

# Paper Idols

## The Honor System

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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