

# Night In Gales, Perihelion

through thousand razorage 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 warlut'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...!!