Born On The Cusp

Hot Cross

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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