

Fields Of The Nephilim "Submission"

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It moves between us for one moments
Like opium and your heart

We've remedies from the ancient gods
To heal the morals of our shadow devil

Devil come to me, open up the door
Lead me Ciahra to the center of it all

She opened and cried with arms outstretched
Lay down next to me and take what's left

She cried holding me
Someone's inside
Too cruel to suffer
For what she wants

Condensation on the windows
Peering back at myself

Through the webs we have weaved
'Til this radiant morning somewhere else

Oh where have I been
Where have I been

Her lips were hard
My heaven is cold
Let's lose her
Whose inside me
Let's use her
For what she wants

Take her loosen up
Loose enough

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