

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

Black Sabbath

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 t
he life

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 C
radle

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

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Don't feel the hunger, can't drink no holy water,
No light in these eyes, no place for dreams at all, tonight

It's the Hand that Rocks the Cradle
It's the hand that steels the life