

Hijo De La Luna

Haggard

Son Of The Moon

Fool whom don't understand
Tells a legend
That a gypsy female
Summoned the moon until the break of dawn
Crying she was asking
At the break of dawn
Spouse a gypsy

But in exchange I want
The first of the children
You sire to him
'Cause whom inmoles her son
For not being alone
How was she supposed to love him?

Moon, you want to be a mother
And you can't seem to find wishes
To make you a woman
Tell me silver moon
What do you pretend to do,
With a child made of skin?
Son of the moon

Of cinnamon father born the child
White as the back of a ermine
With the eyes grey
Instead of olive
Albino child of the moon
Cursed your resemblance
This kid is of a non-gypsy
And I don't save it for myself

Gypsy for believing dishonored
Went to his woman with knife at hand
Whose this child?
You have cheated me well
And wounded her deadly
Then he made it to the mountain
With the kid in arms
And there he abandoned him

And when the nights of full moon
Will be 'cause the kid has the mood
And if the child cries
Moon will diminish itself
Just to build him a crib
And if the child cries
Moon will diminish itself
Just to build him a crib