

## Christmas

Ulver

A god is born and others die. What is  
Has neither come nor gone, but error moves.  
Today we have exchanged eternities  
And what is past no novelty improves.

Blind knowledge is working at useless ground  
And crazy faith is living the dream of its liturgy  
A new god is a word - or the mere sound  
Don't seek and don't trust, for all is mystery.