

Neal Morse, The Prince Of The Power Of The Air

With one hand retreating like one that would drink to forget
I sunk to the depths of the deepest black forest of death
I was under the Fatherly care
Of the prince of the power of the air

The prince of the power of the air
Was calling me back out there
The prince of the power of the air
Was taking me anywhere

It's the way of the movement that flies in the face of the son
Live what you feel and watch out for what you might become
It can seem like you're doing just fine
But the creep's creepin' into your mind

The prince of the power of the air
Was calling me back out there
The prince of the power of the air
Was taking me anywhere

The prince of the power of the air
Can bring you down anywhere
The prince of the power of the air
Can break you down anywhere, anywhere, anywhere