

Enslaved, Jotunblod

Bottomless abyss, ginnungagap
Darkness without end before the morning of time
The cold empire's eleven rivers frozen
Frost mist spreads itself wide out
The gust from Nivlhel in the north fills the mighty gap
Licking tongues of fire from the south
Boiling, bubbling venom

All life has it's origin in a source of
Jotunblood
Your mind's own evil inner:
Jotunblood

Screams from Hvergelmes source
United with nauseating drops of venom
The first, the father of all families
Created by the two elements
With himself he breded
Our proud ancestors
Our primitive force's deep roots
With energy from the cattle's four rivers

A knife through the dark
A shrill scream
A pale face foams
He wanders proudly over Ymer's bones

All life has it's origin in a source of
Jotunblood
Your mind's own evil inner:
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If one seeks all Midgard's knowledge
If the wise woman swings her staff
One can not avoid one's origin
The chaos of the primitive force:
Jotunblood