

# Ulver, Wolf & The Moon

I dende Ntters Nat  
Der hun hafvde besttende Gld,  
Bar bleege Stjerner i sit Skid,  
Hylder han hende med een Sang

Dende Lidenskabens Hymne  
Vidner om det Baand  
Som nu invlder  
Natten in hand Aand

Nr Stjernerne varsler Grye  
Mod to-hornet Slvmaaneye  
Oc Soelen stiiger frem  
Lig een Flamme, skir & reen  
Som fra Faedres Offerbaal -

Ustyrlig er da hans Sind!  
Skink kam saa nyt Lius aff dit Skin,  
Du, Satans Soel,

Saa han kand jage tol Bestandighed  
Regire, i kold,  
Ufattbar Mayestet

Possesivelie She upon him shone  
Adorned with dimme stars  
In this Night of Nights  
He hailes Her with a song

This hymne of Passion  
Reminding of the Bond  
Between him and the Night  
As they melt into one

When dawn draws near  
And the Sunne ascendes  
Like a flame bright & pure  
From the bonfires of heretics

Ecstatick, then, his Mind!  
Grant him thus Light anew,  
Thou, Sunne of Satan

So that he shall reigne  
Through infinite  
In colde, inconceivable Majestie!