

Saint Vitus, Children Of Doom

Children of doom
We are your father
And we are like
No other

Let me see your hands
Let me hear you scream
Because you are here
You know what it means

We are the children of doom
Give us some room

Like an ancient idol
We stand before you
But we are nothing
Nothing more than you

You are the ones
Who keep us alive
We can feel it from you
See it in your eyes

We are the secret
Soon to be known
The more we're together
The quicker we grow

We are the end
Of the endless maze
We are the light
In the daily haze

Children of doom