

# Martin Hall, Cradlemoon

The fire and the water keep mixing in my blood  
The sons and the daughters seemed to give it all up  
They get too tired of the waiting, too tired to believe  
In the promises that nobody keeps  
I've seen a generation coming, I've seen a generation go  
And the more I see, the less I know

I want to go to sleep  
I want to drown in the deep of the cradlemoon  
I want to touch the sky  
I want to lie down and die in the cradlemoon of the night

So I followed the shadows by the trail of the waste  
And it lead me into the heart, to the heart of these days  
Never wanted to remember, never wanted to believe  
But you don't ask why when the thunderheart beats  
All I wanted was a reason, what I got was so much more  
Couldn't turn my back on the things that I saw

I want to go to sleep  
I want to drown in the deep of the cradlemoon  
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In a world full of stories, there's a time in the night  
When the sky seems to break by the blink of the eye