

The Honor System

"Frame By Frame"

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Days bunch up in weeks, collaborating months against me.

The sheets are stained with evidence that our remains are now, drifting away.

I share with complete strangers my most personal of pleasures.

I scribble tidbits of useless mind info- trash, treasure.
Spend hours, at my leisure, like sharpened precise tweezers.

[Chorus:]

Shifting through in the frame by frame
I walk the same path
I'll say the same lines
I do this every time
Do this every time[x2]

Dodging armpit stench aromatic
Wrapped up in my own self-induced stress panic
I think I am the only one in this shifting through

[Chorus: x2]

They'll collaborate in months against me.[x2]

[Chorus: x2]

I walk the same path
I'll say the same line
I do this
I do this[x2]

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