

king of worms  
caller of the crystalstorms  
shadowfaced armourer  
father of mine  
forging trumpets to lances  
yet spears to horns...

stormchild !  
eat my fevermind !!

speeding through a bloodwrathsky  
with the stormchild aside  
conquering obsidian nights  
with the stormchild aside

liquid galaxies  
and shattered suns i breathe  
with marblethroat and firelungs  
as a chronicler of the equinox

yet, when the armourer sapke to me  
"it is my steelclwas that you breathe!"  
a million painbrideblades rose  
to be the stormchild's meadowsweet  
so the furyhorde quenches its thirst with chaosthorns  
with whirlwindwords from tempesttongues born

stormchild !  
eat my fevermind !