

## Hot Club De Paris

### "Consonants"

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Dancing crazed and forgotten; six halls one heart.  
One million ways to hold onto silhouettes. Ignored by  
tattered lips, broken calls.  
It's like you've run out on yourself.  
Split between death, good fortune and a staggering  
breath.  
A broken key for a faulty lock.  
A fevered pray for a dying flock.

Like consonants without vowels.  
Jagged tongue wag, incessant stones passed- other  
hours merely forgotten.  
It is with a dream and a heart that we proceed.  
Not a thought to leave not another lifetime we need.  
And though we may look behind; this visions seductive  
glance, we will pick up our pride and loosen our  
impenetrable stance.

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