Mass Hypnosis

Nasum

Like a ray of light
Like a shooting star
They can see you come
To set free the swarmFrom a different world
From an ancient land
Will you say the words?
Let them breathe your air?Death at your fingertips
With your venomous tongue
You lick them cleanThis is not what it said in the prophecy
You are not what they thought you were meant to be
Salvation at your fingertips, precision is a must
You are the one

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