

# The Shadowchamber

## Night In Gales

crowned by an elder shade i am  
yet of burdensome origin  
a wrathvision, a scar...i and pain  
as one we bled from light  
with blackened marble eyes  
we cascade onto the impaler's feet  
...harlots of splendour and tragedyonward, harbinger of silverrain...!  
eat my darkness and burgeon !i command the sphere of featherflames  
and battle those of crystal kind  
for yet another marbleaeon  
the shadowchamber's mine !!

Lyrics provided by  
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