

Storm

"Between Hills And Mountains"

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Between hills and mountains out by the sea
the norseman have found his home
where he himself have digged the foundations
and himself has placed his houses upon them.

He stared out on the stone-covered shores;
there was noone, who there had built.
"Let us clear a place and build farms,
and then we will safely own the clearing."

He stared out at the waves on the sea;
it was rough to embark out there;
but fishes played down in the bustle,
and that playing he wanted to see.

Hail norseman!

In the winter he seldom thought;
If only I were here for ever!
And when the northern lights shines from above
his steelheart is filled with longing.

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