

Sumerland (What Dreams May Come)

Fields of the Nephilim

your tempting me to all of life
and all its pleasure
take me to the dream
to the highs and the depths of my soul
here we free thoughts inside
giving up for giving time
but a world without end
where no soul can descend
there will be no sumertime
how lost lifes been
afraid of waking up
so afraid to take the dream
shapes of angels the night casts
lie dead but dreaming
in my past
and they're here
they want to meet you
they want to play with you
so take the dream
can't break free and I hear them call
they want to plague you
they're here once more
they want to lay with you
they want to take you
to the shame of your past
take the dream
take me lead me far away
take me there I'll fade away
but I can't hide and I cannot die
I take the dream
we're but fools of our fate
on this earth I shall wait
by the roots of my soul
I am loosing control
take the dream
the sleepers in you
shapes of angels so deep within you
feel your soul drowning
unloosen your soul
drowning in waters of reality
tell me what is reality
tell me tell me thought of god
do dreams fall from god
tell me what dreams may come
break free thoughts all gone
we've all come down
take me there you're my ticket out a here
all come down
take me out a here
take me there