

## Trace Levels of Dystopia

Norma Jean

The dead, the dead, the dead are coming back to life

The dead are coming back to life  
Does it hurt you to know that  
It doesn't hurt me at all?  
Oh how they love to see the mighty fall

Does it make me a bad person  
That I can't wait for you to see what's coming?

Before you know it, they'll send a flood of knives  
Eager to hit your spine  
This isn't violence no. Fantasy justice yeah  
The world's an empty stage and we're just watching it  
Spite becomes routine  
Harrowing questions have easier answers

There will be hell to pay

There will be hell to pay

The dead are coming back  
There will be hell to pay

And you see what's coming

Before you know it, they'll send a flood of knives  
Eager to hit your spine  
This isn't violence no. Fantasy justice yeah  
The world's an empty stage and we're just watching it  
Spite becomes routine  
Harrowing questions have easier answers

So crack the chest. Open and operate  
Tie up the lungs with the debt because there's nothing to save  
Send the feet to the fields and the fire  
Bill the hands, because there's hell to pay  
Because there's hell to pay  
Hell to pay

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Tie up the lungs with the debt because there's nothing to save  
Send the feet to the fields and the fire  
Because there's hell to pay