

Norma Jean, A Grand Scene For Color Film

SIT DOWN!

Return to sender, I've fallen off the hint of suggestion.

Unlearning the strange devices of the world.

It's the end of the earth or something like it, like it.

The great universal coma has arrived.

We are holding our hands towards the sun.

Sit down, come on sit down. Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town.

Return to sender, carried straight from the womb to the grave.

Your eyes have been paled to emptiness.

All things have been carved out by the unceasing haunts
of this, the Great Manipulator!

The holding of our hands upwards and around the eclipsing sun
has become empty and automatic.

Sit down, sit down, come on sit down.

Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town.

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You've given us user friendly grenades! Just what are you trying to say?

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