

Metal Church, Son Of The Son

Stabbing through the wind and rain all aboard the nowhere train, the calm before the storm surrounds
In between the here and now, somewhere in the lost and found, a king without a crown who shows
Close your hands and bow thy head, cleanse the wounds of the dead, face the fear and all within you
Tell a tale of mystery, drowning in an endless sea, hanging by a thread you cling to life
Break the chains there are no rules, be the leader not the fool, the powers that be demand you
To have the knowledge and the strength, to help the worthless and the weak, to be the power in all

You've got to heal your wounded mind secure your place in time you're of the one a son of the sun

Ride upon the angels wings, listen to the heavens sing, praise the master till your dying day
Pay the piper, pick your battles, fight before your life unravels reaching for the stars above you