

## Land

Týr

Homeland we're leaving, we are retrieving  
Our right to stand alone, we cannot stay here  
Fear not what must be, we must cross the sea  
On our own  
standing alone  
Always we got by on our own.  
Under stormy skies through rain, wind and raging sea  
Head into the Unknown, leave behind.  
Bonds that may bind, circumstance that keep us behind  
Rise to meet the day hold high torches passed through time.  
Fear not what you might find.

Ver sterk mín sál á l[il]du náttarvakt  
Har eingi altarjós til gudar brenna  
Har hv[ ] ein vón av fannkava var takt  
Og hjarta ongan hita meir kann kenna  
Ver stór mín sál sum rúmdar kalda t[ ]gn  
Ið eina er, tá sloknar lívsins s[ ]gn.

Roads are long and oceans far and wide  
Nights are cold and skies are dark and gray  
Ride the autumn wind and evening tide  
Time is long and land is far away  
Out on the sea  
Waiting for me  
Storms are raging violently  
Still we sail on silently.  
We seek to tame the torrents and tides  
Master the Mights  
Sail with me across the raging sea  
Write your tale into eternity  
Still we've sighted only sea till now  
As we sail I sometimes wonder how  
Rest in the twilight, I have gained insight  
Since the deeds of younger days  
Now I'm wiser, raise my eyes gaze across the sea  
And recall when we sailed away  
Sought a new way  
How I longed for far far away  
In the sun set glow  
I dreamt of another Land  
A thousand years from that day.

Cattle die  
Kinsmen will die  
I myself must die too someday  
All are mortal men, but fair fame will never fade  
For the man who wins it.

Ver sterk mín sál á mj[ ]rkantungu ferð  
Har taettar fylkjast um teg gráar gátur  
Tín barnaflokkur - úttaerdur hann er,  
Og sárur kennist hans sólsvangi grátur  
Ver stór mín sál í dagsins royndar stund  
Holl veitir nátt hin dreymaleysa blund.

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