

## **Honor System, The**

### **"Paper Idols"**

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Years spent on backs, sliding to avoid the tripwires  
Stumbled into traps, reluctant yes, all teeth ground  
down  
Jokes that we hated but laughed at  
And passion sought but scoffed at  
Anxiety and risk outweighed the disappointment  
Sandpaper hands and dumpster smiles  
Buzzards overhead and targeting their new found  
meals  
For one to live, one must die, in this life  
Of paper idols, broken halos  
The cataracts of righteousness have hazed the vision  
of the masses  
Of sleepers under overpasses  
Two eyes like mine, reduced to wheels  
Much unlike old schoolyard fights  
There is no win  
And the steel dust blows, diamond smiles  
The second hand is winding close  
We're imploding like varicose  
Lay down your cards, lay down your arms, concede  
Believe

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