We are the abandoned ones We were cast aside in the smouldering sun Voiceless, though we always sung 'Cause the whistling wind knows the thunder will come We born from a desolate Like a noise in the emptiness Though once ignored, we will be heard 'Til all of our voices ring as one And we echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til all of our voices, all of our voices Echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til of all of our voices ring as one Listen as our whispers awake With a brand new song from the Ancient of Days Never can we be restrained 'Cause a bird that sings knows it cannot be caged We were born in a pestilence Like a cry from the wilderness Though once ignored, we will be heard 'Til all of our voices ring as one And we echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til all of our voices, all of our voices Echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til of all of our voices ring as One song, one heart, one aim All of our voices, all of our voices One song, one heart, one aim 'Til all of our voices ring as one And we echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til all of our voices, all of our voices Echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til of all of our voices ring as one And we echo, oh oh And we echo, oh oh And we echo 'Til all of our voices, all of our voices Echo, oh oh

And we echo, oh oh

'Til all of our voices, all of our voices