

# Suffer Not the Children

## Venom

Gather 'round, oh young ones, listen to the night  
Black as death and loud as hell, only men take fright  
Sit around my flame, bright, warm your bones and hear  
Virgins die and demons cry, throw away your fears  
Suffer not the children  
Sleep tight, our fathers, guard our  
mothers well  
Vampires and werewolves, erupt your dreams, our spell  
The evening sabbath song, a longing to be free  
Lost children wander, waiting, barefoot in the sea  
Suffer not the children  
Suffer not the children  
Or be deemed a damned disgrace  
Blessed be the wench  
To which delivers in his grace  
Gather around my young ones  
We can go away  
I'll guide you in the night  
Follow me  
Suffer not the children  
Tonight we'll find a path, the hell born sinner's trail  
Beware, none shall stop us, innocence guards our way  
The amulets of kings, our voodoo games  
We know but never tell of our infernal names  
Suffer not the children

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