

# 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