

# Fields Of The Nephilim, For Her Light

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