

# Fields Of The Nephilim, 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 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