

Mother of Mercy

Ulver

Oh Mother
Mother of Mercy
Cradle of All
Devotion and Desire
I Turn to You
From the Valley of Tears
Carry me as a Child
As a Son of Man
Bathed in Light
And Precious Blood
Filling the Cup
Of the Skull of Adam
Crying at the Foot
Of the Cross
Oh Mother
Pure and Simple
Virgin and Whore
The Women of Jérusalem
Along the way of Sorrows
Speaking of Ghosts
In the Holy City