

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."