

# Finntroll, Under Tv? Runor

Jag tog mina steg i gyttjans mark.  
Tusende korpar i mrker sky.  
Ett trsk med ddens skugga.  
Dr lg min hmndes stund.

Inget gift mej drpa.  
Inga svekfulla rd.  
Spjutet med stjernors prakt.  
Trollet med rymders makt.

Jag sg nu en grop en strm.  
Tog min vrede och lt mossan svlja.  
Under fanns en passage en klyfta.  
Jag lt den dra mig in.

Mot djupets skte for jag n en gng.  
In i djupet av urtids minne.  
Mot gudens djup mot hmndens stund.  
Dr grep nu klor av skuggors mara.

Hon drack mitt blod.  
Hon stal min makt.  
I eld s bl.  
Jag vred mej loss.

En urgud som nu skickat mej.  
Hon klste mitt jag min innersta eld.  
D tog jag mitt stjernors spjut.  
Med all min kraft jag skar.

Ty s som det var jag sg.  
Urguden och ormars hxa.  
Genom samma blodiga mun de talt.  
En ristad under tv runor.

En hmnd jag ej nu ftt.  
Men orden ej frgtt.  
Jag blev kung med runors makt.  
Genom hmndens och hatets pakt.

Urgudens gva.  
Runors makt.  
Mot mnen jag steg.  
Trolldom fdd igen.

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
|

==English translation==

&lt;lyrics&gt;  
I took my steps in the land of the mud.  
A thousand ravens in a dark sky.  
A bog with the shadow of death.  
There lay the moment of my vengeance.

No venom slays me.  
No deceitful deeds.  
The spear with the splendour of stars.  
The troll with the power of voids.

I saw now a hole a torrent.  
Took my rage and let the moss swallow.  
Below was a passage a cleft.  
I let it pull me in.

Toward the womb of the depth I went once more.  
Into the depth of the memory of primordial times.  
Toward the god's depth toward the moment of vengeance.  
There claws of the mare of shadows grasped.

She drank my blood.  
She sucked my power.  
In fire so blue.  
I twisted free.

A primordial god who now sent me.  
She tore my "I" my innermost fire.  
Then I took my spear of stars.  
With all my might I cut.

For as it was I saw.  
The primordial god and the witch of serpents.  
Through the same bloody mouth they spoke.  
One carved under two runes.

Vengeance I did now not get.  
But the words did not vanish.  
I became king with the power of runes.  
Through the pact of vengeance and hatred.

The gift of the primordial God.  
The power of runes.  
Towards the moon I rose.  
Magic born again.