

Marilyn Manson, Sam Son Of Man

Son of Man
Rise up Son of Man
New York cities' Son of Sam
With a gun in hand
He reaps the wimen of our land

Blood and family does his death depravity
Keep out of his way
Live to lie another day

He picked up a .44 calibur gun
To shoot her down, down

He was told to kill
Dogs and Demons gave him will
Fear and roaming nights
Some remember hating life

Nobody wants him
He just stares at the world
Planning his vengance
That he will soon unfurl

Now the time is here
For Son of Sam to spread fear
Father holy ghost, wicked son who kills the most

Nobody wants him
They just turn their heads
Nobody helps him
Now he has his revenge

Down, down, down...

Gunshots full of lead
Fills his victims full of dread
Running as fast as they can
Son of Sam killed again!

Down, down, down...
Down, down, down...