

# 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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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 misconceived,  
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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