

Norma Jean, Pretendeavor

Oh my god. hand us down our ribbons
Adrift and gone.
Far from fear we are
You death defier you
Adrift is the reason for the rain and we're in the undertow.
After the fallout, after a million miles.
Sewing the insecure thread of reason.
The wind has conquered the whole heart,

Stop dancing around, in stories untold.
We're not going down with this ship.
I'll burn what it takes, drown what it takes.
That exceeds the love of searching for the truth.
I burned 41 hills for the love of academic ability.
We comprehend a massive array.