

As the dragon cuts the waves
Strong winds take us east
Like the wings of a beast

Salt on my lips again
I put my face in the wind
Let the saga begin

Heading where brave have travelled
What eyes have never seen
Miklagard we're on our way
Where few have ever been

Danger, toil and trouble
Death may lie ahead
But I'd rather die in glory
Than fade away in bed

Free, so free
The waves of the sea
The taste of the wind
Urging us on and the saga begins

Free, so free
In the storm you will see
Holding on with a grin
Odin with us let the saga begin

From Dorestadt in franconia
The best swords that are made
In gold they be weighted

Amber from Haithabu
The gold of our shore
We got plenty in store

We'll sell on eastern markets
And silken cloth we will buy
Spices, glass and jewellery
Of pleasure to the eye

There is a fortune waiting
For Those who choose this way
A saga to be written
To be told on future days