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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