Enslaved, Brisinghamen

(Tekst: Grutle Kjellson)

Einsam ho gret, den vakraste av alle
Fanga og lst i ei sorg ingen skjner

Gleden forsvann langt, langt der ute.
Ei brennande lyst, en ingen hp.
Ho lengtar heim, men finn ingen veg.
Ein sorgfull lagnad gymt bak eit smil.

Mardol du fagre for fred du blei ofra
Du solgte din lekam, men fann ingen tryst.
Det som glimrar gjer ikkje fred for deg

Gern du ga deg hen, og slokka mangt
eit begjr. Men, framleis drypp
det om natta gull fr dine auge.

Frya, od skal du finna nr alt er forbi
d skal du bli sluppen fri.
Inntil den dag finn du inga tryst.
Sjl ikkje i glitrande Brisinghamen.

(Musikk: R. Kronheim & Ivar Bjrnson)

(English translation: BRISINGHAMEN)

(Lyrics: Grutle Kjellson)

In solitude she cries, the most beautiful of them all
Captured and locked in a sorrow no one can conceive
Joy vanished far out there
Burning desire, but no hope
She longs for home, bu tcan not find a way
A dismal destiny hidden behind a smile

Mardol, you glorious, sacrificed for peace you were
You sold your flesh, but found no comfort
That which glitters does not bring you peace

Gern you devoted yourself
and consumed many desire.
But, still in the night,
gold is dripping from your eyes.

Frya, Od you shall find when everything ends
Then you shall be set free
Untill that day you shall find no comfort
Not even in the shining Brisinghamen

(music: R. Kronheim & Ivar Bjrnson)