Little Blue Bird

Ulver

little bird in blue worlds
spinning things with wings
beating the sacred heart
running cold and scaredwanting warmer weather
to leave all winter behind
the cutting edge of the sword
in blood of the burning heartnailed into unholy ground
and the skies going under
over paradise is offering
something to prevent nothinglittle bird in white worlds
singing nothing to hear
without heed of the heart
cut by the swords of heaven

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