

Norma Jean, I Used To Hate Cell Phones But No

Run far away from what you have created.
You have created drama.
You're dancing around the truth.
My God rain down power.
My God rain down fire.
War.
With these diamonds you cut your throat.
Code red: Cut throat victim.
The outside looks so good.

It is so simple and yet they don't find.
It is so simple and yet they don't mind.

The tragedy is the ignorance behind the casket.
On the outside they look so good.
War.
They're walking to Wall Street in a straight jacket.
Woo!