

# Fool's Gold

## The Honor System

It's been one thousand days since I last saw you breathe  
Incarcerated by the routines etched into the concrete We all fell down now we just hop around  
Drop hints for me to grow up  
I beg you not to join up  
Mister can you spell success  
Pay your rent  
Pay your debt  
The point that's been so overstressed  
You're making more and caring less  
I've thrown away their recycled lies  
They've got those transparent eyes Your script's been changed, it's not accepted here  
Now they'll rewrite it  
Then you'll recite it  
They'll sell the rights back at 65  
If your not still caught in this 9-5  
Where's the happy ending in this fucking sitcom?  
We've served our king and now he's stripped our wings  
If you hear me crying through these cardboard walls  
then you know that I still exist  
Playing my part in this

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>