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 flyI saw you come crashing down
Collapsing with a smile
Choking on your own self
as it came up with your bile
You became your enemyAccepting 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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