

Norma Jean, Creating Something Out Of Nothing

Your eyes, your concrete eyes.
Cross crisscross my path.
(We walk) Walking in circular patterns.
Shoe shine your ammo, your metal.
Shoe shine.
Polish your gun.
I need not your wicked weapons.
My war is not with someone like you.
A string of blood that is not my own strings between.
A sword and my heart.
So much so that it makes its way through my throat giving me thought to speak.
Increase time and it will fall into place.
A sword and my heart.
So much so that it makes its way through my throat giving me thought to speak.
This becomes my pistol.
This becomes my dagger of my time.
Don't sell out. It all comes to.
This becomes your future.
Unseen war.
Your weapons are useless.
Drop the gun.
Golden gun.
Like bringing a knife to a gun fight.