Hz

The Honor System

There was a song we used to sing
That we'll never sing again
Old tired bones depend-
On their easy answers and tired trends
Cheers to you my dead air friend
The frequencies are bleeding it
The frequencies are feeding it
The frequencies are breeding it
She's a tired lover, he's a dead air friend
Turn the dial or pull the pen
This is not a test (this is not a test)
No this is not a test- It's an S.O.S.
It's an S.O.S.O.S.O.S.O.S
The sound waves have been equalized
Neatly compressed, soothing for all
Counter culture has been commodified
Its bottom lines, nickels and dimes
Come on out and join the sing-a-long
The audio shopping mall
Prize-sterilized-monotone

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