

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 tragedy onward, harbinger of silver rain...!
eat my darkness and burgeon !i command the sphere of featherflames
and battle those of crystal kind
for yet another marble aeon
the shadowchamber's mine !!

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