

## Free Yon

# "The Rebirth Of Communication"

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Ignorance is all we need and in times like this  
There's no dying breed and we won't move from our  
pedestals,  
We've come too far and we won't step down.  
And you can hear them say we express ourselves so  
differently,  
But what we play we live ourselves.  
You've won the war 'cause your bullshit sells.  
These lines aren't fed by our idols, no.  
We are our own breed with no shadow.  
Through lack of footsteps to fill makes every word, the  
truth our own.

Scavengers, you feast among the predecessors' points  
left behind.  
You repeat them with new metaphors,  
But it's clearly the same thing as the last time.  
Last chance, last Call. The style's been over done,  
So leave it there with it broken legs and let it die, and  
be your own guide.  
You don't have to take this guidance, you don't have to  
trust my words,  
But don't you fucking say we're not here to play what's  
living for.

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