

Enslaved, The Blood Of Kvasir

Lyrics by Grutle Kjellson 1996

A war ruled in ancient times

Between the holy races, the vanirs and the Ases

When peace came, the deities united

>From a bowl filled with spit rose Kvasir

"Wise he becomes, he drinks the holy mead,

the blood of Kvasir, but not he who drinks

from the spilled mead that dripped

from the falcon"

Kvasir the father of poets

by dwarfhands he died

>From the blood of Kvasir they made the meads of poets, the

holy drink

Fjalar and Galar once murdered Gilling the Giant, the father

of Suttung

Enraged, Suttung demanded justice to be fulfilled

The blood of Kvasir became the mead of Suttung

Grimne flew out from Valhalla

In the shape of the falcon

To the Home of Giants and to Nitberg

Bauge was deceived, and Gunnlod betrayed

Out from Nitberg the falcon flew

Finally Kvasir should return to Asgard

But, when the mead disappeared, Suttung became furious

Out, in the shape of the eagle he followed

Sadly, Grimne had to spill from his valuable treasure

Which led to the making of the false poets

The falcon flew home to his domains

And Sutting flew into the flames of Tjalve

Music by Ivar Bjrnson & Grutle Kjellson 1996