

For Her Light

Fields of the Nephilim

How lonely you are waiting at the sunday park
I'll elude you, I will lose you
Existing were no soul apart You stand on a platform
Your effigy dissolves in my hands When I feel like someone to lie on
And I feel like someone to rely on You can't wake up Illusions born of the air
Something seems so precious there I'll elude you, I will lose you
As rehearsal of my despair When I feel like someone to lie on
And I feel like someone to die on You can't wake up Oh here me
I'm what you have left
Here I am
In this necrologue of love

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