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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