

Enslaved, Alfablót

[Sacrifice To The Elves]

[Lyrics by Grutle Kjellson 1993/96]

[Music by Ivar Bjornson 1996]

Bring forth your sacrifice
The winter can last for long
Show them honour
Servants of Frey
Let the blood flow
On his pride
Until they are pleased
To provide our magnificense and growth

Our king will show his wrath
If we do not honour our promise
Poor the harvest will be
Without seeds in earth

Don't spill the finest blood
Strong sons will not be born too often

"Oh, wise Volve when shall I get to see, fields of growth
When shall I once again feel the light touch from Freyas hands"

Death comes fast
If you do not honour
The people below
The friends of the Vanirs
Bring forth
The holy boar
Then the sun will still shine
And we can still breath

We didn't wish to die
We didn't wish to awake
The wrath of the elders
Bring forth the holy boar