Than The Serpents In My Hands

Moonspell

Dorme, dorme meu menino
dorme no mar dos sargaos
que mais vale o mar a pino
que as serpentes nos meus braos
-Mrio CesrinyAnd 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 armsSleep, sleep now my child
In the sea of crystal Trouble
For better is the violent sigh
Than all that you leave behindIn your eyes a dark so subtle
Tells you walk, but never fly
To leave us all behindAnd 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 armsDown, down terrible child
To look at it is a sin
For better is to hold that smile
Than all that you leave behindIn your eyes a mark so subtle
Tells you walk, but never fly
To leave us all behindAnd 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

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