

Enslaved, Nidingaslakt

[Tekst: Grutle Kjellson]

Horna gjallar, vinden bles
Trommer dundrar, vinded bles
Med spjut og boge meter til strid
Me gr i bresjen brdre gjennom blod.
Med von om re i galskapens namn
Me vert aldri slegn sjl om me fell

Me reiser ei til Folkvang til,
vanedronnings famn, vre fedre skal
me mta om me fell i dag.
Me flytar ei fr var lagnad sjlv
om vinden ikkje bles vr vei.
Til valfaders hall brdre.

Med heva spjut i Odins namn.
Me skal heva krus i Odins namn
Nidingar skal falla for vre fter.
Dei treng ikkje be om sollyse dagar.
Ingen hugsat ein trll uten herre
Slegne vert dei nr dei fell.

Me hevar vpen for vr tru
Me slaktar marken for vr tru
Ingen nde me viser
for dei som snudde ryggen til.
Dy skal dei som freista
mura brunnen inn.
ei som for med lgn og svik
Gje oss styrke, gje oss mot
Me skal sigra, brdre gjennom blod.

[Musikk: R. Kronheim]

[English translation: NIDINGASLAKT]

[Lyrics: Grutle Kjellson]

Horns are resounding, the winds are howling
Drums are pounding, the winds are howling
With spear and bow we go into battle
We are making a stand, brothers in blood
With hope for honour in the name of madness
We will never be defeated, even if we fall

We are not going to Folkvang,
Into the arms of the Vanir Queen,
We shall &??& our fathers if we fall today
We will not flee from our destiny,
even though the winds aren't blowing our way
Brothers, to Valfaders hall

With spear raised in the name of Oden
We shall raise mugs in the name of Oden
Cowards shall fall at our feet
They do not have to pray for sun filled days
No one remembers a slave without a master
Defeated they are when they fall

We raise weapons for our faith
We slaughter the fields for our faith
We have no mercy for those
Who turned their backs

Those who attempt to close the well
Shall die
Those who lied and betrayed shall die
Give us strength & strength, give us courage
We will prevail
Brothers in blood

[Music: R. Kronheim]