

Hot Cross "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 its 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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