

# Nails

## The Honor System

See the buildings rising up  
See the buildings crumble down  
Hear a million voices scream for silence  
Automated tasks, Repetition beat into the ground  
All these great things that we've made  
Sewn with rotten string  
Destined for defeat right from the beginning  
You can't learn from past mistakes  
unless you admit they're made  
There's more to history  
than the Cliff Notes we all read in second grade  
The biggest criminals in town  
can be spotted fairly quick  
They like to dress in dark blue suits  
and carry nightsticks  
Make people feel warm and safe  
Intimidate and isolate  
The elegant sip chardonnay, Put on a happy face  
Days filled with consumption and desolate space  
You can hire one thousand slaves  
to build this house for you  
Or you can utilize your own tools

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