Ulver, Hymne VI - Wolf And Passion

Uden Sorrig for det, som svandt
Han drager paa nye & farlig Frd
Hans eeneste Sorrig vre at han intet fandt
Som vaer een Taare vrdt

Til han Medynk saae
I hendes ine, der alt Lius vaer tendt
Der al Glde snart vaer endt
Slig een Pige hellig, vacker
Det brustne Blik flacker
Hun kindte

Han viiger for bendes Blik
Med een smertelig Mystik
Fylder hende mod Hirtenskir

Med hendes Ild ligger sort & dd
Ondskab qvalte hver een Gld
Dend hviide Gloe, dend slukte han
Men dend ha'r skabt een mcktig Brand
Aff Had & Elskov & tungindigt Haab

Nyfdt bres Maanen Frem
Ofver det Sind som her bleff rfved
Aff dend mrcke,
Magi paa hende fved

Med rdde Skrit. mod ham -
Dybt berrt:

"Du Diefvlens Sendebud,
som brer Fryckt fra Mand til Brud,
Du Menskehadets reene Styrkedrik,
Du nring for min Sil, som dr;
Gaae ey bort, o Skygge, fr
Ieg viiser Kindsler som ieg hafvde Angst
For at nre fr ieg bleff din Fangst"

On he hunts with sorrow none
For what hath passed is gone
His sole regret the absence
Of desires worthie his teares

Until he saw pitie in her eyne
Where all the light did shine
And soone all joie should die
Her glazed eyne did wander
A mayden pure in grandeur
Left alone & lost

From her eyne he retreats
Clad in mournfulle Mysterie
He takes her heart in his

But dark & dead is her light
Evil took her fire's breath
Her embers were by him devour'd
And inside of him a fire buildes
Of Hate & Love & Hope so sad

The Moone comes forth
Born anew above her Soule -

Stolen here by the dark,
Binding Magick of olde

Frighten'd she nears him,
And speakes:

Thou, messenger of the Devil,
Who brings fear into lovers' hearts,
Thou, elixir to the hatred of men
And air to my Soule, now dying;
Leave me not, O shadow,
Before I give myself away
To these long denied desires,
Thy gift to my dying heart