

## Tunnels to God

Full of Hell

A bloated conscience, distended and swollen  
Fires signals like flares to merging nerve endings  
A moldering subconscious, like a lantern through fog  
Shrieks through the current, overwhelmed with ruin  
Trepanation for future joys

A world without fear  
Tunnels to God  
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Tunnels to God

A wet bleeding hole  
Within the time wound  
Irreconcilable existence  
This wet noise of unending need  
Chaining my soul to the in between  
Worse than hell  
Undefinable suffering: punishment built for the spiritually blind  
Crushing weight of nothing  
Now a gift to all his children, the absence of non-existence  
Worse than hell