

Field of Serpents

Amberian Dawn

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
Syöjätär, 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
Syöjätär, 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
Syöjätär, ancient mother, thy creator
□ this is thine origin!