

Son Of Sam "Of Power"

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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

WHOA- Within the heart there's a fury and IT GROWS

Within the eyes a deathlike calm,

And eye to eye we recognize our own

WHOA- With death of day within the few

This inversion shall bring anew,

That of nights that since have gone unknown

Beyond this coil, I am reaching

Beyond your reach, I send myself

WHOA- Beneath the Earth beyond the sky IT GROWS

Extend our will silent and still,

As one by one we deify our own

WHOA- Now heed the urge to slip inside

And let them scream of patricide,

Destiny we will invent alone

Beyond this coil, I am reaching

Beyond your reach, I send myself,

Beyond this coil, I am reaching

Beyond your reach, I send myself

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POWER rising

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Beyond this coil, I am reaching

Beyond your reach, I send myself,

Beyond 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

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