

# Chalice, Neuron

I fear the path we walk is my decline  
That greater deeds, through fate, I shan't perform  
So long was spent defining how to shine  
'Twas never learnt that rays are best when warm

To ashes unfulfilled we stagger hence  
My neuron, my nemesis, you lead me  
Through every nightshade vision one can sense  
Inherent in my art is to feed thee

Perhaps the path traversed shall never grow  
Yet such conjecture is naught but sorrow  
The greatest seed may yet be left to sow  
Midnight brings us closer to the morrow

To ashes unfulfilled we stagger hence  
My neuron, my nemesis, you lead me  
Through every nightshade vision one can sense  
Inherent in my art is to feed thee

This phoenix I must fly into the sun  
For only from my spirit do I run