

Norma Jean, Absentimental: Street Clam

The contract of black halos.
Go, run your mouth, your open mouth.
Run your open mouth.
Close your open mouth.

"Long live the falling love."
Sun blacks out, sky blacks out.
Don't plan on standing under the falling sky.
It's so pointless to fall.
Please believe what you see,
And what you hear.

Your names are indications in red blood and I'm choking on my tongue.