

Fields Of The Nephilim, Vet For The Insane

Disheartening dreams
For tonight
Relax
Just try to sleep
Relax, relax...
You've got to hold to your past
So bad, so bad...
I'm gonna pull you all to pieces
So sad, so sad...
Flowers in your kitchen
They weep for you
I'm gonna shred them all to pieces
Like I did to you
Relax, relax...
Relax, relax...
I want to go home
In this asylum I cry for you
I want to go home
Look what you've put me through
Put me through
The wolves gather round
To a droning sound
Like the hunter that's beat
What am I here for?
Relax, relax...
Relax, relax...
I want to go home
What am I here for?
I want to go home
Help me
I want to go home