

## Elevator Music/The Nothing

### Eighteen Visions

Swallow me as I become a living blaspheme.  
Force fed by your tyrant.  
Choke on the lies of the ancients.  
So you are the demon to design my fate.  
Disguise yourself as an angel of god in his revolution.  
Spread your disease.  
Vesseled body.  
You've consecrated yourself a missionary.  
Now pray for me to burn in the inferno of hell.  
Force fed by your tyrant.  
Choke on the lies of the ancients.  
So you are the demon to design my fate.  
Don't pray for me bitch.  
Don't pray for me Elise.  
The spoken word is that of the one who thinks  
And how you think that you know me.  
Swallow me as I become a living blaspheme.  
Call his name in silent screams.  
Dethroned by a blackened sky.  
And even heaven has a black day.  
Show me the way to light  
And truth as your almighty fucks you into unconsciousness.  
Five more angels fall from heaven.  
Swallow.