

## Enslaved "Blodhemn"

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[Tekst: Grutle Kjellson]

Du drap min son, fjemn eg svergar  
Du Æydela min veg, og fred med mitt folk  
Du sverta mitt namn, dei trudde deg

D trudde min lagnad var spott og spe  
Du trudde eg med mitt banesÅ¥r dÆyde  
Du trudde eg aldri skulle reisa meg

Du trudde lyset var din ven,  
At du av dt var komen  
Du trudde ale ville lystra ddeg  
Og glÆy me valfaders gÅ¥ver

Du glÆymde din far sine vise ord  
Om svik, lagnad og dÆd.  
Du glÆymde di plikt  
Som ein kjempande mann  
Og drap din bror i sveven.

Du trudde tid lÅkjar sÅ¥Å³  
Å¥Å¥ Å¬Å¥ Å Å©Å¥Å« Å«Å«Å£Å¥Å£  
Å¥Å¬Å¥Å¬Å®Å£ Å©Å¬ Å¬Å£Å®  
'Å£ Å¬Å¥Å¥ymde meg og mi heilage plikt,  
Eg skal drepa eg i vrede.

Blodhemn eg svergar,  
Blodhemn har eg alltid sverga.

[Musikk: Ivar BjÆrnson & R. Kronheim]

[English translation: VENGEANCE IN BLOOD]

[Lyrics: Grutle Kjellson]

You killed my son, I am swearing revenge  
You destroyed my path, and truce with my people  
You blackened my name, they believed you

You saw my destiny as mockery  
You was me dying with my fatal wound

You thought I would never rise

You thought the light was your friend,  
That you sprung from it  
You thought everyone would obey your words  
And forget the gifts of Valfather.

You forgot your father's wise words  
Of betrayal, destiny and death  
You forgot your duty as a man of strife,  
And killed your brother sleeping

You thought time would heal the wounds,  
That my people would forgive and pray  
You forgot about me and my holy duty  
I will kill you with anger

Vengeance in blood I swear  
Vengeance in blood I have always sworn

[Music: Ivar Björnson, R. Kronheim]

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