

# Conquistadors

## The Honor System

feet touch dirt, hands touch the sky  
clothes we made hang from a line  
we've watched as siblings die and pray we never will  
sing these work songs silently  
melodies of a thousand years  
add a new verse everyday  
a tour bus passes now and then, glaring souls as black as night  
spirits maimed and crippled could never understand this life  
their sympathy is laughable, we are the wealthiest alive  
the hotels keep crawling nearer  
the hum of bulldozers grows louder  
their work songs blaze like bugles in our ears  
the sickness is ambition, an insatiable appetite  
to put their flags up everywhere, to burn down and build again  
can you hold these ashes, tell yourself it was really worth the price?  
Plastic priests on "great" missions  
Conquistadors with wicked grins  
your treasure is a myth  
no use in digging here

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