

Tyr

"Brennivín"

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Átvi mǎn er eintámt hlaup
Efter brenniváni
Geturðu sett á glasið á staup
Gámlu Fyllisváni

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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