

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 lifeI am forsaken, I cannot be forsakenWe march
Perfectly aligned to an unknown destination
Whispering among the drones becomes irrelevant
We're forsakenUnexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save usUnexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save us
Unexplainable, someone save us from
Someone save usWe are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvationWe are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvation
We are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvationIn this wasteland I have nothing left
I'm a slave to myself
In this wasteland I have nothing left
I'm a slave to myselfWe are slaves to ourselves
We are slaves, there is no salvationI am forsaken, I cannot be forsakenWe 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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