

# Ulver, Nowhere/Catastrophe

You fly, or rather float, drift  
Through an enormous dark room  
A 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 - Catastrophe (x4)

In a piece of time you can't 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 is that you have become a noise  
A thin, nameless noise among all the others  
Howling in the empty dark room

Nowhere - Catastrophe (x8)