

king of worms
caller of the crystalstorms
shadowfaced armourer
father of mine
forging trumpets to lances
yet spears to horns...

stormchild !
eat my fevermind !!

speeding through a bloodwrathsky
with the stormchild aside
conquering obsidian nights
with the stormchild aside

liquid galaxies
and shattered suns i breathe
with marblethroat and firelungs
as a chronicler of the equinox

yet, when the armourer sapke to me
"it is my steelclwas that you breathe!"
a million painbrideblades rose
to be the stormchild's meadowsweet
so the furyhorde quenches its thirst with chaosthorns
with whirlwindwords from tempesttongues born

stormchild !
eat my fevermind !