

## 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 birth

i'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 birth

and we go for the poisonshow  
let scythemilk and quicksilver flow  
scissorsword and twinkleblade down the tongue  
i've cut my throat for the wormsong

the grindcrew's back again  
warpin' the where and when

and we go for the poisonshow  
let scythemilk and quicksilver flow  
scissorsword and twinkleblade down the tongue  
i've cut my throat for the wormsong