

Need "The White Tunnel"

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alone I walk through the gardens of truth
a twisted path where black water rules
I follow the light but still in the abyss I crawl
reaching out for hands to help me with my fall

soothing light suicide x2

licking traces of borrowed light
slowly sinking in the abyssal walls
a luminous flux is marching forth
leaving me crumbs to help the crawl
drifting minds of the darkest kind
soul-o-tron narcotics set for fledgling minds
hell whispers softly and she makes me yearn
while heaven beats me bluntly to purify my shell

and on I march

falling, struggling, walking, yearning

the white light blinds me all I wished for are a load of
lies

believe, believe, believe you can be saved

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