

A Media Friendly Turn for the Worse

Norma Jean

They provide their nectar and then I am released.
I am a grain of sand underneath the floor and so far out of reach, but I am safe from harm.
Against this shelter they are always hammering, against these ears they are always deafening.

I too know an angry language. Our pain is always accurate and striving to evade its only design.
It wants to strike you down to fall into its arms again.
Blood is thicker than water, but which one did you drink?
Oh...

What I know was divided and broken down by the ignorance of others.
Spoken from their lips, but with the lungs of another.
Sounds great but tastes like blood.
These rumor sessions are assembled by us all... by us all.
They are the earth and we are the breath of life.

Your pain is always accurate and striving to evade its only design.
I want to strike you down to fall into my arms again.
Blood is thicker than water, but which one did you drink... did you drink?

Put down that retribution. I don't need your absolution. Yeah..
. .
Put down that retribution. I don't need your absolution.
Put down that retribution. I don't need your absolution... No..
. No... No...