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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