

## **Honor System, The**

### **"Hz"**

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There was a song we used to sing  
That we'll never sing again  
Old tired bones depend-  
On their easy answers and tired trends  
Cheers to you my dead air friend  
The frequencies are bleeding it  
The frequencies are feeding it  
The frequencies are breeding it  
She's a tired lover, he's a dead air friend  
Turn the dial or pull the pen  
This is not a test (this is not a test)  
No this is not a test- It's an S.O.S.  
It's an S.O.S.O.S.O.S.O.S  
The sound waves have been equalized  
Neatly compressed, soothing for all  
Counter culture has been commodified  
Its bottom lines, nickels and dimes  
Come on out and join the sing-a-long  
The audio shopping mall  
Prize-sterilized-monotone

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