

Norma Jean, Vertebraile: Choke That Thief Calle

Like death never content.
Starve the old and feed the new.
And it's all your fault.
Was there love once or have I forgotten her?
It's all your fault.

I have been sold into slavery.
I try to drown my sorrows but the sorrow swims well.
It's all your fault.

A lust for complete nothingness that lusts for more nothing.
Motion without meaning.
Action without function.
Nothing will breed nothing.
It's all your fault.
Why can't you brace yourself?