Far From the Cradle

They all want me falling, falling, falling Just because I'm rising, rising, rising Far from the womb They all want me crying, crying, crying Just because I'm laughing, laughing, laughing Far from the womb

Oh! Their lupine ways, Oh! I am their prey

Out of the cradle, into the lair Far from the cradle, you'll find me there

They all want me dying, dying, dying Just because I'm living, living, living Out of the womb

Oh! Their lupine ways, Oh! I'm still their prey

Out of the cradle, far from the womb Far from the cradle, close to the tomb

Far from the cradle, you'll find me there

Hanker