

# 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