with more and greater mysteries
That's the question, that is
What keeps me rowing, I'm sick of this strife
I don't know where we're going, we trusted Leif
He said, "You'll see Vineland is out there
I can take us there I know where we are going
Don't deny your need for knowing how far

all goes on and where the oceans end
The autumn wind and evening tide will take us through Midgaard"
Still we've sighted only sea till now
As we sail I sometimes wonder how far to Asgaard

Greatness lies within the silence of the ocean
Where we end is not our decision
and though hidden, fate is fixed with no evasion
All men should try to live for each
Day for the evening, each week for the end
each summer for the winter, each life for the death
Tell me, does this all have a meaning
And Leif Ericsson just stared into the distance
And asked the question, "How far does it

all go on and where do oceans end
The autumn wind and evening tide will take us through Midgaard"
Still we've sighted only sea till now
As we sail I sometimes wonder how far to Asgaard

Dagurin skín so fagurliga
Komið er hégst á summaríð