

For Her Light

Fields of the Nephilim

How lonely you are waiting
at the sunday park
I'll elude you
I will loose 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 loose 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