

## Angelus Novus

Ulver

An army charges upon the land  
To the sound of retreat  
This is bigger than us  
A stronger wind is blowing  
Blowing from Paradise  
Into the world to come  
Progress is its name  
Death nods his head

First the dead  
Then the living  
Call their names  
Like a legion

Their steps are retreating  
Out of the earth and the sea  
Back to the beginning of time  
An endless beach  
Where a table has been set for one  
With salt and water  
Lay down the kid  
And turn around and leave

First the dead  
Then the living  
Call their names  
Like a legion