

Fields Of The Nephilim "Laura"

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Tempted by white eyes
Blinded by the night
Hollow like the towers
On the inside
Laura's a machine, she's burning insane
Laura's a machine
For a menace in disguise behold this night
Four walls are furnished now she's alive

No one ever helped poor Laura
No one ever helped poor Laura
She's rabid in ecstasy
She's rabid in ecstasy
She's rabid in ecstasy
She's rabid in ecstasy
She's on the line to cut it all
She's on the line to drop and fall
She's on the line to cut or fall
She's on the line
Line to fall

People laughing, an awful sight
Please leave Laura
'Tis her night
Laura can you see
Laura can you say
Laura can you see
From the light of the Catherine wheel
She spins from above
Haunted by these times
My European love

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Line to fall

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