

## Hot Club De Paris "Born On The Cusp"

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You've done your part taken for granted turned in  
time...Make this right, I gave up, now give  
up...Everything we ever wanted stayed the same...  
Broken bones and cracked skulls feel like sore thumbs  
and headaches. To the nail sticking up that gets  
hammered down. Blood burning bright upon ripped lips  
tastes like the end of inertia and the start of our lives.  
These days, I can't be asked to worry about where the  
personas have gone...Whether or not they've ever  
made sense or to care what they were originally based  
on. And all of my good sense has fallen through cracks  
and left it's mark in other places far deeper than I  
could ever imagine.  
No one here gets out alive. 420 to fill it up.

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