

# The Prince Of The Power Of The Air

Neal Morse

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