**Free Will Verse**

All the years of suffering that happened to my life?

Soul says strong and my heart helps me fight the good fight. Free

To wonder like the wind that tells God to come and free us.

Only your soul knows who you really are ‘Cause

You are it and your body is a shell holding it and it

Doesn’t matter what things you have most to say there is a soul to

Conceal a notion. Tell the Lord will lasted, I ask? Four ever ‘cause life is at its best.

Love is wonderful thing. Love is sweet love that cannot be better.

Once you are in love, it is a good thing forever; your heart is like

A summer’s sky at dawn and at day it is like music swept off your feet.

It makes your leg quiver and body to trimmer until your back shiver down your spine

To take your breath away. Love is so wonderful, to be in love.

When you find that one you will know that’s the one. When you find

That one, you will feel it in your heart, when you find that one your

heart skips a beat, your feet skips a step and your reflexes will drop things. When

you find that one you will find the time to reflect on life’s finest and fate won’t

matter, when you stay true to your heart you will submit your soul because;

true love is the best kind of love you will ever come across.

**The Anthem**

It is a war within a war

Man has to learn to sacrifice value over valor

Where equality undermines deception of one self

It is an attempt to substitute humanity to discovery

The division over cultural diversity besides oneself

War is a conflict more meaningful than violence

**Impunity**

The evolution of conceived thought

Can be quite provoking when it leads to antics

It is the process to conceal human conformity

It is to convey rhetoric, a form of communication

A statement of willful thought an investment for social equality

Humming the blues for humanity to sing

Subservience, to feel sad and utterly alone.

To find ones place in the cold, cold world.

**Disillusionment**

The young crowd

Fashion their appearance

As their vision betrayed them

Obsession with an identity

Victims of the south

Abandoned and ashamed

Both fear and sympathy cry

A Disposition, a indignation

A victim of their self hate