

Rolling Stone

Ulver

I have seen the world you believe in
Black ships with rats, dead Caesars and sons
Hear the children sing, they cry murder
What is done is done and there is more to come

Poor little sister
I hope you understand
The babe in the woods
Will be taken by a wolf

The second coming means nothing to me
I have tasted death, every body and thing
I long for my own, for the curtain to fall
To wipe the blood off the face of the earth

Poor little sister
I hope you understand
The babe in the woods
Will be taken by a wolf