Among Ancestors

Turisas

A peaceful grove,
In treetops above the whisper of the wind
It echoes over fields, over endless wilderness
You close your eyes and there you are
Among your ancestors
They greet you,
Welcomed to enter the war
For freedom of their heirsOver the vasted fields, bearing the strongest shields
Our fathers rode
Through the thickest brakes,
Armed with the sharpest stakes
To none they bowedThe Northern blow cuts through your skin
As swells beat your vessel
The open sea surrounding seems dark and cold
You wonder why men around
You sit quiet for themselves
Staring into the darkness...They know what awaits them there
It is victory, or deathThe calm Baltic Sea
Reflects the first morning sunbeams
A rosy-fingered dawn over the seas,
An illusion of peace
Straight ahead a palisade steep
The time has come, "Hit the beach!"Over the vasted fields, bearing the strongest shields
Our fathers rode
Through the thickest brakes,
Armed with the sharpest stakes
To none they bowedA peaceful grove,
In treetops above the whisper of the wind
It echoes over fields, over endless wilderness
You close your eyes and there you are
Among your ancestors
They greet you welcome to enter the war
For the freedom of their heirsAt last, the moment you've been waiting for
Now it's time to fight or fall
The enemy line getting closer and closer
You distinguish his eye-whites
And pull your sword..."Strike!"You see your blade cut off his head
Another father ends up dead
No time to think who will miss him at nights

Another slash and someone's husband diesSee the fear in their eyes
"Their lines are scattered, hunt them down!"
None were left alive to tell their wives

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