

# Wolves in the Throne Room, (A Shimmering Rad

The strength that resides in contemplation  
Bathes me in silver starlight  
I will lead this beast on a chain of flowers  
Fear not the jaws that devour soul  
Between two pillars I have sat  
Great oxen in the periphery  
I ride in full course swift  
Through the dark night and the rain pours down  
You are a daughter of heaven  
12 stars circle your brow  
But you do not see them and the rain pours down  
Our time in this garden is past