## 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 Your are not what they thought you were meant to be Salvation at your fingertips, precision is a must You are the one