

Sam Son Of Man

Marilyn Manson

Son of man, rise up son of man
New York cities son of Sam
With a gun in hand
He reaps the women of our land
Blood and family does his death depravity
Keep out of his way
Live to lie another day
He picked up a 44 caliber gun
To shoot her down, down
He was told to kill
Dogs and demons gave him will
Fear and roaming nights
Some remember hating life
Nobody wants him
He just stares at the world
Planning his vengeance
That he will soon unfurl
Now the time is here
For son of Sam to spread fear
Father holy ghost
Wicked son who kills the most
Nobody wants him
They just turn their heads
Nobody helps him
Now he has his revenge
Down, down, down
Gunshots full of lead
Fills his victims full of dread
Running as fast as they can
Son of Sam killed again
Down, down, down
Down, down, down

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