

# Ulver, Wolf & Man

Da Trolddomen bleff hved - & need  
Paa Jorden han svved: Da som nu  
Vaer Jaget ved at lefve, ved at aande,  
Ved hver Bevgelse saa stoor at nsten  
Dend vaer Smerte

Medens han gik omkring  
Blandt Mennisker, vaer han skuffed frst:  
I Liivets ydre vaer der intet Skifte  
Lig det han hafvde ft i Ulvens Liiv

De trller under ham  
Med at troskyldig Sind  
Fryckter ham,  
Een Krafft aff sand Natur,  
Som Sanser uden Selfbedrag

Han gliider useet blandt dem, streifer i sit Jag  
Lig Kvidens Farver, Nattens Aandedrag

For ingen Guderst hafver nogensinde  
Git Mennisket Svar paa hvem han skiulede  
Dmon, Phantom & Varulv  
Vaer kund Naffn paa det de aldrig kunde finde

End han -  
I hans Hirte: Een Affgrund tung  
Som det sorte Hav  
Der eldsker sine Dyb

Der -  
Sammenkrget  
I Vintrens Bund  
Flder han al deris Glde,  
Liiv, Mod & Haab

Maanen, stiigende paanye,  
Hilser ham fra en sunken Himmel

...Oc ved den lydende Midnattssalme  
Som Fryckt i Natten vver  
Skald de ffromme atter falme

The spell did breake and gave release  
To hours amongst Mankynde  
But then, as now, the strayn  
Of living, breathing, yea ev'rie move  
A burden approaching payn

Dishearten'd he was  
As he wander'd with men  
On the surface of life - no change  
No change as the Beast within

They fear him, these fooles  
A power pure, nature unveil'd  
Perception sans delusion

Amongst them he walks unseen  
Like a tint if Twilight  
The breath of Night

No voice of God did tell  
Man what He did hide

Werewolf & Phantom, Daemon & Beast -  
Mere names given to what they fear'd

But he -  
In his heart: An abyss unfathomable  
As teh blacken'd sea  
Which loves its deeps

There -  
An animal shadow crawling  
O'er the wintry soil  
All Hope, Joie & Life he slayes

The Moone, rising anew,  
Bids him welcome from a waning sky

... And by the sounding  
Of his midnight psalme  
Feare shall be harvest agayn  
From the Pious hearts of men