

Black Sabbath

"The Hand That Rocks The Cradle"

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Young life, too young, who's eyes are choking,
Can't rest, can't sleep, for dreams that set you
Falling.
Don't feel the hunger, can't drink no holy water,
No light in these eyes, no place for dreams at all
Tonight.

When the hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand
That holds the knife,
And the knife that cuts the cable, kills the spark that
Feeds the life.

CHORUS:

No grave could be deep enough, down to hell if we
Were able,
The veil of life was pushed aside, by the hand that
Rocks the cradle.

The oath you take is sacred, to save not steel a life,
Like the passing of the sweetest soul, that looked

Through human eyes.

CHORUS:

No grave could be deep enough, down to hell if we
Were able,
The veil of life was pushed aside, by the hand that
Rocks the cradle.

Young life, too young, who's eyes are choking,
Can't rest, can't sleep, for dreams that set you
Falling.
Don't feel the hunger, can't drink no holy water,
No light in these eyes, no place for dreams at all
Tonight.

CHORUS:

No grave could be deep enough, down to hell if we
Were able,
The veil of life was pushed aside, by the hand that
Rocks the cradle.

It's the hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that
Steels the life.

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