

Worship The Digital Age

Whitechapel

You swear to defend and honor every word they speak
They don't even know your name
Come with me and I will show you secrets that they keep
See what your heros look like defaced

They dine at night on western desert sands
And drink the blood of children's severed heads
All for praise, the fortune and the fame
We sold our souls to worship the digital age

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I can't find it in me to resist and look away
This where civilization falls
We have been convinced we need this to be entertained
This disease has consumed us all

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Generations now and generations to come
Will submit to a lying scum
Don't waste your time, we're already numb
Programmed for the now and the future is none

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