

## In limbo

Poor child in the cradle, under a linen veil,  
Fighting evil, many days between red and blue  
A band of ravens, draws circles high in the sky  
The old man is on his way  
So many days between red and blue  
A wolf pack sneaking around the house  
The limbo of infants open  
The old man close to the edge is singing

Too young for a sinner  
But not freed from original sin  
You'll soon enter the first circle of Hell  
Come babe, the old man gets you out,  
He delivers the old medicine  
The limbo of infants open, he's dancing

The limbo gates open

At the edge of limbo, he's dancing  
Calling the ancients, the limbo gates open