

Ulver, Wolf & Destiny

Nu har han ey meer sin Drackt
Saa rd som Viin & Blod
Fro Viin & Blod vaer paa hans Haand
Ved Sngen der han stood
Hos Liiget aff sin elskede
Dend Stund man fandt de to

No more he wore his constume
Red as bloode & wine
For wine & bloode was on his hands
As he stode by her bed and corpse
When the two of them were found