

# Skyscraper Ambitions

## The Honor System

Black steel skeleton penetrates the haze  
You are foundation, firmly planted in dirt  
They've broken their necks, now they're sleeping in graves  
They've broken their necks, still they feel compelled  
To look up, look out and return to ground  
A sky scraper is ambition  
And sweet victory is the sweetest poison  
Under the brickwork lies a structure of hurt  
And stress points scream bearing friction of steel on steel  
They shoot up, shoot out, and return to ground  
And the vision is concrete  
And this city's become overgrown with weeds  
And it doesn't matter how you play the game  
It's what game you play  
Pulling up weeds has been pulling on you  
But your head is a cloud  
Skyscraper ambitions aren't feeding on fools  
They're feeding on you

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