Fields Of The Nephilim, Submission

it moves between us
for one moment
like opium and your heart
we've remedys 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 opened and cried
with arms outstretched
lay down next to me
come take what's left
she cried holding me
someone's inside too cruel to suffer
for what she wants
condensation on the windows
peering back at myself
through the webs we have weaved
till this radiant morning somewhere else
oh where have I been
where have I been
her lips were hard
my heaven is cold let's loose her
whose inside me
let's use her
for what she wants
take her loosen up
loose enough