

# Ulver, Hymne III - Wolf And Hatred

O Vandringsmand i een forbandet Nat  
Troee ey at hans Had dig vild skaane  
Hans Rov vild ey vaere nogen anden  
End dig -  
Der vild skilve i hans vr  
I uselt Haab om at Huus er nr

End dig -  
Hvis Blod skald blifve hans strke Viin  
Oc Sil, hans hellige Trof

Faafngt han lader dig gyde  
Ut dit Blod i Smertens Sin

Saa du som dd ey Sofnloest kand  
Fortlde Frnder: "Ulven er ham!"

Som Offer for Beistets Krav  
Dit Blod vild rende koldt som Bcl i Grav

Gud er ey her, men Dden nr  
Oc hvert Secund som her  
Er undt dig -  
Skimrer i et dobbelt Skir  
Aff baade Liiv & Dd

Rasende lader han Bliket binde  
Lfter dit i Maaneskinnet

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O Wanderer in this infernal Night  
Believe not his Hate will spare thee  
His prey shall be no one  
But thee -  
Who shall tremble when he is near  
In foolish hope for shelter

And thou -  
Whose bloode strong wine shall be  
Thy Soule, his sacred Trophie

In vein he lets thee shed  
Thy bloode in this Sea of Payne

Then shalt thou not haunt thine friends  
Revealing: "The Wolf is he!"

Coldlie thy bloode shall flow  
As streams through Graves below

God is not here, but death draws near  
And secondes are O, so few  
In a Nature twofold they shine  
Beginning and End combine

Fool, thou art prostrate  
By the raging eyne of his  
Lifted upwards  
Rapt in Moonshine