

It Was As If the Dead Man Stood Upon the Air

Norma Jean

Rewind the cycle.
My Regret is the world I created.
Regret the kiss that sealed my fate.
Rewind, rewind it all again.
Rewind the silver that was my price.
I think I will take a walk and rest my soul.
A cylindrical head resting in
The arms of a circular rope.
Rewind this cycle endless cycle.