

Thought Industry "The Chalice Vermillion"

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Leanna Nechlon pouts blood and tears. I taste her
Neck. I can now make her eyes roll to white. Her pulse
Rate quickens. Throbs upon my probing tongue. Stars
Fall above us, burning for us. Leanna became the
whore

That save me from life. I've lost faith.

Decrepit falls my Boston church, cloaking us from
Within. I tip the cup, life's chalice vermillion. The lost
Drug of God has won. Nine angels, obscene devices
for

The cruel torment of the will. Consume thy paper, it will
Have to guide us to Earth's Heaven above.

Flashing light will envelope my body. Give me the
Strength I have lost but will need. Transcendental my
Noema develops. Pumping nectar from the darkest
sun.

Leanna Nechlon bleeds scriptures and lies. I drink
Her thought, poison from it. I will make her...

As one I write, messenger of God. The inkwell
Empties. Words are colored life's red.

Leanna stares, quenched by her fear. Sliding her
Hand across my face. Going down upon my lips.
Feeling the blood pour so warm. Tasting like hope,
love,
And rust. Onto the quill it flows so quick. Finish the
Verse, begin another phrase of lore. Leanna laughs as
Her wrist fills my cup, and there I was when Leanna
Died. Write some more.

As one I write, messenger of God. The inkwell
Empties. Words are colored life's red.

God exists, God is good, God is omnipotent. You
Can only have two of three. To choose them all you
Contradict. Mackie knew the rules so well he made
Anselm disintegrate, as Pascal sat to toss his coins on
The farthest part of the Universe.

Dead not gone.

Paper is my torment. The quill is my scalpel. I am
My own thesis. The pain grows with the years.

The rain falls down my face and on silent Leanna.
I've lost. The Universe calls me. Oh, Mother take rne
Home.

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