

February MMX

Ulver

The old man sings
In the face of fear

The circular mantra
Why are we here

The audience is blind
To what takes place

In the pillory
Life is a stage

The vertical lights of death
In codes of red and blue

Birds in black and white
And the drums of wwii

Tattooed in numbers
Genocide is suicide

We are our own enemy
And the last judgement

Our children are hurting
In the final performance

The newborn is still
The rest is silence