

# Immortal

Mélée

(Immortal)

Six billion strong, we can move as one  
Turn off the lights, turn off the sun  
We'll set it off like a loaded gun

Smash all the clocks, then we'll hold the hands  
Can't turn it back, well we'll stop them where it stands  
We're all a part of the foreign sands, whoa

Cause it's 11 past 11 on a Saturday night  
Big Ben stops as the small hand strikes  
11 past 11, whole world in a trance  
This is an armistice, lay down your weapons and dance  
We are immortal  
Immortal

We're taking back every second missed  
No shoulda, coulda and the more I wished  
It's all sweet like and endless kiss, whoa

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