

## 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