

# Submission

## Fields of the Nephilim

It moves between us for one moments  
Like opium and your heart We've remedies from the ancient gods  
To heal the morals of our shadow devil Devil come to me, open up the door  
Lead me Ciahra to the center of it all She opened and cried with arms outstretched  
Lay down next to me and take what's left She cried holding me  
Someone's inside  
Too cruel to suffer  
For what she wants Condensation on the windows  
Peering back at myself Through the webs we have weaved  
'Til this radiant morning somewhere else Oh where have I been  
Where have I been Her lips were hard  
My heaven is cold  
Let's lose her  
Whose inside me  
Let's use her  
For what she wants Take her loosen up  
Loose enough

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