

Norma Jean, Bayonetwork: Vultures In Vivid Color

We walked on glass
We walked on glass
We walked on glass
all day long, with eyes rolled back
it came with smiles, it came with gestures, and it came with motives.
Investing flowers in one hand and a blade in the other

This is between me and this blade, and my heart.
This is between me and this blade, and my heart.

Distributing the rusty knives in these countless attractive letters
with a directional diagram of a guilty heart.
Insert knife here.

This is between me and this blade, and my heart.
This is between me and this blade, and my heart.

Lack of thought on this subject has attested catastrophic.
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart.
With our eyes rolled back.