

Wax Wings

The Honor System

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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