

Enlaved, The Man From Hardaland

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
A lonely mind is longing
For the rasing 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 Midhard
Its powers will never again disappear
It is guarded by a man from Hordeland
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 sun sets in the west
He lifts his proud face
He looks towards the North Star
The Man From Hordaland