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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