

Moonspell, Age of Mothers

Ours the rotten heart
Passing our mask of death
On to our sons
We have become so deeply sad
Consigned to pain
Serpent among sisters
In the wake of the invaded
I summon your rains
To extinguish the fire
Burning inside men
In this Age of mothers
In all that sleeps
Grief among brothers
Bled upon the streams
Fingernails closing
Upon the world of ancient
Bearing a new one
Pain when the time is of birth
Courage when its time to inspire us
Our land is a woman
Whose perfect figure
We are not worth to touch
In this Age of mothers
In all that sleeps