

## 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!