

Fields Of The Nephilim, Elizium

"for her light" how lonely you are waiting at the sunday
park i'll elude you i will loose y
ou 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 "at the gates of silent memory"
-yes today life t
hat i knew so sick of all the people a
blind moon over to the window where the night has become
elizium for the sleepless souls and our days to come you
stand with dalila may be i'll just pass-away or
may be i'll stay but i feel alive with you and i fe
el some
kind of heaven when i feel deep inside her i feel some kind
of heaven hear me give me some kind of heaven come in
from the cold i'll owe you my heart be my shelter and
refuge for the night love of my life pour your light on the
faith i can fe
el make it real in her sleep "submission" it
moves between us for one moment like opium and your
heart we've remedies from the ancient gods to heal the
morals of our shadow devil come to me open up the door
lead me ciahra to the centre of it all she op
ened and cried
with arms outstretched lay down next to me come take
what's left she cried holding me someone's inside to cruel
to suffer for what she wants condensation on the windows
peering back at myself through the webs we have weaved
till this ra
diant morning somewhere else oh where have i
been where have i been her lips were hard my heaven is
cold let's loose her loosen up loose enough. "the souls of
those who quit the body violently are most pure.""such end
true lovers hath."
"sumerland"(w
hat dreams may come) your tempting me to
all of life and all its pleasure take me to the dream to
the highs and the depths of my soul here we free thoughts
inside giving up for giving time but a world without end
where no soul can descend there will be
no sumertime how
lost lives been afraid of working up so afraid to take the
dream shapes of angels the night casts lie dead but
dreaming in my past and their here they want to meet you
they want to play with you so take the dream can't break
free and
i hear them call they want top lange you their
here once more the want to lay with you they want to
take you to the shame of your past take the dream take me
lead me far away take me there i'll fade away but i can't
hide and i cannot die i take the d
ream we're but fools of
our fate on this earth i shall wait by the roots of my soul i
am loosing control take the dream the sleepers in you
shapes of angels so deep with in you feel your soul
drowning unloosen your soul drowning in waters of reality
t
ell me what is reality tell me tell me thought of god. do

dreams fall from god tell me what dreams may come
break free thoughts all gone we've all come down take me
there your my ticket out a here all come down take me out
a here take me there."wail
of sumer" you can see the earth
we're high here we're climbing over sumertown you can kiss
teh air we're gliding follow me for sumer land no sound
life no essence we lay enstranged in our curious ways
memorys lay beside us but i'm seeing through an age
who i
am through sumerland lead me taken from god forgivers
sent in to the dark to play from life here i lead them taken
away from where they layed getting old together to breath
myself free i'll stay we're high here forever no tomorrow
no today thro
ugh sumerland lead me."and there will your
heart be also" we must suffer to free our pain can you
help us to find our way your here to stay stay here in
paradise i'd end this moment to be with you through
morphic oceans i'd lay here with you only to st
ay stay here
in paradise only to stay son lonely from this maelstrom
free are you from this maelstrom to be with you
"we are the lost ones, in the company of bright angels"
"stay not on the pincipies with the dross of matter, for there is a place
for thy image in a realm ever splended."(the chaldean oracles of zoroaster)