

Fara I Viking

Gwydion

Show has covered Nordic lands
Frozen is the earth beneath
How can we endure this winter
Without food and empty hands?

The elders are dying younger
The lads don't get that old
Rather than eat rotten fish
...Keep surstromming at bay!

Shall the wood beneath imposing longships
Kiss the waves of seas and rivers course

Sage the raiders strike for main
A centre of trade gives the most gain
Coins below our decks
These goals we'll seal ourselves at dawn...

Moon mantle's bright
The coast's within our reach
Bye weakling ones
Sooner is your final doom

Bird's muse goes asunder
As a bad dreaming though
Sun's born shining black

It's time to go out raiding
Fara I Viking!
As white sheep among the wolves
The raided will flee or fall

The elders are dying younger
Those lads don't get that old
Rather than eat rotten fish
...Keep surstromming at bay!

Towards the final hour
We feast upon our gain
In exchange a disembowel
Or mean godspeed