

The Ones That Made Us

Whitechapel

I have returned
You have no choice but to accept the thought of my presence
Our worlds begin to merge
My life is not where it was once supposed to be
I've come to take it back, we can live within the past

A war won't save us
We can unite with the ones that made us
There isn't a reason to stay locked down in a wretched realm
When we can kill ourselves and return to the ones that made us

They're waiting for the boy that turned his home to ash
The boy who left his shield on the hill that he had sworn to die on
They're waiting for their boy to turn into a man
Walk away from a hopeless world and back into the valley's mouth
They're waiting
They're waiting

Deep inside you know that this is not what we were fighting for
They told me they need to feel you in their arms eternally
Take a look in the distance, imagine existence that doesn't consist of our uncertainty
Let the opium take us away to our home

Let the opium burn

What have you done to me
An overwhelming sense I can't control
The light is fading in the distance, I'm terrified of what's ahead
My body's weightless, I'm nauseated
It will pass in time
I can see through logical eyes, this is ritual suicide

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