

Wormsong

Night In Gales

i've returned to wormland
spinning cadavercircles around the night
astroautopsies breathing orb and earth
eating the word of a starthief's birthi've returned to that deadend
with a fistful of throats from the downside
astroautopsies breathing orb and earth
eating the word of a starthief's birthand we go for the poisonshow
let scythemilk and quicksilver flow
scissorsword and twinkleblade down the tongue
i've cut my throat for the wormsongthe grindcrew's back again
warpin' the where and when

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