Point of Power

"When Will You Die For The Last Time In My Dreams"

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show me how it's done you're a salesman's son go down to the end of your street and melt into the star spangled night catch a first class flight they'll take you to the edge of the world it's flatter than the maps that they draw when they own the law they'll trust you to the young like they wish they were cause they've been there, they know you they like your kind they'll teach you who you are and they'll sell it to yourself somewhere south of your neighborhood there's a chemical flavor not so far from the hotel the scenery is bringing you down somewhere south of your borderline get your father the orders like an ancient explorer they recognized your eyes and you still don't know why

when you see me wave don't wave back i might not feel the need to explain what i need it's a dangerous affair but if I had the chance i'd get you at the edge of the world it's stranger than the stories you choose for the evening news i never hear your name cause you write it all yourself at the edge of the world it's a job done well they'll shoot you for a look inside your shiny plastic shell somewhere south of your neighborhood there's a chemical flavor

not so far from the hotel
your radio is casting a spell
somewhere south of your borderline
get your father the orders
like an ancient explorer
they recognized your eyes
and you still don't know why

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