

Ensiferum, My Ancestors' Blood

Not just for victory,
Not just to crush your enemy,
Not just for heir to be,
But for this moment and to fight the injustice...

It was written long ago,
This is what I've been told,
An army came across the sea,
To conquer this low land.

The lured with their lives,
Shouted "peasant, kneel or die!"
Outnumbered, undaunted,
War cry rose to the skies.

On the homeland of the raven,
Where the eagles scream at daybreak,
And the clang and clash of armies,
Beautiful the strife for conquest.

Rains came over to the north,
Floods of lies to drown the old gods,
A storm rose within the hearts of the enslaved,
Ode for my ancestors' blood.

The seer foresaw the curse from above,
Like a roar of approaching giant horde,
In the moors and in the marshes,
On the borders of the woodlands,
The marched like approaching giant horde.

When I yield my life forever,
Bravely will I fall in battle,
Fall upon the field of glory,
Beautiful to die in armour.

Rains came over to the north,
Floods of lies to drown the old gods,
A storm rose within the hearts of the enslaved,
Ode for my ancestors' blood.