

# Moonspell, Than The Serpents In My Hands

(spoken)

"Dorme, dorme meu menino!

Dorme - no mar dos sargaos;

Que mais vale o mar a pino

Que as Serpentes nos meus braos!"

Mrio Cesriny

And when all Life as you know it - Fails

All ghostlike lips taste just the - same

What better comfort can you find

Than the Serpents in my Arms

Sleep, sleep - now, my Child

In the Sea of crystal Trouble

For better is the violent Sight

than all that you leave behind

In your Eyes - a Dark so subtle

It tells you walk, but never fly

To leave us all behind

And when all Life as you know it - Fails

All ghostlike Lips taste just the - same

What better comfort can you find

Than the Serpents in my Arms

Down, down - terrible Child

To look at It, it is a Sin

For better is to hold that Smile

That's all you leave behind

In your Eyes - a Mark so subtle

It tells you walk, but never fly

Never fly - to leave us all

To leave us all behind

And when all Life as you know it - fails

All ghostlike Lips taste just the.....same

What better comfort can you find

Than the Serpents in my Arms

What better comfort can you find  
than

The Serpents

In my Arms