

Perihelion

Night In Gales

through thousand razorges i carried the mark
of yet another thousand tragedieswe are the chaosdeath warriors
spat from damnation's feverthorndreams
the glorious plague is ours !
...fed by the warsslut's travestythe mark that, in rapture and pain,
once bejewelled the skyslave's robe
a lightshroud 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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