

## Moonspell

# "Than the Serpents in My Hands"

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Dorme, dorme meu menino  
dorme no mar dos sargaos  
que mais vale o mar a pino  
que as serpentes nos meus braos  
-Mrio Cesriny

And 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

Sleep, sleep now my child  
In the sea of crystal Trouble  
For better is the violent sigh  
Than all that you leave behind

In your eyes a dark so subtle  
Tells you walk, but never fly  
To leave us all behind

And 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

Down, down terrible child  
To look at it is a sin  
For better is to hold that smile  
Than all that you leave behind

In your eyes a mark so subtle  
Tells you walk, but never fly  
To leave us all behind

And 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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