

# The Uncollective

## Monuments

In the face of defeat  
There's no retreat!  
And what will become of the day, its do or die,  
Sick and tired of living lies  
There is no living in this seldom considerate, life. Trust, your neighbors  
Trust, instincts  
Trust that no1 knows all the answers  
Why live a life so displeasing  
a signed contract  
On the day of our birth.  
Enslaved till the day we die, no peace of pie, just a wasted sacrifice.  
this old system,  
could be a past time but its, obscuring freedom  
We're devoting our lives to being free  
join us to  
we'll make this the best it can be!  
This will be! We're living for nothing, there's a better system  
We're in a trap,  
Take a leaf outa my book its a better read than anything that you find in this god forsaken land.  
As we slave in no mans land, shifting time with broken hands  
Rise to your full, potential is essential for a positive move, if you want this we should make this move  
As we slave in no mans land, shifting time with broken hands  
We want this, we need this, if we want this we should make this move! There's hope  
Catapult yourself into the assault.  
If we all do we'll come out on top  
And They will be overthrown!  
No stalling! We cant keep falling down!  
As we follow the light,  
We're resistant to all the changes  
The strongest minds, replant society,  
Seed by seed, regrow this world, take the chance to set out, our goals  
Seed by seed. Stop this so called life. The frustration deprives, the foundation defies our lives.  
I think the call is too strong, no point saving our lives,  
The frustration deprives, the foundation defies our lives.  
Everything remains the same, except me. itamar95  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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