

## **With Honor "Pipe Dream"**

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We are the generation lost  
Buried below your reasons  
We are the fractured frame  
Evidence of your false foundations  
Seasons change, but we don't change a thing  
Until push comes to shove  
Opportunities passed and fate comes calling  
We are well beyond our means  
The noose is set in place  
And like those who've swung before us  
We'll drop fast to our escape

We've discovered a failsafe way to sweep our troubles  
underneath the rug  
To bid the weight of this world one last goodbye  
All the while you are sleeping still  
Under the greenest tree money could buy  
Hoping the rain will bring you peace of mind  
But it can't, it won't, and it never will

We are the lost  
Buried below your reasons  
We are the fractured frame  
Evidence of your false foundations  
Seasons change, but we don't change a thing  
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Progress has its ball and chain  
Claiming us a casualty as you look away  
Your hands have stopped our eyes for much too long  
Now they threaten to take our lives before the day is  
done  
Your hands have stopped our eyes for much too long

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