

## 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