

Watching eyes trough clouded veils  
Ancestral souls shape the winds  
Present feeds upon the past  
Our sanguine ties that bind  
Writing on the page of fate  
I accept the will maternal  
Hear the gift in the cry of the child  
Or the bale from blackend wings  
Cursed lines and candles flame  
Killed with breath from a kiss  
Cradle a chosen life  
The vine of the mother  
Wrapped in woman's weave  
Armed in Gossamer  
Strangled with mothers hair  
Heirs blood never flows

[CHORUS]

Chains of blood  
Bind women's wrath  
Or kiss from above  
The lady past