

Moonsorrow

"A Village Away"

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1

Long ago a village away there were born two sons,
two heirs of the god of war dressed in bearskins.
From the age of three, they say, each other they did
train
and when their steel did clash thunder could be heard.

Long ago a village away there did grow two sons,
or were they just two fools born to mock their deaths?
Still they hadn't got a wound that would've hurt'd
enough
to prevent them from begging such from a foreign
blade.

Honour always tempts the young blood
(plundering across the seas) and battles even more.
Into the way of the one rushing to his doom
only another insane dares step.

2

When the field emits pain and axes fly about,
play with death is on the increase.
Such a joy for children the dropping of heads is
as long as their army cheers.

3

Yet so often equality becomes inferiority.
The course of a story twists at triumphs
and fame so easily lets a man forsake his kin.

Thus pride, that most insidious illness on all earth,
once again has taken its prey.
Which one might be the failure, he who left with a
lowered
shield and sword held high or he who has to dig the
graves?

Tossed about is the weaker by what force;

his home he has left, gained just more will to slay.
What a disgrace is such work.

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