

Knifeman

The Bronx

I wanna be original; I wanna 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't
bare?

But out here on the borderline 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 wanna 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 a obese and obscene it seems.
This isn't music it's a pyramid scheme.
Oh...

And out here on the borderline you've gotta hold it
together!
You've been deprived of dedication, you've been
condemned by your dreams
And out here on the borderline it feels a lot like
forever!
You'll all be dead if this machine, turns art into
routine.

Thieves have taken the crown, melted it down,
kept an ear to the ground, now they're praying for
sound.

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

And now they won't remember our names.
Our days are mixed in the crowd, and our nights spent
fanning the flames

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together!
You've been deprived of dedication, you've been
condemned by your dreams.
But oh...out here on the borderline it feels a lot like
forever!
You'll all be dead if this machine, turns art into a
routine.

(Dead and gone, dead and gone)
Thieves have taken the crown.

(Dead and gone, dead and gone)
And have melted it down.
(Dead and gone, we're dead and gone)
Thieves have taken the crown.
(Dead and gone, we're dead and gone)
And now they're praying for sound.