

From The Shallows

"The Chalice Of Mankind"

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No science proves the chalice of mankind

So drink up drink up

The bitter lust of man gargle and spit your black vomit

Spit your black vomit

Consume the whisper that sounds of cracking whips

Do you distort your eyes
The sin stains your flesh

Rise

To a new day of wreckoning
A new day of religious complacency

Consume the whispers that sounds of cracking whips

I feel the emptiness of thought swallow me whole
And I let it drag us down but now I see a light

Through the ashes of mankind
As bitter as the snakes
So holy you hold yourself above the gates
Without a glimpse of your soul
Your left to waste away

No science proves the chalice of mankind

So drink up drink up

The bitter lust of man gargle and spit your black vomit

Black vomit
Black vomit

Your left to waste away
Your left to waste away

