



VÖLUR LINNUS

VIIES LEPING

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Viies Leping

The Fifth Contract — lyric book

Bilingual Edition

Nine tracks · 38:24 · Estonian and English

SpiritWave Labs Audio · spiritwavelabs.com

The Lore of Völur

The story the songs come out of

The völur were the seeresses of the old north — women who walked from farm to farm with songs in their mouths and sight in their bones, who were fed and feared and sent on. A linnus is an ancient stronghold, a hill fort older than the countries around it. The name holds both: the sight, and the place it defends.

Nothing here is metaphor. That is the first thing to know about this band.

The broken contracts

Four agreements held for a long time. Then they broke. The songs sing them the old way — with the gods, with the land, with the ancestors, with oneself. The argument names them the modern way: religion, politicians, media, education — the institutions that said: give us your attention, your obedience, your trust, and we will tell you the truth, keep you safe, make the world make sense. Both lists are true. The first is how it felt. The second is who did it.

The grip

There were hands around their necks, so they sang about it. Not squeezing — not yet — just there, reminding them that they could. The same hand behind the seed and the poison, the shop and the screen. Where you go when all doors lead to the same room. What you do when the hands are already at your throat. The suite is not a protest. It is what a throat knows.

The hiis

A sacred grove. Estonia's original church: no priest, no collection, no roof but the canopy. The grove calls and the grove waits; you step onto that ground heavy but certain, and the heart remembers what the mind lost. The trees stand back in agreement. It is not a belief. It is a place.

The fire

At the fire sits an old man. His face is weather, not age. His eyes are in the flames. He is a fact. He is not in the band; he is always at the fire. The fifth contract is drawn up beside him: not on paper, not from a priest's mouth, but in the foot, in the hand, in the breath — hand to hand, foot to foot, root to root. Not one day, not one place: every day, in every choice, in every hand that holds.

The gathering

Six gather — a respect for the old, which is not the same as nostalgia. Oak and birch, stone, echo, wave, iron. They took up kannel and torupill because those are the instruments the land remembers, and guitars because the land has also heard tanks and radios and lies, and answers in kind. The contract belongs to everyone who stands. That is the whole of the lore. The rest is in the songs.

1 Viies Leping

~~Side A · The Fifth Contract · 5:54~~

Neli korda murtud,
Neli korda neetud.
Neli haava hinges,
Neli risti teel.

Esimene leping, rauaga kirjutatud,
Jumalatega sõlmitud, hiites hoitud.
Unustasime nimed, põletasime puud,
Ristile andsime, mis oli püha ja suur.
Murtud on usk, mis meid hoidis ja kandis,
Külm on kivi, kus tuli kord andis.

Teine leping, maaga peetud,
Verega seotud, mullaga kaetud.
Ehitasime klaasist, terasest ja betoonist,
Unustasime rabad, sood ja metsad sügavad,
looklevad.
Murtud on side, mis meid toitis ja jootis,
Kuiv on kaev, kust esivanem ootas.

Viies leping, vaikuses vannutud,
Ei paberil, ei preestri suul.
Viies leping, endale antud,
Silmad lahti, seistes tuules.

Kolmas leping, esivanematega tehtud,
Lauluga lauldud, looga jutustatud.
Unustasime sõnad, mis isa meile andis,
Ema hääle, mis meid unne kandis.
Murtud on kett, mis meid sidus ja hoidis,
Tuul on tühi, mis lugusid kandis.

Neljas leping, iseendaga peetud,
Südamega hoitud, hinge seotud.
Painutasime selja, võõra ikke all,
Unustasime uhkuse, mis seisis kui kalju, kindlalt ja
vall.
Murtud on meel, mis oli vaba ja selge,
Vari on hinges, mis oli kord helge.

Tuli on keel...
Sädemed tõusevad pimedusse...
Igaüks neist on lühike, põgus elu...
Igaüks läheb kuhugi...

Vana mees istub tule ääres...
Tema nägu on ilm, mitte vanus...
Tema silmad on leekides...
Ta on fakt...

Four times broken,
Four times cursed.
Four wounds in the soul,
Four crosses on the road.

The first contract, written with iron,
Made with the gods, kept in sacred groves.
We forgot the names, we burned the trees,
We gave to the cross what was sacred and great.
Broken is the faith that held and carried us,
Cold is the stone where fire once gave warmth.

The second contract, kept with the land,
Bound with blood, covered with soil.
We built from glass, steel and concrete,
We forgot the bogs, the marshes and the deep, winding
forests.
Broken is the bond that fed and watered us,
Dry is the well where the ancestor waited.

The fifth contract, sworn in silence,
Not on paper, not from a priest's mouth.
The fifth contract, given to oneself,
Eyes open, standing in the wind.

The third contract, made with the ancestors,
Sung in song, told in story.
We forgot the words our father gave us,
The mother's voice that carried us to sleep.
Broken is the chain that bound and held us,
Empty is the wind that carried stories.

The fourth contract, kept with oneself,
Held with the heart, bound with the soul.
We bent our backs beneath a foreign yoke,
We forgot the pride that stood like a rock, firm as a
rampart.
Broken is the mind that was free and clear,
A shadow is in the soul that was once bright.

Fire is a language...
Sparks rise into the darkness...
Each one is a short, fleeting life...
Each one goes somewhere...

The old man sits by the fire...
His face is weather, not age...
His eyes are in the flames...
He is a fact...

Puud seisavad tagasi kokkuleppel...
Õhk on nuga...
Maa on kindel ja kannatlik ja väga vana...
Piir on õhuke...

Ja midagi pimeduses puude vahel...

...vaatab.
...ootab.
...on oodanud.

Viies leping, vaikuses vannutud,
Ei paberil, ei preestri suul.
Viies leping, endale antud,
Silmad lahti, seistes tuules.

See on leping maaga, mis all on ja ootab,
See on leping verrega, mis soontes veel voolab.
See on leping vaikida, kui pole mida öelda,
Ja kuulata kivi, mida tuul tahab möllata.

Viies leping, see on minu oma,
Seista siin, ja olla kohal.

Viies Leping — The Fifth Contract
The trees stand back in agreement...
The air is a knife...
The land is firm and patient and very old...
The boundary is thin...

And something in the darkness between the trees...

...watches.
...waits.
...has waited.

The fifth contract, sworn in silence,
Not on paper, not from a priest's mouth.
The fifth contract, given to oneself,
Eyes open, standing in the wind.

This is a contract with the land that lies below and waits,
This is a contract with the blood that still flows in the
veins.
This is a contract to be silent when there is nothing to
say,
And to listen to the stone that the wind wants to rage
upon.

The fifth contract, this one is mine,
To stand here, and to be present.

2 Dead Calm

~~Side A · 4:28~~

Meri on tasane
 Tuul on läinud
 Aastad kukkusid vette
 Nagu kivid
 Mida keegi ei kuule
 Ma mäletan tuld
 Garaažis, öösel
 Maailm oli lihtne
 Sest me ehitasime selle ise

Ma läksin kaugele
 Otsisin sama tuld
 Aga teised tuled
 Põlesid liiga kiiresti
 Või ei andnud sooja
 Ma mäletan sõnu
 Mida me ei pidanud ütlema
 Sest me teadsime
 Mida teine mõtleb

Surnud ring
 Tuulevaikus
 See ei ole lõpp
 See on ootamine
 Ma hoidsin tuld
 Ma tulin tagasi

Me ei ole enam poisid
 Aga juured on samad
 Maailm muutus
 Aga meie leping jäi
 See ei vaja nime
 See ei vaja seletust
 See on lihtsalt teadmine
 Et sa ei ole üksi

Surnud ring on murtud
 Tuul on tagasi
 See ei ole lõpp
 See on algus
 Ma hoidsin tuld
 Ma tulin tagasi

*The sea is flat
 The wind is gone
 The years fell into the water
 Like stones
 That no one hears
 I remember the fire
 In the garage, at night
 The world was simple
 Because we built it ourselves*

*I went far away
 I looked for the same fire
 But the other fires
 Burned too quickly
 Or gave no warmth
 I remember the words
 We did not have to say
 Because we knew
 What the other was thinking*

*Dead circle
 Dead calm
 This is not the end
 This is waiting
 I kept the fire
 I came back*

*We are no longer boys
 But the roots are the same
 The world changed
 But our contract remained
 It does not need a name
 It does not need an explanation
 It is simply the knowledge
 That you are not alone*

*The dead circle is broken
 The wind is back
 This is not the end
 This is the beginning
 I kept the fire
 I came back*

3 Hiis

~~Side A · The Sacred Grove · 4:33~~

Vaikus on langenud hiide,
Puu all ei laula keegi.
Unustatud on vanad teed,
Mälu on katkenud, nõrk ja habras.

Hiis kutsub, hiis ootab,
Tule tagasi, oma juurte juurde.
Süda mäletab, mida meel on kaotanud,
Hiis kutsub, hiis ootab.

Astudes taas pühale maale,
Sammud on rasked, kuid kindlad.
Sõnad on uued, aga laul on vana,
Kaja iidsete puude vahel.

Hiis kutsub, hiis ootab,
Tule tagasi, oma juurte juurde.
Süda mäletab, mida meel on kaotanud,
Hiis kutsub, hiis ootab.

Ootasid sind, läbi pikkade aastate,
Läbi vaikuse ja valu.
Tundsin su samme, kuulsin su häält,
Olen alati siin olnud.

Sa ei ole kadunud...
Sa ei ole unustatud...

Pisarad voolavad, puhastades maad,
Leek on süüdatud, laul on vaba.
Oleme kodus, oleme siin,
Hiis on meie süda.

Hiis kutsus, hiis ootas,
Oleme tagasi, oma juurte juures.
Süda on leidnud, mida meel oli kaotanud,
Hiis on meiega, igavesti.

Hiis kutsus, hiis ootas,
Oleme tagasi, oma juurte juures.
Süda on leidnud, mida meel oli kaotanud,
Hiis on meiega, igavesti.

Hiis on alati siin olnud...

*Silence has fallen on the grove,
No one sings beneath the tree.
The old paths are forgotten,
Memory is broken, weak and fragile.*

*The grove calls, the grove waits,
Come back, to your roots.
The heart remembers what the mind has lost,
The grove calls, the grove waits.*

*Stepping again onto the sacred land,
The steps are heavy, but certain.
The words are new, but the song is old,
An echo between the ancient trees.*

*The grove calls, the grove waits,
Come back, to your roots.
The heart remembers what the mind has lost,
The grove calls, the grove waits.*

*I waited for you, through the long years,
Through the silence and the pain.
I felt your steps, I heard your voice,
I have always been here.*

*You are not lost...
You are not forgotten...*

*Tears flow, cleansing the land,
The flame is lit, the song is free.
We are home, we are here,
The grove is our heart.*

*The grove called, the grove waited,
We are back, at our roots.
The heart has found what the mind had lost,
The grove is with us, forever.*

*The grove called, the grove waited,
We are back, at our roots.
The heart has found what the mind had lost,
The grove is with us, forever.*

The grove has always been here...

4 Terasest Piir

~~Side A · Border of Steel · 3:56~~

Idast puhub jälle külm tuul,
Vana vari pika laua taga.
Nad räägivad meie maast,
Nagu see oleks nende oma.
Viiskümmend aastat vaikust,
Viiskümmend aastat verd.
Te arvate, et me unustasime?
Me ei unusta kunagi.

Lepingud on paber!
Sõnad on suits!
Ainult maa mäletab!
Ainult raud loeb!

Meie piir on terasest!
Meie juured on kivil!
Te ei tule siia tagasi!
Te ei võta seda maad!
Me sündisime vabaduses,
Me sureme vabaduses!
Terasest piir!
Terasest piir!

Naabrid vaatavad kõrvale,
Joovad veini, räägivad rahust.
Aga karu ei maga kunagi,
Karu ootab metsa taga.
Minu isa laulis teid minema,
Mina ei laula.
Mina seisan siin,
Ja mul on midagi muud käes.

Lepingud on paber!
Sõnad on suits!
Ainult maa mäletab!
Ainult raud loeb!

Meie piir on terasest!
Meie juured on kivil!
Te ei tule siia tagasi!
Te ei võta seda maad!
Me sündisime vabaduses,
Me sureme vabaduses!
Terasest piir!
Terasest piir!

*From the east the cold wind blows again,
An old shadow at the long table.
They speak of our land,
As if it were their own.
Fifty years of silence,
Fifty years of blood.
You think we forgot?
We never forget.*

*Treaties are paper!
Words are smoke!
Only the land remembers!
Only iron counts!*

*Our border is steel!
Our roots are in stone!
You will not come back here!
You will not take this land!
We were born in freedom,
We will die in freedom!
Border of steel!
Border of steel!*

*Neighbours look away,
Drink wine, speak of peace.
But the bear never sleeps,
The bear waits behind the forest.
My father sang you away,
I do not sing.
I stand here,
And I have something else in my hand.*

*Treaties are paper!
Words are smoke!
Only the land remembers!
Only iron counts!*

*Our border is steel!
Our roots are in stone!
You will not come back here!
You will not take this land!
We were born in freedom,
We will die in freedom!
Border of steel!
Border of steel!*

Te ütlete, et ajalugu kordub.
Te ütlete, et väike peab murduma.
Tulge siis.
Tulge ja vaadake.
Mets on sügav.
Ja me tunneme iga puud.

Meie piir on terasest!
Meie juured on kivis!
Te ei tule siia tagasi!
Te ei võta seda maad!
Me sündisime vabaduses,
Me sureme vabaduses!
Terasest piir!
Terasest piir!
Ei kunagi enam!

Viies Leping — by Viies Leping
You say history repeats.
You say the small must break.
Come then.
Come and see.
The forest is deep.
And we know every tree.

Our border is steel!
Our roots are in stone!
You will not come back here!
You will not take this land!
We were born in freedom,
We will die in freedom!
Border of steel!
Border of steel!
Never again!

5 Haare Tihineb I — Kinnisideme

~~Side B · The Binding · 3:42~~

Sa ei saa tagasi minna
Ja jääda samaks
Üks neist peab surema
See, kes sa olid
Või see, mis sind kutsub

Hinn on tõeline
Ei ole odav
Sa maksad seda
Mitte rahaga
Vaid sellega, mis oli mugav
Sellega, mis oli tuttav
Sellega, mida kutsusid koduks
Enne kui teadsid, mis kodu on

Jätsid maha töö, mis sind ei tunnud
Jätsid maha linna, mis sind ei näinud
Jätsid maha inimesed, kes arvasid
Et teavad, kes sa oled
Nad ei teadnud
Sa ei teadnud ka

Hinn on tõeline
Ei ole odav
Sa maksad seda
Mitte rahaga
Vaid sellega, mis oli mugav
Sellega, mis oli tuttav
Sellega, mida kutsusid koduks
Enne kui teadsid, mis kodu on

Ja keegi ei ütle sulle aitäh
Maa ei täna sind
Puud ei täna sind
Tuli ei täna sind
Nad lihtsalt on
Nad lihtsalt ootsid
Ja nüüd sa oled siin

Maailm jätkab oma vüra
Kellad helisevad, ekraanid põlevad
Aga mets on vanem kui kõik see
Ja maa ei tea su nime
Ta tunneb su sammu
See on piisav

You cannot go back
And remain the same
One of them must die
The one you were
Or what calls you

The price is real
It is not cheap
You pay it
Not with money
But with what was comfortable
With what was familiar
With what you called home
Before you knew what home is

You left the job that did not know you
You left the city that did not see you
You left the people who thought
They knew who you were
They did not know
Neither did you

The price is real
It is not cheap
You pay it
Not with money
But with what was comfortable
With what was familiar
With what you called home
Before you knew what home is

And no one will thank you
The land will not thank you
The trees will not thank you
The fire will not thank you
They simply are
They are simply waiting
And now you are here

The world continues its noise
Bells ring, screens burn
But the forest is older than all of this
And the land does not know your name
It knows your step
That is enough

Hinn on tõeline
Sa maksid seda
Iga päev, iga valik
Iga asi, mis jäi maha
Aga maa on siin
Ja sa oled siin
Ja see on piisav

Hinn on makstud
Hinn on makstud
Hinn on makstud

Viies Leping — The book
The price is real
You paid it
Every day, every choice
Everything that was left behind
But the land is here
And you are here
And that is enough

The price is paid
The price is paid
The price is paid

6 Haare Tihineb II — Suletud Uksed

~~Side B · Closed Doors · 3:11~~

Seeme — sama käsi

Mürk — sama käsi

Põld — sama käsi

Vabrik — sama käsi

Pood — sama käsi

Poliitik — sama käsi

Ajakirjanik — sama käsi

Ekraan — sama käsi

Kuhu lähed

Kui kõik uksed viivad samasse tuppa

Kelle poole pöördud

Kui kõik hääled räägivad sama keelt

Mida ütled

Kui kõik sõnad filtreeritakse enne kui nad jõuavad

Mida teed

Kui käed on juba su kurgul

Mitte pigistades

Veel mitte

Lihtsalt seal

Meenutamas sulle

Et nad saavad

Haare tiheneb

Seed, the same hand

Poison, the same hand

Field, the same hand

Factory, the same hand

Shop, the same hand

Politician, the same hand

Journalist, the same hand

Screen, the same hand

Where do you go

When all doors lead to the same room

To whom do you turn

When all voices speak the same language

What do you say

When all words are filtered before they arrive

What do you do

When hands are already at your throat

Not squeezing

Not yet

Just there

Reminding you

That they can

The grip tightens

7 Haare Tihineb III — Raev

~~Side B · Rage · 3:18~~

Nimetasin selle
Nüüd ma tean su nime
Sa oled igas seemnes
Sa oled igas tilgas

Sa oled igas seaduses
Mis peaks mind kaitsma
Sa oled igas sõnas
Mis peaks mind teavitama

Aga ma näen sind nüüd
Ma näen su käsi
Ma näen su sõrmi
Mu kurgul

Ei ole enam varjus
Ei ole enam peidus
Haare tiheneb
Aga ma tean kus sa oled

Sa ostsid põllud
Sa ostsid seemned
Sa ostsid seadused
Sa ostsid vaikuse

Aga sa ei ostnud
Seda, mis mul on
Sa ei ostnud
Seda, mis ma tean

Ma näen sind nüüd
Ma näen su käsi
Ma näen su sõrmi
Mu kurgul

Raev on tõeline
Raev on puhas
Raev on esimene samm
Tagasi iseenda juurde

*I named it
Now I know your name
You are in every seed
You are in every drop*

*You are in every law
That should protect me
You are in every word
That should inform me*

*But I see you now
I see your hands
I see your fingers
At my throat*

*No longer in shadow
No longer hidden
The grip tightens
But I know where you are*

*You bought the fields
You bought the seeds
You bought the laws
You bought the silence*

*But you did not buy
What I have
You did not buy
What I know*

*I see you now
I see your hands
I see your fingers
At my throat*

*Rage is real
Rage is clean
Rage is the first step
Back to oneself*

8 Haare Tihineb IV — Pöördumine

~~Side B · The Turning · 4:07~~

Ma pöördun ära	<i>I turn away</i>
Mitte vihast	<i>Not from anger</i>
Vaid selgusest	<i>But from clarity</i>
Ma ostan seemne	<i>I buy the seed</i>
Kellel on nägu	<i>That has a face</i>
Kellel on nimi	<i>That has a name</i>
Ma kätlen kätt	<i>I shake the hand</i>
Mis kasvatas toitu	<i>That grew food</i>
Mitte logot	<i>Not a logo</i>
Ma lülitan ekraani välja	<i>I turn off the screen</i>
Mitte igaveseks	<i>Not forever</i>
Kuid täna	<i>But today</i>
Ma räägin naabriga	<i>I speak to the neighbour</i>
Kelle nime tean	<i>Whose name I know</i>
Kelle akent näen	<i>Whose window I see</i>
Ma valin aeglast	<i>I choose the slow</i>
Ma valin tõelist	<i>I choose the real</i>
Ma valin seda, millel on hind	<i>I choose what has a price</i>
See on mäss	<i>This is rebellion</i>
Mitte tänavatel	<i>Not in the streets</i>
Vaid köögis	<i>But in the kitchen</i>
Vaid põllul	<i>But in the field</i>
Vaid igas valikul	<i>But in every choice</i>
Mida teed üksi	<i>You make alone</i>
Ilma tunnistajateta	<i>Without witnesses</i>
Viies leping	<i>The fifth contract</i>
Tehakse siin	<i>Is made here</i>
Vaikselt	<i>Quietly</i>
Pöördumatult	<i>Irreversibly</i>
Sa ei saa seda osta tagasi	<i>You cannot buy it back</i>
Sa ei saa seda keelata	<i>You cannot forbid it</i>
Sa ei saa seda filtreerida	<i>You cannot filter it</i>
Kui see on juba tehtud	<i>Once it is done</i>
Maa ootab	<i>The land waits</i>
Seeme ootab	<i>The seed waits</i>
Naaber ootab	<i>The neighbour waits</i>
Mets ootab	<i>The forest waits</i>
Pöördumine on tehtud	<i>The turning is done</i>
Pöördumine on tehtud	<i>The turning is done</i>

9 Haare Tihineb V — Meiega Kõigiga

~~Side B · With All of Us · 5:15~~

Üks hääl	One voice
Siis teine	Then another
Siis kolmas	Then a third
Üks käsi	One hand
Siis teine	Then another
Siis kolmas	Then a third
Maa tunneb seda	The land knows it
Üks samm	One step
Siis teine	Then another
Siis kolmas	Then a third
Üks juur	One root
Siis teine	Then another
Siis kolmas	Then a third
Mets tunneb seda	The forest knows it
Sa ei pea olema kangeline	You do not need to be a hero
Sa pead lihtsalt olema kohal	You only need to be present
Sa ei pea teadma vastust	You do not need to know the answer
Sa pead lihtsalt hoidma	You only need to hold
Hoia kätt	Hold the hand
Hoia maad	Hold the land
Hoia seemet	Hold the seed
Hoia vaikust, mis on täis	Hold the silence that is full
Nemad ostsid seemned	They bought the seeds
Aga mitte käed, mis külvasid	But not the hands that sowed
Nemad ostsid seadused	They bought the laws
Aga mitte mälu, mis teadis	But not the memory that knew
Nemad ostsid ekraanid	They bought the screens
Aga mitte silmi, mis nägid	But not the eyes that saw
Nemad ostsid vaikuse	They bought the silence
Aga mitte hääli, mis kogunevad	But not the voices that gather
See on viies leping	This is the fifth contract
Tehakse siin	It is made here
Käest kätte	From hand to hand
Jalast jalale	From foot to foot
Juurest juurele	From root to root

Mitte paberil	<i>Not on paper</i>
Mitte seaduses	<i>Not in law</i>
Vaid jalas	<i>But in the foot</i>
Vaid käes	<i>But in the hand</i>
Vaid hingamises	<i>But in the breath</i>
Haare tiheneb	<i>The grip tightens</i>
Meie haare	<i>Our grip</i>
Meie maa	<i>Our land</i>
Meie seeme	<i>Our seed</i>
Meie leping	<i>Our contract</i>
Maa ootas	<i>The land waited</i>
Mets ootas	<i>The forest waited</i>
Naaber ootas	<i>The neighbour waited</i>
Seeme ootas	<i>The seed waited</i>
Me oleme siin	<i>We are here</i>
See on viies leping	<i>This is the fifth contract</i>
Tehakse siin	<i>It is made here</i>
Käest kätte	<i>From hand to hand</i>
Jalast jalale	<i>From foot to foot</i>
Juurest juurele	<i>From root to root</i>
Mitte ühel päeval	<i>Not on one day</i>
Mitte ühes kohas	<i>Not in one place</i>
Iga päev	<i>Every day</i>
Igas valikul	<i>In every choice</i>
Igas käes, mis hoiab	<i>In every hand that holds</i>
Viies leping	<i>The fifth contract</i>
Viies leping	<i>The fifth contract</i>
Viies leping	<i>The fifth contract</i>

· Hämarus — Twilight

~~Bonus · not on the LP · 8:00~~

An eight-minute instrumental through ancient landscape — torupill over a low drone, a mantra of a guitar line. Recorded in the album sessions; kept off the LP, kept for you.

An instrumental twilight passage through torupill, drone, pulse and changing landscape. The opening vocalisation is non-lexical.

The Fifth Contract

Four contracts were broken before this record begins: the contracts with religion, with politicians, with the media, with education — the institutions that promised truth, safety and sense in exchange for trust. Viies Leping — The Fifth Contract — is made in the silence after them. It is not granted from above. It is drawn up between people, hand to hand, root to root.

Side A moves through personal memory, sacred landscape, and the moment before the door opens. Side B — Haare Tihineb, The Grip Tightens — runs from price to suffocation, rage, turning, and finally to presence: the weight of many people standing together.

The fifth contract is made here.