

Norma Jean, Coffinspire

They rest on the coast and the tide is impending.

We pull at the motionless and static,

It fills their ears and it makes them ill.

But the torrent has crowned their heads.

They will speak of the end, and will not prove false.

They do not struggle at all.

It is time to move on with the weapons of faith and love.

Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns.

And this is a shallow grave, and it's on the highest rise.

Stand on it's highest crest.

This world is damned to hell and it's a revelation.

Come on, watch me burn.

I'll set myself on fire.

Poisoned now enough to kill ten hundred men.

The harvester's mouth has not gone dry.