

Bigwig, Reclamation

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"
Let's 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.