

## The hanged Man

Moonspell

Put your arms around my neck  
just like a pathetic lace of death  
displays like a tarot deck  
I am the card of the hanged man  
and here I stand  
with a flame on my hand  
do you understand?  
If there is hope for me  
she is flirting with the breeze  
on a peculiar choreography  
with the dead arms of some old southern tree  
silently, lips sealed against me  
silently, wanna walk with me?  
And it makes you wanna know  
if in all the stories the truth is really told  
And it makes you wanna reborn  
and like a snake crawl every warm season  
Into a different form  
When you can still kill me,  
when you can still cure me. Cure me.  
Put your lace around my face  
just like a fairytale  
through the blank of my closed eyes  
you can foresee the rope within  
And it makes you wanna know  
how deep have you truly flown  
And it makes you wanna ride  
through the fake suicide of someone  
already dead inside  
Still you walk with me, silently  
and it makes you wanna disclaim  
something you had really never learnt  
and it makes you wanna stay  
forever tangled in the pale arms of some hanged man  
Here I stand. To understand.  
Violently. I have you with me.