

Son Of Sam, Songs From The Earth

As the thorns grow with care
start to twist they make new colored eyes,
As the flesh starts to split like the wrists that is slit
as I break, and they spit, and I break, as they spit

WHOA- This temptation
WHOA- that invites me to life,
WHOA- What's salvation?
WHOA- is it in this,
WHOA- Invitation
WHOA- to praise the fallen

As a world grown with care starts to sing
it's swarmed by cacophony,
One and all punished now for just one wouldn't bow
without grace all are left in disgrace chasing death

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WHOA- that invites me to life,
WHOA- What's salvation?
WHOA- is it in this,
WHOA- Invitation
WHOA- to praise the fallen

I don't believe, THE BELIEFS OF THE RIGHTEOUS
I don't believe, are so righteous at all,
I do believe, THAT THE MARK PLACED UPON US
is misconcieved,
Who shall fall?
who shall fall?

As the guilt raining down reaches flooded ground
the insects must concede,
To this wrong they belong, in this left they are strong
as the right start to bleed, on the right they shall feed

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