

Judge and sentence, the findings are fake.
Comission your thoughts, comission your thoughts, to
furnish the walls, it can't just happen - wait, can't
just happen - wait.
As they'll out-manoeuve your motionless scent.
Their pathways and footprints are made with intent.
So we stand frozen in contraband like ornaments, We break
from emotional hand.
They will march on.
They will march on.
They will march close at hand will be me.
Take the eyes from a Crow and they'll stab you from
distance,
But the thorn in my side is immune through resistance.

It can't just happen, It can't just happen.
They will march on.
They will march on.
Done everything twice for you,
Made the maps to see them through.
How's your chance but you cave in.
I will stand alone as one,
solitude is the outcome,
the hand grows cold but it's all mine.
They'll outmanoeuve your motionless scent,
Their pathways and footprints are made to change The way
and all diversions.
So I stand frozen now.