

Reclamation

Bigwig

You swear allegiance by the glass you drink
A life of thought and process now extinct
Always unravelled always on the brink
 Takes a hold of you
They taught you how to think
Stick to tradition it will keep you sane
 Just fall in line, ignore the pain
Increase the dosage it will keep you calm
 A mindless drone
 Queen's done her job
 Retreating, weakening
A host now feeding its disease
 Foundation, soon broken
They've got you begging on your knees
 And now it's time
 To put up a fight
It's up to you to make it right
 I know, don't play the part
Break away; follow your heart
 Don't think, reclamation
 Don't think, liberation
 Don't think, just do
What would you be if influence was obsolete
You'd trust yourself, and have your soul to keep
They fish the barrels and start pulling up the nets
 You took the bait...too late
 And now the hook is set
 Not a play toy
 No fucking do boy
See something shiny and you bite
 "Traditioned" "Conditioned"
Lets move ahead and do what'd right
DO WHAT YOU FEEL IS RIGHT
 And now it's time
 To put up a fight
It's up to you to make it right
 I know, don't play the part
Break away; follow your heart
 Or you'll be torn apart

No more
No more
Not anymore
And now its time
To put up a fight
It's up to you to make it right
I know, don't play the part
Break away; follow your heart

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