

# Norma Jean, ...Discipline Your Daughters

I can't recall that last day of sun  
Curtains closed and sitting with the lights out  
An uncertain emptiness surrounds me  
I'm numb and my judgments have switched to autopilot  
Nothing left but echoes and thoughts of moving on  
Don't stay away but don't stay here.  
Tell me all your secrets  
I promise I'll be listening, and if you ever come back home I'll be waiting patiently  
Tell me nothing sacred. I promise I won't hear a word, and if you ever come back home  
I won't act so patiently  
Black feathers and an unannounced call.  
These things go hand in hand, like talking to you and the intake of glass  
I hope this knife in my hand speaks for itself...  
She's not coming back