

# Tandjent, Paralyzed

Too late for your tired desperate pleas  
There's a man in the dark at the end of the street and he's coming for your ass  
One glimpse can bring you to your knees  
When he smiles the sun won't shine  
Breathing in to freeze the time  
No, this time it's immolation  
The blade is sharp and it's already talking

No, the whispers twisting to the sky above  
Unravels falling down like fists  
Bits of bliss this soul resists the taking

Get down just like I told you before  
The entity of liquid glass will now unlock the final door  
The silver serpent's shining in the eye  
It's tongue sharpening and sings

No, the whispers twisting to the sky above  
Unravels falling down like fists  
Bits of bliss your soul can't resist the taking