

## Enslaved "Brisinghamen"

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[Tekst: Grutle Kjellson]

Einsam ho gret, den vakraste av alle  
Fanga og IÃ,Ã¸st i ei sorg ingen skjÃfÃ¸ner

Gleden forsvann langt, langt der ute.  
Ei brennande lyst, en ingen hÃ,Ã¸p.  
Ho lengtar heim, men finn ingen veg.  
Ein sorgfull lagnad gÃfÃ¸ymt bak eit smil.

Mardol du fagre for fred du blei ofra  
Du solgte din lekam, men fann ingen trÃfÃ¸yst.  
Det som glimrar gjer ikkje fred for deg

Gern du ga deg hen, og slokka mangt  
Eit begjÃ,Ã¸r. Men, framleis drypp  
Det om natta gull frÃ,Ã¸ dine auge.

FrÃfÃ¸ya, od skal du finna nÃ,Ã¸r alt er forbi  
DÃ,Ã¸ skal du bli sluppen fri.  
Inntil den dag finn du inga trÃfÃ¸yst.  
SjÃfÃ¸i ikkje i glitrande Brisinghamen.

[Musikk: R. Kronheim & Ivar BjÃfÃ¸rnson]

[English translation: BRISINGHAMEN]

[Lyrics: Grutle Kjellson]

In solitude she cries, the most beautiful of them all  
Captured and locked in a sorrow no one can conceive  
Joy vanished far out there  
Burning desire, but no hope  
She longs for home, but can not find a way  
A dismal destiny hidden behind a smile

Mardol, you glorious, sacrificed for peace you were  
You sold your flesh, but found no comfort  
That which glitters does not bring you peace

Gern you devoted yourself  
And consumed many desire.

But, still in the night,  
Gold is dripping from your eyes.

FrÃfÂ¥ya, Od you shall find when everything ends  
Then you shall be set free  
Untill that day you shall find no comfort  
Not even in the shining Brisinghamen

[music: R. Kronheim & Ivar BjÃfÂ¨rnson]

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