

Norma Jean, Self-Employed Chemist

It's like you know the words but you can't hear the music
You've lived a lie for so long, now you believe it
You're shooting silver bullets and taking magic pills
I'm asking you, do you know a way to delete my conscience?
Don't put your ear to the floor to hear the sound of the future
Yours is a history shaped by disaster
We're coming back for you. You better brace yourself
I'm telling you, we're coming back
To collect that killer who killed me and threw me away
Am I holding you up or you holding me down? (x2)
We make the same mistakes, we always count them
I want to fail you so badly.
I'm telling you, we're coming back to collect that killer
What if I have to lose? What if I have to suffer?
So what if I have to lose? So what if I have to suffer?