

Ulver, Wolf & The Moon

I dende Ntters Nat
Der hun hafvde besttende Gld,
Bar bleege Stjerner i sit Skid,
Hylder han hende med een Sang

Dende Lidenskabens Hymne
Vidner om det Baand
Som nu invlder
Natten in hand Aand

Nr Stjernerne varsler Grye
Mod to-hornet Slvmaaneye
Oc Soelen stiiger frem
Lig een Flamme, skir & reen
Som fra Faedres Offerbaal -

Ustyrlig er da hans Sind!
Skink kam saa nyt Lius aff dit Skin,
Du, Satans Soel,

Saa han kand jage tol Bestandighed
Regire, 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!