

Enslaved, Hordalendingen

[The Man From Hordaland]

[Lyrics by Grutle Kjellson 1995]

[Music by Ivar Bjornson 1995]

Waves are cutting like a knife of time
On the slippery rocks that still stands besides the shore
Two eyes are eyeing the seas
Towards the seas that once brought his ancestors glory

A lonely mind is longing
For the raising of sails
A swordarm is longing hungrily
To cut the throats of cowards

A forgotten treasure is now recovered
Brought out from the darkness of Midgard
Its powers will never again disappear
It is guarded by a man from Hordaland

A night of sorrow will soon be over
Memories from ancient times will glow
A wind blows away the dust from an ancient sword
Two ravens will predict his return

The sets in the west
He lifts his proud face
He looks towards the North Star
The Man From Hordaland