

# 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...