

# Flight

## The Honor System

We lie in bed for days  
Empty bottles consuming empty space  
I'm suffocating  
If I go to you by train  
it's forty-five blocks of seeing the same  
expressionless faceDebris is falling from the burning sky  
Ashes from a once luminous life  
Burn a candle in the window so I know you're still alive  
Breathing but dead insideLet's help each other bake this bread  
There's nothing I'd rather be doing instead  
I hear there's a full moon rising  
It's the same thing every night  
The gunshots sing and the people scream  
The harmonies of this cityWell I'm not happy either  
Let's tear this one down  
Rebuild on virgin ground  
A new life begins

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