

Ulver

"Nowhere/Catastrophy"

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You fly or rather float drifts
Through an enormous dark room
The room of noises
Endless shimmering glissandi
Crackling pizzicato
Coal black turbulence holes of bass-drones
But otherwise empty
No planets no meteorites
If anything - perhaps fine dust clouds
Of exploded music
You float there, somewhere between
Pleasure and fear
(Nowhere/Catastrophy)
In the piece of time you cannot determine
You're everywhere, but in the present
Hey, you disappear, further and further
Into these incalculable rooms
And your personality fades away
Your features evaporate
Your body decomposes
And your last thought was that you have become a
noise
A thin, nameless noise, among all these others
Howling
In the empty dark room

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