

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

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

We are slaves to ourselves

We are slaves there is no salvation

I am forsaken
I cannot be forsaken

We march

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I can hear the sounds of tortured souls
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