

Away

Heimdall

Away in the sky where the heroes live
There - thy spirit runs
Our hearts on a bed of thorns
Bleeding, pray for you and cry
You leave them alone

Fly, noble warrior
to the right arms of the gods
Fly, noble warrior
beyond the sun and the clouds
Fly to the high gold world
Thy armour shines on like thy value and pride
Fly noble and dear friend
While the silver rain goes on falling down

Away in the sky thy spirit flies
while these tears say goodbye...