

Fields

"For Her Light"

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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

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