

# Fields Of The Nephilim, Darkcell

Moon is rising  
A million years to me  
Soon be quieter  
A passing tear from me  
Sing the same  
Lie here with me  
Dreams a dream  
They all drop dead asleep

Shining higher  
A foolish tune  
A cry from the top of the spire  
Wear a prayer, drops and crumbles  
Crumbles  
Crumbles  
Yes crumbles

Darkcell is among you  
Darkcell is in my room  
Darkcell with the mortal freak  
Darkcell let me speak  
Darkcell tomorrow bloom  
Darkcell is in my room  
Darkcell with the mortal freak  
Darkcell let me speak to you...

Let me out  
Let me  
Let me out...