

## Enlaved "793"

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Strokes from oars could be heard, beautiful ships  
gushed through the  
sea.  
Like a wind from the north, our ancestors reached the  
shore.  
Men from Hordaland, Rogaland and Agder gathered  
for battle in common.  
Proud men with no fear  
Strokes from the sword crushed the skill of the  
christian  
A long time we ruled, kings of the north  
Many battles we won, at the shores of Midgard  
But, betrayed by our own brothers we were forced  
down on our knees  
Now, when the wind once again is howling, the  
thoughts finally goes  
forward  
home  
We shall rise in our glory  
The white horde wil for sure silver  
"We died like men  
Therefore we never vanquished  
Weak is the one the enemy loves  
Never betray your origin"

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