

Cyclefly, Slaves

Let me feel your voice, your not alone.

'Cause we are slaves to choice, it brings us home.

Your not alone, your not alone.

Staged high, a high, a high, high.

Let me feel your voice, your not alone.

'Cause we are slaves to choice, it brings us home.

Your not alone, your not alone, your not alone, no, no, no.