

# 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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