

# Chalice, Portrait

Do I only have conviction  
When my opinion lives in isolation?  
Is this portion of reality  
A frail and tangential foundation?

Who mapped the course  
To this quizzical, grotesque junction?

I can't romanticise these demons anymore  
I can't serenade another empty balcony  
I can't endure one more eve on this fetid ship  
With the insincere bounty of a mutinous soul

The machine grinds ever on  
With a radiance perceived by wretched eyes  
That lead me home again when I'm blinded  
By the truth within my lies

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