

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>