

And whoever reigns these cliffs, did not defeat the  
wind

They held the tiller when the storm broke loose  
Steer into the wind, shouted one and united they  
pulled the tiller, but all in vain

The course has been set, carved in stone  
And are we satisfied when the tale is told

And does your ship advance regardless of what you want  
They fought over the rudderless tiller  
And still we hold the tiller as we  
Think we are free, thrallborn unconsulted so

We all drift on the graveyard field  
In desolate halls, about distant mountains

Drenched and weary by the northwestern  
storm, and the winds rages in Midgard  
To Asgard where the Ash stood, like the  
threads of life then flapped in the breeze

We all drift on the graveyard field  
In desolate halls, about distant mountains

And plains, knowing what goal we are capable of living  
And destiny draws slowly, we drift to meet it

We all drift on the graveyard field  
In desolate halls, about distant mountains

Well aware of the course of destiny but it is  
comforting that choice is before us  
Countless your possible courses, but  
discomforting that the choice has been made,  
only one course

The course has been set, carved in stone  
And are we satisfied when the tale is told