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

WHOAH- Within the heart there's a fury and IT GROWS within the eyes a deathlike calm, And eye to eye we recognize our own

WHOAH- With death of day within the few this inversion shall bring anew, That of nights that since have gone unknown

Beyod this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself

WHOAH- Beneath the Earth beyond the sky IT GROWS extend our will silent and still, As one by one we deify our own

WHOAH- Now heed the urge to slip inside and let them scream of patricide, Destiny we will invent alone

Beyod this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself, Beyod this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself

POWER CALLING and the frail shall turn to dust as the..., POWER rising within the few who find the will

Beyod this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself, Beyod this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself, Beyond this coil, beyond this coil, I am reaching beyond your reach, I send myself