

Fields Of The Nephilim, Power

Power...
power feeds you long,
loving hours
I can give everlasting power
Flower...
the world opens
you need simple flower
A feeling, a feeling all so sour

Drain me, now drain me
from power
Drain me, now drain me
from power.

Oh, the wide open stench of all - so sour.
I can't give, but I receive for hours
oh...

Drain me, now drain me
from power
Drain me, now drain me
from power.

Drain it - static from the attic,
attic walls...
Oh...

Drain me, now drain me
from power
Drain me, now drain me
from power.

Drain it - static from the attic,
attic walls...

A power, so somatic
See the heart is burning -
I call it static
(attic walls...)
I need static
so charismatic
You're so tragic -
my love's so manic
(attic walls...)
I have the power
use it, frantic
your body's turned -
I'm systematic
(attic walls...)
See my touch,
Those who cower
drain me of
my breathing hours
(attic walls...)