

Norma Jean, Bayonetwork

We walked on glass all day long, with eyes rolled back.
It came with smiles, it came with gestures, and it came with motives.

Distributing rusty knives in these countless attractive letters,
This is between me and this blade, and my heart.
With a directional diagram of a guilty heart.
"Insert knife here."

Investing flowers in one hand and a blade in the other,
Lack of thought on this subject has attested catastrophic.
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart.
With our eyes rolled back.