

Perihelion

Night In Gales

through thousand razorage i carried the mark
of yet another thousand tragedies we are the chaos death warriors
spat from damnation's fever thorn dreams
the glorious plague is ours !
...fed by the war slut's travesty the mark that, in rapture and pain,
once bejewelled the sky slave's robe
a light shroud woven of embers and scars
ever to burn, fever to bring... perihelion...
slaughtered 'neath the horizon's whore
we.. we kill the stench of heaven.. we kill...!!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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