

Enslaved, The Man From Hordaland

Lyrics by Grutle Kjellson 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 sun sets in the west

He lifts his proud face

He looks towards the North Star

The Man From Hordaland

Music by Ivar Bjrnson 1995