

# Nasum, Mass Hypnosis

Like a ray of light  
Like a shooting star  
They can see you come  
To set free the swarm

From 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 clean

This 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