

# Ulver, Little Blue Bird

little bird in blue worlds  
spinning things with wings  
beating the sacred heart  
running cold and scared

wanting warmer weather  
to leave all winter behind  
the cutting edge of the sword  
in blood of the burning heart

nailed into unholy ground  
and the skies going under  
over paradise is offering  
something to prevent nothing

little bird in white worlds  
singing nothing to hear  
without heed of the heart  
cut by the swords of heaven