

(A Shimmering Radiance) Diadem Of 12 Stars

Wolves in the Throne Room

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