

# Enslaved, Alfablót

[Sacrifice To The Elves]

[Lyrics by Grutle Kjellson 1993/96]

[Music by Ivar Bjornson 1996]

Bring forth your sacrifice  
The winter can last for long  
Show them honour  
Servants of Frey  
Let the blood flow  
On his pride  
Until they are pleased  
To provide our magnificence and growth

Our king will show his wrath  
If we do not honour our promise  
Poor the harvest will be  
Without seeds in earth

Don't spill the finest blood  
Strong sons will not be born too often

"Oh, wise Volve when shall I get to see, fields of growth  
When shall I once again feel the light touch from Freyas hands"

Death comes fast  
If you do not honour  
The people below  
The friends of the Vanirs  
Bring forth  
The holy boar  
Then the sun will still shine  
And we can still breath

We didn't wish to die  
We didn't wish to awake  
The wrath of the elders  
Bring forth the holy boar