

Perihelion

Night In Gales

Through thousand razorages i carried the mark
Of yet another thousand tragedies

We are the chaosdeath warriors
Spat from damnation's feverthorndreams
The glorious plague is ours !
...fed by the war Slut's travesty

The 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....!!