

Helluland

SIG:AR:TYR

Through the mists, through the hiding fog
to sight lands off the prow
a worthless land it seems to me
flat stones where no fields may grow

Are we lost in another world?
a strange silence now falls
watch our breath frost before your eyes
hear our hearts like thunder in the winds

Far from home, unseen by the sun
is our fate to be lost?
drifting closer to the edge of the world
where did the gods guide our path?

Helluland... where no gods or men live
Helluland... where the giants sleep
Helluland... where no ravens fly
Where the ice flows, where no life kann grow

Helluland... where no gods or men live
Helluland... where the giants sleep
Helluland... where no ravens fly
where dead souls go, where no life blood flows

The clouds gather to obscure the sun
to shroud all in their night
are those eyes, that watch from ashore?
or shadows from the fading light

Ghosts that whisper, of dead ages past
of fallen gods and their might
cursed men, doomed souls that will to live
breathe life in lost tales that died

this wretched cost and its winds that pierce
far deep in our souls
what dwells just beyond these shores?
where does the sun hide its light?

Helluland... where no gods or men live
Helluland... where the giants sleep
Helluland... where no ravens fly
Where the ice flows, where no life kann grow

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They sailed right up to the shore and cast anchor, then lowered a boat and landed. There was no grass to be seen, and the hinterland was covered with great glaciers, and between glaciers and shore the land was like one great slab of rock. It seemed to them a worthless country. Then Leif said, 'Now we have done better than Bjarni where this country concerned - we at least have set foot on it.'

I shall give this country a name and call it Helluland.'

- Greenlander's Saga