

Ulver "Wolf & The Moon"

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I dende NãfÂ,Ã,Âtters Nat
Der hun hafvde besÃfÂ,Ã,Âttende GIãfÂfÃ,Â" d,
Bar bleege Stjerner i sit SkiãfÂfÃ,Â" d,
Hylder han hende med een Sang

Dende Lidenskabens Hymne
Vidner om det Baand
Som nu invãfÂ,Ã,Âlder
Natten in hand Aand

NãfÂ,Ã,Âr Stjernerne varsler Grye
Mod to-hornet SãfÂfÃ,Â"lvmaanenye
Oc Soelen stiger frem
Lig een Flamme, skiãfÂ,Ã,Âr & reen
Som fra Faedres Offerbaal -

Ustyrilig er da hans Sind!
SkiãfÂ,Ã,Ânk kam saa nyt Lius aff dit Skin,
Du, Satans Soel,

Saa han kand jage tol Bestandighed
RegiãfÂ,Ã,Âre, i kold,
Ufattbar Mayestet

Possesivelie She upon him shone
Adorned with dimme stars
In this Night of Nights
He hailes Her with a song

This hymne of Passion
Reminding of the Bond
Between him and the Night
As they melt into one

When dawn draws near
And the Sunne ascendes
Like a flame bright & pure
From the bonfires of heretics

Ecstatick, then, his Mind!
Grant him thus Light anew,
Thou, Sunne of Satan

So that he shall reigne
Through infinite
In colde, inconceivable Majestie!

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