

Amberian Dawn "Field Of Serpents"

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Forge thyself a golden plowshare,
Forge the beam and mail of silver.
Ant the with ease
Thou can plow the field of serpents,
Plow the field of hissing vipers
□ plow the soil of evil Hisi!

I'll hunt thine ancient mother of evil,
Hunt thine origin, o hissing serpent
□ vilest thing of god's create
SyÃ¶ljÃ¶xtÃ¶r, ancient mother, thy creator
□ this is thine origin!

Serpents there of every species,
Lempo furrowed it with the white horses
And his plowshare!
With a beam of flaming iron!
Never since has a northern hero
Brought this field to cultivation.

I'll hunt thine ancient mother of evil,
Hunt thine origin, o hissing serpent
□ vilest thing of god's create
SyÃ¶ljÃ¶xtÃ¶r, ancient mother, thy creator
□ this is thine origin!

Get thee hence, thou loathsome monster,
Clear the pathway of this hero!

I'll hunt thine ancient mother of evil,
Hunt thine origin, o hissing serpent
□ vilest thing of god's create
SyÃ¶ljÃ¶xtÃ¶r, ancient mother, thy creator
□ this is thine origin!

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