

## **Honor System, The**

### **"Wax Wings"**

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When we were young  
you said you've never compromise  
The catch phrases and routines  
were a waste of all your time  
Who wants to be a product?

This paper house burns easily  
Your wings got tangled in the wires  
Tried to break loose, but caught on fire  
Scars deep inside of you remind you not to fly

I saw you come crashing down  
Collapsing with a smile  
Choking on your own self  
as it came up with your bile  
You became your enemy

Accepting what you called insane  
Put on your tie and play the game  
You'll never make the rules  
Everything you own is owning you

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