

# The Rise and Run

## The Honor System

100 hammers blazing in the sun  
The harmonies of the banished ones  
Along the tower the guard looks on  
Rifle drawn, trigger finger numb  
Along the road, echoes the endless song  
As a nation rises up a hundred hammers sounds off  
What does it take to pound it into dust  
I want to pound it into dust  
Broke these chains, exchanged for razorblades  
Cut to length and tied it off and still the hammers sound off  
The sum of all fears made these jailhouses homes  
Cinder blocked and razor wired them all  
A grand pause freezes the courtroom, verdict's handed down  
Ears bleed at the gavels final sound  
The general' seeing ghosts  
Shuts his eyes and footsteps close  
Everyone is a criminal  
Have you been unconscious of  
The battle cries, the trumpet calls  
Can you hear the voices of  
The violins explode, the hammer hits crescendo  
The symphony is composed  
Every note's a lie, anything goes

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