

Haggard "The Sleeping Child"

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Starlight twinkles mighty
As they celebrate this night
Distant clatter of the horses hooves
Heralds their demise

"Bring oaken barrels, rise your horns
Lay weapons all aside"
A golden shimmer throws its trail
Upon the tavern's light

Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura

At midnight's stroke
When two moons rise
And storm awakes
The sleeping child

When two moons unite
Silent tears will fall
Once upon time
Like a dream long ago

The sleeping child

Then a storyteller awakes the realm
Of dragons, wizards, knights
As mighty men and servants
Are sitting round the fire side by side

No one knows the evil
Out of the forest's deep
Mother death is soon to sing
Her melody so sweet

Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura

Under the cloak of darkness
And within the dim haze
As mighty and servants shed
Their lifeblood on their blades

When two moons unite
Silent tears will fall
Once upon a time
Like a dream long ago

At midnight's strike
When two moons rise
And storm awakes
The sleeping child

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