

## Northern

SIG:AR:TYR

The mists of time move onward  
reveal the land and skies  
the ice recedes far northward  
to forge before my eyes

Great kingdoms long forgotten  
dead kings who ruled this earth  
northern men borne by gods  
whose doom the stars decried

Where did they sail? To the sky?  
the gods, live again, and never die  
fates, tell again, of ancient sites  
the rise, the reign, of Northern kind

The north men sail to new lands  
far where the ravens fly  
abandoned gods sleep restless  
rekindle ancient fires

The ice and snow march forward  
all that lives shall die  
the dead sun sets in twilight  
Surt's fires reach the skies

Where, do we sail? To the ice?  
Return again, to pay the price  
the hammer fades, the cross is high  
my father's wish, has come to die

Nine ages past when the north kings ruled the earth  
nine worlds collapse under the sun  
the wolf age comes again, and the frozen throne is raised  
the light of the sun shines again... on the Northern  
the light of the sun shines on the Northern  
the light of sun shines on you

Where, do we sail? To the ice?  
Return again, to pay the price  
the hammer fades, the cross is high  
my father's wish, has come to die

One day sail beyond Thule, the sea is frozen... After he had explored the expanse of the Northern Ocean in his ships, there lay before their eyes at length the darksome bounds of a failing world, and by retracing his steps he barely escaped in safety the vast pit of the abyss.

- Adam of Bremen, Description of the Northern Islands, late 11th Century