

# 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 heirs  
Over the vasted fields, bearing the strongest shields  
Our fathers rode  
Through the thickest brakes,  
Armed with the sharpest stakes  
To none they bowed  
The 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 death  
The 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 bowed  
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 welcome to enter the war  
For the freedom of their heirs  
At 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 dies  
See the fear in their eyes  
"Their lines are scattered, hunt them down!"  
None were left alive to tell their wives