

Ulver, Wolf & 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

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