

Beard of Storm

Nomans Land

When the gold Njord lifts his head above grey waves of sea
When Northern cold winds play a horn of a blizzard
Leaving the refuges at the top of the world
When the ice lumps grow on rocks of a fjord
On coast decline branches under caps of snow
When the night knocks at a door of houses
When the Vikings are ready to seize the weapon
In fear before old gods and it seems
That to madness of elements there will be no limit
Then the old men speak about the beard of Njord
To a great beard of storm that flies above the world