

# Whitechapel

## "Possibilities of an Impossible Existence"

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Watch where you point your fucking finger.  
It's a matter of time before you're all alone.  
And you're waiting for someone to save you.  
Now listen to these words I speak.

I am not a god.  
I'm not telling you to change.  
All I want from you is to leave this place.  
(I just want this weight off your shoulders.  
Let your legs give in so it will crush you.  
Open your fucking ears and listen to these words I  
speak.)

I am not a god, I'm not telling you to change.  
All I want from you is to leave this place.  
Just leave this place.

This possibility of change has left us all alone.  
Now look your family in the eyes and say goodbye.  
The last bit of hope we had has been destroyed.  
Just close your eyes and never wake up again.

You'll never wake up again.

How dare you enter.  
Feel the pressure of our voices crushing your soul.  
We don't want you dead.  
We just want you to feel what it's like to be burned  
alive.  
I will point my finger now.  
And you will listen to these words I speak.

I am not a god, I'm not telling you to change.  
All I want from you is to leave this place.  
Just leave this place.

The possibility of change has left us all alone.  
Now look your family in the eyes and say goodbye.  
The last bit of hope we had has been destroyed.  
Just close your eyes and never wake up again.

You'll never wake up again.

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