

# 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 it's 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 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