Single File To Dehumanization

Whitechapel

We march
It seems as though years have passed
Since I have seen the light of day
I can hear the sounds of tortured souls
Begging for their life
I am forsaken, I cannot be forsaken
We march
Perfectly aligned to an unknown destination
Whispering among the drones becomes irrelevant
We're forsaken
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
In this wasteland I have nothing left
I'm a slave to myself
In this wasteland I have nothing left
I'm a slave to myself
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
I am forsaken, I cannot be forsaken
We march
It seems as though years have passed
Since I have seen the light of day
I can hear the sounds of tortured souls
Begging for their life

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