

## Brennivín

Týr

Aevi mín er eintómt hlaup  
Efter brennivíni  
Geturðu sett á glasið í Staup  
Gömlu Fyllisvíni

Where I'm walking alone, thirst is my worst enemy  
My measure of mead, treasure in need  
Up to the Brim, one down on the heart can feel like the rain  
Crying on dry desert sands my story is sad, nothing to add  
Days have been dim, drink while you are able!

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I have squandered my days cold is the gold in my grip  
Dark mould on my mouth all I've found deep in a Jar  
Too many a drunken poet has praised ale in a failed fairytale  
My measure of mead, treasure in need  
Up to the Brim, drink while you are able!

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