

# Wyrđ, Vargtimmen

Enter my inmost night  
As Pestilence I'll arrive  
A plague upon your Christian beliefs  
Malignant disease with no redeem  
A wolf, feasting on the sheep's  
Black as pitch, cold as ice  
Traveller of darker paths

Vargtimmen -  
Even darkness dims  
Welcome despair and pain  
Overwhelming grimness

This is my hour!

The moon lays hidden  
Behind the northern gale  
I am the unseen eyes of thunder  
The cold, freezing touch of winter's veil  
An icy breath of melancholy  
Upon your heart, upon your soul.