

## Enslaved "Jotunblood"

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Lyrics: Grutle Kjellson 1994  
Bottomless abyss, Ginnungagap  
darkness without end before the Morning  
of time  
the Cold Empire's eleven rivers frozen  
frost mist spreads itself wide out  
The gust from Nivlhel in the North  
fills the mighty gap  
Licking tongues of fire from the South  
boiling, bubbling venom  
All life has its origin in a source of  
JOTUNBLOOD  
Your mind's own evil inner;  
JOTUNBLOOD  
Streams from Hvergelmes Source  
united with nauseating drops of venom  
The first, the Father of all families  
created by the Two Elements  
With himself he breded  
our proud ancestors

Our Primitive Force's deep roots  
with energy from the cattle's four rivers  
A knife through the dark  
A shrill scream  
A pale face foams  
He wanders proudly over Ymer's bones  
All life has its origin in a source of  
JOTUNBLOOD  
Your mind's own evil inner;  
JOTUNBLOOD  
If one seeks all Midgard's knowledge  
If the Wise Woman swings her staff  
One can not avoid one's origin  
The chaos of the Primitive Force;  
JOTUNBLOOD  
Music: Ivar BjãfÃ, rnson 1994

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