

Son Of Sam, Of Power

POWER CALLING

and the frail shall turn to dust as the...,

POWER rising

within the few who find the will,

It grows, I know

it shows

WHOA- Within the heart there's a fury and IT GROWS

within the eyes a deathlike calm,

And eye to eye we recognize our own

WHOA- With death of day within the few

this inversion shall bring anew,

That of nights that since have gone unknown

Beyond this coil, I am reaching

beyond your reach, I send myself

WHOA- Beneath the Earth beyond the sky IT GROWS

extend our will silent and still,

As one by one we deify our own

WHOA- Now heed the urge to slip inside

and let them scream of patricide,

Destiny we will invent alone

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