

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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