

# Son Of Sam, Stray

So fall the tears of futility  
down the guise of theonomy,  
Don't cast your prayers on me  
disinfect them and save them for yourself

It's time, it's time  
it's time, for the last day

WHOAH- This is the final night  
WHOAH- before the black day,  
WHOAH- and as you stray you move closer to our world

This is the final night  
WHOAH- before the black day,  
WHOAH- As the dim stretches further from us

Chide a morbid propensity  
as I connect so naturally,  
The warmest sound I watch them flee  
into a Hell they've created for themselves

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As you stray you move closer to us  
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WHOAH, WHOAH, WHOAH, OHHH