



To My Wife

(To my wonderful Isabel)

Beauty of the northern quarter,
Shine white in the night,
Move by your might,
Claim what's your right!
And awake me, o Lucifer's daughter.

Beauty of the northern quarter,
At rest by your breast,
I know what is best,
In love's secret quest!
So kiss me, o Lucifer's daughter.

Beauty of the northern quarter,
We've teased and unleashed,
Our Priestess and Priest,
In our passionate feast!
Excite me, o Lucifer's daughter.

Beauty of the northern quarter,
We swell or dwell,
Bargain or sell,
In a heaven or hell!
Reign with me, o Lucifer's daughter.

Beauty of the northern quarter,
We transcend and end,
Sins that offend,
What man's will has bend!
In Paradise, o Lucifer's daughter.

Beauty of the northern quarter,
You inspire my desire,
Strike tunes on my lyre,
Awake my secret fire!
I love you, o Lucifer's daughter.

- Bjarne S. Pedersen, march 11th, 2005 e.v.