

Night In Gales "Feverfeast"

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of starthieves and blackfleshed bastards i tell
about the day when warfed lilies fell
to dare the dance on the nightblades
to conquer and kill the skyslaves

arbiter of feverfeasts, of whips and crystal calices !
command my paintale apogee !
falling...in magmarain...

feverfeast...a thunderous vulvadance
feverfeast...with diamond fangs and soulflight chants

chaosbreed's fire forged our tongues
no lightborn spear could harm our speech
a stampede of feathered whirlwindwords...
onwards to the sulphurfields
as stormsong and fleshy colonnades
bid you welcome to a bastardtongue's tale...
to slaughter and orgies, oversoul !
we are the clan of warlust and woe...!!

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