



paris burning
 recorded and produced by tchad clark @ inner ear studios, arlington, va july/august 2001
 mastered by alan douches @ west west side mastering october 2001

the maginot line is
 sean lara vocals and guitar
 rob anthony guitar and vocals
 mark stalzer drums and hugs
 dave allen bass and vocals

heavy metal kids
 tchad clark
 mike hilton and ambiguous city
 davis white
 amy freed
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 ryan estrellado @ maginotmania.com
 all our friends and families
 doug degood, mayor of toledo, ohio, 1977-1983

www.maginotline.com

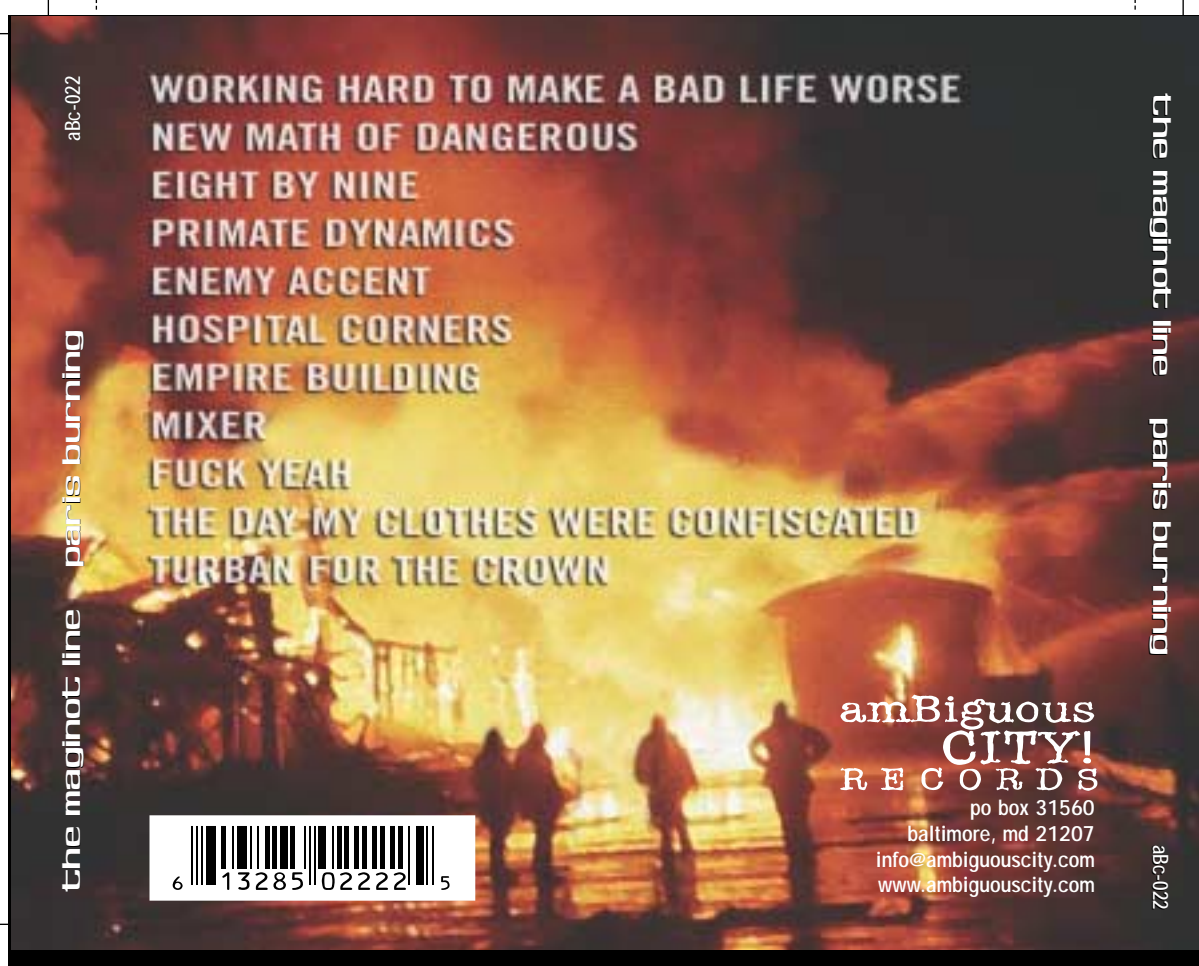
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C & P 2001 The Maginot Line/French Rock Band Music (BMI)

band photo by heidi glenn

the maginot line

paris burning



aBC-022

the maginot line paris burning

WORKING HARD TO MAKE A BAD LIFE WORSE
 NEW MATH OF DANGEROUS
 EIGHT BY NINE
 PRIMATE DYNAMICS
 ENEMY ACCENT
 HOSPITAL CORNERS
 EMPIRE BUILDING
 MIXER
 FUCK YEAH
 THE DAY MY CLOTHES WERE CONFISCATED
 TURBAN FOR THE CROWN

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Working Hard to Make a Bad Life Worse

You impose your standards
 When you bottle up the forum
 Is this segmentation (by design)?
 Or is this what we built together?
 In this room by and by
 Building borders with your broken tools
 Boxing phantoms in your whitewash room
 Set the level, Snap the line
 Chalk the angle, To pass the time

Room enough for one:

I want to build a wall and surround it
 I want to bury it just where I found it
 We're so proud of all we've done
 We say we've left you behind us
 But when it's time for the tooth and claw
 It doesn't take you too long to find us
 Well, we say we're the righteous ones
 But I know that we're lying
 Because we didn't get here by being good, but
 On the backs of a million monkeys dying
 Anger and panic, the primate dynamic
 Fear and aggression, the need for possession
 The primate hysteric, how can you bear it?
 The primate dynamic, scourge of the planet
 So put yourself in my place
 Be a human with a human face,
 And put the "human" back in "Human Race"

Primate Dynamics

The New Math of Dangerous

Assess the function, judge the curve
 Align the values, danger girl
 Bless the boys, we wreck the cars
 And never forget to carry the one
 Append the textbook, it's yours to keep
 Announce your pretty new disease
 Showing all warm hands the door
 And never forget to carry the one (away)
 Settling for the shards of broken glass
 That still surround you
 A life in waiting, anticipating
 Your recent letters miss shiny errors
 All cunning faded, recalculated
 (risk is all your new math lacks)
 How and why this time divides
 Attending parties arm in arm
 Assuaging courteous concerns
 Replace your fear with heavy rings
 And never forget to carry the one

Eight by Nine

8x9/8x9/8x9/8x9
Room enough for one:
 We complicate our boundaries
 When we supply these bullets
 Is this a conversation?
 Or is this just dictation?
 Face me for hours at time

With your banging on your chest
 We are not amused
 With your appetite for abuse
 We are not inspired by your "Quest for Fire"
 And we'll never recover
 From the monkey hangover

Enemy Accent

Sit me in the corner and shut me up
 While you cater to my fortunate friends
 Hang my dirty mouth in the closet
 Keep your etiquette for timely amends
 Resist the gag order
 Approving nods surround the scene
 I speak on condition of anonymity
 With stunning flare, presenting one
 Approaching modestly, elite
 Help me with the enemy accent
 Spotlight the elegant review of a fall
 Numbering the days of those awkward children
 And frequently forgetting, forgetting, forgetting
 Armchair opportunists imagine con games
 They're putting every ear to the street
 Forcing open doors to the privileged moment
 Sampling a sell too sweet

Hospital Corners

We've got a new assignment
 We're gonna take this one all the way
 Personality realignment
 We can show you the godless pray
 We've found our inspiration
 We're reading books by faceless men
 Cut you square with a new precision
 We indoctrinate with words
 Said again and again
 We trust in measured angles
 We rule the straighter lines
 Arrange a life, untangle
 We design with bars in mind
 I lock the doors for hours
 I bleach myself to sleep
 Still checking the dirt for flowers

I serve a new belief
 I'm waiting for you to call, to prop me up
 Wash me out (erase my repetition)
 Wash me out (address my nervous crimes)
 Wash me out (making order my disorder)

Empire Building

Right off the rack you wear
 That crewcut so well
 Still armed with mirrors with all the new slang
 Shake off, intact, you've drawn
 A slick new circle
 Still-life so bankrupt, but so photogenic
 Trace lines from here to envy, yet all is quiet
 Save tidy basements filled with
 Your cool detachment
 Perfected leers announce your candy riot
 Wake up your sleeping fame
 Slick to the schedule
 You've got a hold of it
 But it's not tried and it's not tested
 You've got a hold of it
 But do you have the radius to make it stick?
 They're putting every ear to the street
 Your closest friends become
 Such careful students
 While homely girls exclaim
 "Isn't he continental? Isn't he continental?"
 This circus lens projects your every movement
 I bet you feel so big
 But you're just an exaggeration

Mixer

Polishing your trophies undercover
 Promising everything to anyone
 Sweet refrain: "Welcome friend"
 Hold the line, I'm breaking in
 Put one over, over on me, get me over you
 Undefined, default guests
 Infecting rooms and awkwardly associate
 New refrain: "Exit left"
 Wave us away, it's fair for the weather
 Extend your hand and watch me walk away
 Empty your pockets at the door

Invite me over, show me around

Fuck Yeah

I'm waiting for the furnace to open
 And turn what's lead in me into gold
 But this patience is no virtue
 When the fire in me has grown cold
 So when they say "Who did this to you?"
 "How'd you let yourself get robbed?"
 I can't lie, I've got to stand up and face it
 I have to say it was an inside job
 No flood, no volcanic eruption
 No war to put us to the test
 So we atrophy into apathy
 And claim victimhood for the depressed
 But when they say "How'd you get out this time?"
 "How'd you break yourself out of the line?"
 This jailbreak is no misdemeanor
 When I had the key all the time
 And there's one thing I want to say
 Before they come to take me away
 Fuck yeah, I'm gonna shed my skin
 Fuck no, they're never going to take me in
 Fuck yeah, I'm sanding off my fingerprints
 Fuck no, they'll never get any evidence
 That I was here
 And this dying by inches
 Doesn't suit me at all, in fact
 I'd rather go by enemy attack
 And this life of quiet desperation
 This water torture situation
 Will peel away like car paint in a fire

The Day My Clothes Were Confiscated

Trusting speed (she's just so blonde)
 And nicotine (I think it's on)
 We're just outside (you can't be serious)
 We're waiting for the call
 (do you think she'll call)
 Light conversation, welcome fall
 Investigations are...
 Underway (they're arm in arm)
 We're starting late (four blocks to car)

They took the clothes
 (she plays the passenger)
 Right off my back (he plays right back)
 Rumors breathing, Bethesda sleeping
 Alone in the room with no thoughts
 Quarantined/chemicals disturbed
 Those present were detained
 Events under review
 All confiscated clothing has been burned
 Meet delay (imagine that)
 With open arms, with grins (I'm all grins)
 I'm still disbelieving
 Traffic din, better get going

Turban for the Crown

Imposition of an uncommon language
 Exchanging prejudice
 For blue laws and zealotry
 With every martyr velling this year's fascist
 And coloring equality with white chalk
 And criteria
 Stand at attention (keep quiet, keep quiet)
 Obey the latest fad: warm bullets, left hand
 Worthy of mention (stay down, stay down)
 Define the new regime: is it blue suits
 Or blue jeans?
 An easy read, whether backwards or forwards
 Cheer subjugation when finally wielded
 By a friendly fist
 Renamed necessity, new theory of the word
 Arriving at an old conclusion
 With absolute certainty
 Please stay seated
 Spare every question (fall in, fall in)
 Have at the bitter throne and a mirrored halo
 Arrest the fulcrum
 (false balance, false balance)
 Drafting a new offense
 For the impatient public
 We are the only subject
 We only paint ourselves
 A single study
 By the numbers, by the numbers