

## Enslaved "Eit Auga Til Mimir"

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[Tekst: R. Kronheim, Grutle Kjellson, Dirge Rep]

Utgards m rke, langt der ute  
Eg kjem ikkje inn, eit offer du krev?  
Eit offer eg krev, ingen lovnad eg gjen  
Eg kan gje deg styrke, eg kan gje deg dauden  
De seier du kan ta meg av dage.  
Du seier du kan ta meg av dage.  
Men utan meg er heller ikkje du  
Skapar av svakhet, meg kan du ikkje truga.  
L r deg   sj  med det retta auga.  
Du dunkle, du freistar   f  meg i knt,  
Du talar i g ter, og f r meg vred.  
Med vrede, du veike, du ingenting f r.  
Din visdom eg krev for at du skal forst   
Du vil eg skal lida, og end  til d y.  
Du gl ymer mi makt, at du er min tr ll.  
Ditt opphav du gl ymer. Du prisar bedrag  
Di verd er ei faginning, ingen heilhet, ingen svar  
Orden eg skaper, men du motstrebar meg  
Du talar med kl rt, kva er det du krev.  
Eg krev eit offer, eg krev at du bl r.  
Du v ga   trosse dei eldste, som bar deg fram

"Utgards m rke langt der ute, eit offer vart krevd,  
Eit offer dei fekk, Eit sinn vart styrka, men  
Lekam gjekk tapt, Klok vert den som veit   v ga"

"Han ofra sitt auge, for at fjan skulle sj   
Han bl dde for dei som til slutt lot han r .  
Men ingen lovnad ei ga ham, det vart ingen fred.  
Dei skal fframleis kjempa, til jorda sig ned"

[Musikk: Grutle Kjellson]

[English translation: AN EYE FOR MIMIR]

[Lyrics: R. Kronheim, Grutle Kjellson, Dirge Rep]

The darkness of Utgard, far out there  
I can not enter, are you demanding sacrifice ?  
I demand a sacrifice, no promise I will give

I can provide you with strenght , I can give you death

You say you can end my days  
But without my excistance , would you not be  
Creator of weakness, me you can not threaten  
Learn how to see with the right eye  
Obscure One, you attemp to get me on my knees  
You speak through riddles, and call forth my wrath  
With wrath, weakling, nothing is achieved  
I demand your wisdom, to make you understand  
You want me to suffer, and even to die  
You are forgetting my power, you are but my slave  
Your source of origin you're forgetting, your praising  
deceit  
Your world is an illusion; no wholeness, no answer  
Order I crfeate, but your opposing me  
Your speaking with a cunning tongue, what are your  
demands  
I am demanding a sacrifice, I demand to see you bleed  
You have dared to oppose the Ancient Ones that  
brought you into excistance  
The darkness of Utgard, a sacrifice was demanded, a  
sacrifice they received  
A mind was strengthened, but the flesh was lost  
He who dares becomes wise

"He gave his eye to see  
He bled for those who let him rule at last  
But no promises they gave him, no peace became  
They shall still be fighting 'til the earth sinks"

[Music: Grutle Kjellson]

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