

Son Of Sam "Stray"

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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

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

As you stray you move closer to us
As you stray you move closer to us

It's time, it's time
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WHOAH, WHOAH, WHOAH, OHHH

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