

Wyrd, Vargtimmen

Enter my inmost night
As Pestilence I'll arrive
A plague upon your Christian beliefs
Malignant disease with no redeem
A wolf, feasting on the sheep's
Black as pitch, cold as ice
Traveller of darker paths

Vargtimmen -
Even darkness dims
Welcome despair and pain
Overwhelming grimness

This is my hour!

The moon lays hidden
Behind the northern gale
I am the unseen eyes of thunder
The cold, freezing touch of winter's veil
An icy breath of melancholy
Upon your heart, upon your soul.