

# Fields Of The Nephilim, Dust

Blood, want to wash away  
Got to heat this love  
As she breaks  
Dust  
We fade the scene  
Gotta reason in peace Now explain  
Feelings go on and on  
The killing is all in my name  
The rhythm of life is all too strong  
To get back  
Come down  
Riding on a train  
In this swirling pool  
of blood and brains  
Well that's fate  
My mind is made