

Ulver "Wolf & The Devil"

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Ulvens Billeder hafver eengang
Til Hex & Diefvels Stolthed tienet -
Om Gudstroe vidnet, mÃfÃfÃ,Ã"rck men
mÃfÃ,Ã,Ã!cktig -
Ja med Grenser viide som dend Verden dend IÃfÃ,Ã,Ã
ÃfÃfÃ,Ã"de

Satan skabede det som for deris Bilk
Blifver ofverjordisk - Han er slik,
Een Mand i Ulveham

Self Vinden er een Tiener i hans Haand
Oc Eevigheden - hans gaadefulde Aand

Paa ham een Stoorhed som een Krone Pan for dum bar
Han hungrer giennem Eevighed -
Sinnker om han grim & sort
Een Tragoedie kund for dend som veed

Han tager sig frem baade Nat & Dag
I et eevig, dÃfÃfÃ,Ã"dstrett Jag

...Oc dend stoore, tridste Eensomhed
Vild ÃfÃfÃ,Ã"ve giengiÃfÃ,Ã,Ã|rd for dend tabte
Kiaerlighed -
I Had!

The images of Wolf once served
The Pride of Witch and Devil -
Witnessed a dark, yet mightie Faith -
With boundaries wide as the world it layd waste
Satan did create
What to their eyne Celestial is -
And so he is
A man in Wolfskin clad

To his hands, e'en the Wind is Servant
And Eternitie - his enigmatick Spirit

Around him a Majestie
like Pan his Crowne of olde
He hungers through Eternitie -

Immersed in a Tragedie dark and colde
Knowne onlie to the Initiated

Through Day and Night he moves
In an eternall, wearie chase

...And this Solitude so greate and sad
Will Vengeance seek for Love long lost
Through Hatred!

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