

Black Sabbath, The Hand That Rocks The Cradle

Young Life, Too Young, Who's Eyes Are Choking,
Can't Rest, Can't Sleep, For Dreams That Set You Falling.
Don't Feel The Hunger, Can't Drink No Holy Water,
No Light In These Eyes, No Place For Dreams At All Tonight.

When The Hand That Rocks The Cradle, Is The Hand That Holds The Knife,
And The Knife That Cuts The Cable, Kills The Spark That Feeds The Life.

No Grave Could Be Deep Enough, Down To Hell If We Were Able,
The Veil Of Life Was Pushed Aside, By The Hand That Rocks The Cradle.

The Oath You Take Is Sacred, To Save Not Steel A Life,
Like The Passing Of The Sweetest Soul, That Looked Through Human Eyes

Young Life, Too Young, Who's Eyes Are Choking,
Can't Rest, Can't Sleep, For Dreams That Set You Falling.
Don't Feel The Hunger, Can't Drink No Holy Water,
No Light In These Eyes, No Place For Dreams At All Tonight.

It's The Hand That Rocks The Cradle.
It's The Hand That Steals The Life.