

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