

Ulver "Wolf & Passion"

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Uden Sorrig for det, som svandt
 Han drager paa nye & farlig FÃfÃ,Ã,Ãrd
 Hans eeneste Sorrig vÃfÃ,Ã,Ãre at han intet fandt
 Som vaer een Taare vÃfÃ,Ã,Ãrdt

Til han Medynk saae
 I hendes ÃfÃfÃ,Ãine, der alt Lius vaer tendt
 Der al GIÃfÃ,Ã,Ãde snart vaer endt
 Slig een Pige hellig, vacker
 Det brystne Blik flacker
 Hun kiÃfÃ,Ã,Ãndte Haabet brast

Han viiger for bendes Blik
 Med een smertelig Mystik
 Fylder hende mod HiÃfÃ,Ã,ÃrtenskiÃfÃ,Ã,Ãr

Med hendes Ild ligger sort & dÃfÃfÃ,Ãd
 Ondskab qualte hver een GIÃfÃfÃ,Ãd
 Dend hviide Gloe, dend slukte han
 Men dend ha'r skabt een mÃfÃ,Ã,Ãcktig Brand
 Aff Had & Elskov & tungindigt Haab

NyfÃfÃfÃ,Ãdt bÃfÃ,Ã,Ãres Maanen Frem
 Ofver det Sind som her bleff rÃfÃfÃ,Ãfved
 Aff dend mÃfÃfÃ,Ãrcke,
 Magi paa hende ÃfÃfÃ,Ãfved

Med rÃfÃ,Ã,Ãdde Skrit. mod ham -
 Dybt berÃfÃfÃ,Ãrt:

"Du Diefvlens Sendebud,
 som bÃfÃ,Ã,Ãrer Fryckt fra Mand til Brud,
 Du Menskehadets reene Styrkedrik,
 Du nÃfÃ,Ã,Ãring for min SiÃfÃ,Ã,Ãl, som
 dÃfÃfÃ,Ãr;
 Gaae ey bort, o Skygge, fÃfÃfÃ,Ãr
 leg viiser KiÃfÃ,Ã,Ãndsler som ieg hafvde Angst
 For at nÃfÃ,Ã,Ãre fÃfÃfÃ,Ãr ieg bleff din Fangst"

On he hunts with sorrow none
 For what hath passed is gone
 His sole regret the absence

Of desires worthie his teares
Until he saw pitie in her eyne
Where all the light did shine
And soone all joie should die
Her glazed eyne did wander
A mayden pure in grandeur
Left alone & lost

From her eyne he retreats
Clad in mournfulle Mysterie
He takes her heart in his

But dark & dead is her light
Evil took her fire's breath
Her embers were by him devour'd
And inside of him a fire buildes
Of Hate & Love & Hope so sad

The Moone comes forth
Born anew above her Soule -
Stolen here by the dark,
Binding Magick of olde

Frighten'd she nears him,
And speakes:

Thou, messenger of the Devil,
Who brings fear into lovers' hearts,
Thou, elixir to the hatred of men
And air to my Soule, now dying;
Leave me not, O shadow,
Before I give myself away
To these long denied desires,
Thy gift to my dying heart

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