

# Hella, Hand That Rocks The Cradle

Don't you know?  
The hand that rocks the cradle  
Is setting all the tables  
In the other world

Youth find time on their own  
Despite the answer the world is at ransom  
I know I should be feeling alone  
But the weight on my shoulders  
Makes me feel right at home

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Men make plans for the sky  
The sky's on the pavement the universe is running dry  
In your eye take no mind  
For the ones that are coming  
Are of another kind

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