

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