

Norma Jean, Cemetery Like A Stage

There will be no more color
Broken I stand here
A new creation
On the stage of history
Where map and compass
Mean nothing at all
The arrows are in me
My spirit drinks poison
I joined the avalanche
Just to feel alive

I remember sitting in
My mothers room
And I watched them cry
We're not supposed to be here
Tonight I will sleep on the floor
Oh, such weight

All colors rushing back
Restoring frail life
We're broken here
We're ruined here

There are strangers
In my house
Tripping over
Themselves to
White wash this
Disaster
I am young but
I'm not blind

All colors rushing back
Restoring frail life
We're broken here
We're ruined here

The Voice of Heaven
Speaks with time
A new understanding
Dedication
This will never fade
I guess the body
Means nothing, means nothing at all

Broken and unbroken

All colors rushing back
Restoring frail life
We're broken here
We're ruined here