

Tunnel of Trees

Deafheaven

Barren, first, the golden nest.
The budding breast.
Bloated with mystical, imaginary potential that pause in glory with thoughts of ghost, fled.
The ebbing, unknown wound.
The disfigured prison of resonant debauchery;
seeping through cracks, corroded with mold. Blissfully ignorant insanity.
Misled prayers for sunshine in the hopeless, godless cathedral of rapid time.
Like a tsunami of death, a roaring river of blood, drowning the life out of all that was good.

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