

## Ulfhethnar "Closing The Circle"

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Closing the circle and all which to it belongs  
Hurting, wounding, trucidating  
Fountain of dark, damned feelings  
Begotten in noctambulant trances  
And suffered by day in weak humiliated souls  
By beings worthy of selfishness and coldness  
A coldness to act and to show the covenant  
Closing the circle arises  
The most somber seduction and an inner satisfaction  
Inculcated eternally, for ever, in a continual ecstasy,  
Fecundated amid the mists,  
Sole dawn allowed in the immensity of these shadows  
Bringing a virginal blood-red, desirable,  
Which the circle takes  
Offering it to it's innermost feelings  
Rejuvenating the darkest pleasure of belonging  
Only this is comprehensible intimately  
Closing the circle, thus  
Mortals in their purest cycle  
Disturbing the slumber of ancient power  
To complete the circle.

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