

One Thousand Years of Rain

Enslaved

The age of the wolf is the age of the sword

Son of the earth, father of despair, lurking
And ever searching to end his thirst
Strength reborn in the streams of cold blood
Son of the earth, father of rage, hiding beneath
And ever smiling when the seed is planted
Hate paving the streets of gold

Long gone is the golden grace
Feeble beats from a frozen heart
Now glowing eyes in the pale face
The blind man cries in vain
Long gone is the light of day
Searching the borders of sanity
The children of tomorrow they slay
Their spirits entombed in rotten soil

Son of the earth, father of anxiety, amongst us
And ever telling the tales of the righteous
Licking drops of sorrow from the lake of tears
Son of the earth, father of treason, envy the beauty
And ever embracing the desperation
Hiding from the moonbeams, afraid to face the wrath
Wandering down the icy path
The sun is dying
The mother is crying
No sadness found in the jester's face
The sun is dying
The mother is crying

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The winter is closing in
Like the grip of a war within
Absence of light turning flesh to stone
A cosmic war and you stand alone

Brother killing brother
Tales of honor becoming myth
History written with axes and blood
The wolf is howling at the gate

Bræðr munu berjask
(Ok at) bönum verðask,
Munu systrungar
Sifjum spilla
Leika Míms synir
(En) mjötuðr kyndisk
At inu galla Gjallarhorni

Skelfr Yggdrasils
Askr standandi
Ymr it aldna tré
Hræðask allir
(Á helvegum)
(Áðr Surtar þann
Sefi of gleypir

Wandering down the icy path
The sun is dying
Silent tears won't bring him back
No sadness found in the jester's face
The mother is crying
Breach the walls, relieve the pain, or be left in one thousand years of rain