

Moonspell

"Age Of Mothers"

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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 it's 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

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