

Bronx, The "Knifeman"

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I want to be original; I want to be surrounded by art.
But everything is digital, the formulas are fallin' apart.
They riot in the streets because there's not enough
money to share.
Is the burden of fame just a universal cross we can
bare?

But out here on the border line, you've got to hold it
together!
You've been deprived of dedication.
You've been condemned by your dreams!

Is it as bad as it seems?
And can you pull the hook from your mouth?
Do you want to feel the breeze before the air you
breathe finally runs out?
We're divided. It seems, this is a diary of life in
between.
This is obese and obscene. This isn't music, it's a
pyramid scheme. Oh...

And out here on the border line, you've got to hold it
together!
You've been deprived of dedication.
You've been condemned by your dreams!
And out here on the border line, it feels a lot like
forever.
We'll all be damned if this machine turns life into
routine.

Thieves have taken the crown, melted it down, kept it in
near the ground.
Now they're praying for sound.

And I don't know what's found, cuz we used to be
gifted and persistent.
Now we're bored, reminiscent.
We used to laugh without misery, spoon-fed out desire.
We've lost our fire!!!!!!

And now they won't remember our names.

Our days are mixed in the crowd and our nights are
spent fed in the flames.

But out here on the border line, you've got to hold it
together!

You've been deprived of dedication.

You've been condemned by your dreams!

Out here on the border line, it feels a lot like forever.

We'll all be damned if this machine turns out into a
routine.

Thieves have taken the crown and have melted it down.

Thieves have taken the crown and now they're praying
for sound.

(We're dead and gone. We're dead and gone...)

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