Night In Gales "Perihelion"

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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 warslut'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...!!

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