

Poem describing Corvine Corset found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

In realms where magic weaves its strand,
A corset binds both tight and grand.
If change you seek without attuning,
It clasps you fast, slim chance removing.
At midnight's toll, a test unfolds,
A trial of wisdom, fate beholds.
If failed, you'll shift and take the wing,
While raven's antics you'll now bring.

Attunement, you must now take heed,
An altar made from Midnight's wing.
The Raven Queen's most precious feather,
Will bind your fate with magic's tether.

To gain the most from corset's grace,
You'll sign the contract, find your place.
A quill from Raven's feather made,
Ensures your magic's never swayed.
In Shadowfell, a fortress deep,
Her memory you must not weep.
There lies the contract's secret power,
Atop the highest, darkest tower.