

# Ulver, Porn Piece Or The Scars Of Cold Kisses

I remember walking, one side of town to the other  
Alone one night in January... or February  
It's like in an old movie from some other land  
It lasted for hours

Only streetlights  
And the grating of gravel in pedestrian subways

I remember some trees which stood black and naked  
Weather-beaten hollows of snow  
With sparse lumps of ice,  
Been scraped off by the wind alone  
And on the stairs before I left  
One of the girls had surprisingly given me a kiss  
Stung in the cold long after