

Kivimetsan Druidi

"Blacksmith"

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K?si raudalle muodon antaa,
k?si ylv?s kirvest? kantaa.
Rautaa sep?n parhaan takomaa,
rautaa joka lihaa raastaa.
K?si raudalle muodon antaa,
k?si v?kev? kirveell? hakkaa.
Rauta sieluunsa raivon saa,
raivo moneen hautaan saattaa.

Blacksmith!
Tamer of fire.
Hammering the shape of death.
Blacksmith!
Master of ancient anvil.
Forging the blood red dawn.

Furnace flaming, the home of all iron,
giving birth to bringers of doom.

Hatred fills the heart of steel
as the blacksmith shapes the weapon.
Once iron drinks from the jar of flesh
the rage of the steel will be released.

Blacksmith!
Tamer of fire.
Hammering the shape of death.
Blacksmith!
Master of ancient anvil.
Forging the blood red dawn.

Let us march, let us slay.
Thy minions we are all.

Let us kill, let us prevail.
By our steel they shall fall.

Blood of innocents in his hands.
His soul hardened by thousand deaths.

Mastering his art, all he ever dreamed.

Creating tools to bring chaos, the seed of war!

Blacksmith!
Tamer of fire.
Hammering the shape of death.
Blacksmith!
Master of ancient anvil.
Forging the blood red dawn.

Taottuna rautaan kuumaan,
vasaroituna sieluun ter?ksen,
raivon tatuimana hopeaan,
merkki kadotuksen ikuisen.

Aika taakseen j?tt?? menneet,
valo pimeyden l?vist??.
Rauta alasimen kohtaa j?lleen
ja taas pimeys levi??.

Dark blessing of fire
upon the iron will be cast.
The signs of eternal oblivion,
the beast of our past.

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