

# Enslaved, Jotunblod

Bottomless abyss, ginnungagap  
Darkness without end before the morning of time  
The cold empire's eleven rivers frozen  
Frost mist spreads itself wide out  
The gust from Nivlhel in the north fills the mighty gap  
Licking tongues of fire from the south  
Boiling, bubbling venom

All life has it's origin in a source of  
Jotunblood  
Your mind's own evil inner:  
Jotunblood

Screams from Hvergelmes source  
United with nauseating drops of venom  
The first, the father of all families  
Created by the two elements  
With himself he breded  
Our proud ancestors  
Our primitive force's deep roots  
With energy from the cattle's four rivers

A knife through the dark  
A shrill scream  
A pale face foams  
He wanders proudly over Ymer's bones

All life has it's origin in a source of  
Jotunblood  
Your mind's own evil inner:  
Jotunblood

If one seeks all Midgard's knowledge  
If the wise woman swings her staff  
One can not avoid one's origin  
The chaos of the primitive force:  
Jotunblood