

# 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  
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Moon will diminish itself  
Just to build him a crib