

Wolf & The Night

Ulver

Hafvde Kirlighed Inkelagt
Dend utmmede Mackt? Han glemmer det han legger dd
Ingen Minder stiiger fra Graven brat
Ingen Anger gliider giennem Silens Nat Med Ydmyghedens Taarer smigrede hun
Dend Guddom som hun hadete medens hun frycktede Hendes Vsen, lig et Lam
Gik ham ey forbi
For hun hafde rrt ved ham
fved sin Magi Uagtet disse Sile tvende
Een hafvde at ende Nye Smerte klinger frem aff gammel Klage
Tragoedie aff uaffbrudne Dage Ukuelig, dend Trst
Hinsidigt, det Begir Nu drev han yr & map gal
I sorthirtet Kval Vintrens kulde
Snart tilfulde
- oc hans Lngsel
Mod een Vinternat
Ulven vandrer eene Had Love fetter'd this force of free? What he leaves dead, he forgets
No memories arise from the grave,
No anger glides through the night of Soules With humble tears she flatter'd
The Divinitie shes hated and fear'd Her lamb-like nature
Left him not untouch'd
By Magick she was bound
To the Beast within him These Soules twain
Enforced one's end Payne anew from woe of olde
A Tragedie of endless dayes Insatiable, the thirst
Inconceivable, the lust Wild & mad he hunts
In anguish black at heart The winter's colde
Soone fulfill'd
- And his yearning
Towards a winter's night Wandering alone,
The Wolf

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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