

Fields Of The Nephilim, Laura

Tempted white eyes
Blinded by the night
Hollow like the towers
On the inside
Laura's a machine
She's burning insane
Laura's a machine

For a menace in disguise
Behold this night
The four walls are furnished
Now she's alive

No one ever helped poor Laura
No one ever helped poor Laura
She's rabid in ecstasy
She's rabid in ecstasy

She's on the line to cut it all
She's on the line to drop and fall
She's on the line
Line to fall

People laughing an awful sight
Please leave Laura
'Tis her night
From the light of the catherine wheel
She spins from above
Haunted by these times
My European love

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No one ever helped poor Laura
She's rabid in ecstasy
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She's on the line to drop and fall
She's on the line to cut it all
Line to fall