Chelsea Wolfe, Tunnel Lights

I’m sanctified in my lover’s eyes
I’m sanctified in my lover’s eyes

no way around it
no way to fight
a pull too strong
don’t try to forfeit
the way is through
on tunnel lights

can we receive this light
can we receive light
and we were weighing
and we were weighing

no way around it
no way to fight
a pull too strong
don’t try to forfeit
the way is through
on tunnel lights

if you deny death, you deny life
let it suffer, let it shine
what must be severed, left behind?
what is there yet to find?

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