

# Norma Jean, Disconnectie

It's taken me 50,000 separate wrecks to get here,  
As I'm standing here alone, upright and motionless,  
And I've learned absolutely nothing.  
Now detached and disconnected.  
The rising and sinking of every consciousness I've ever known.  
I'm drowning in her sea.  
The endless cycle of idea and action,  
Endless invention, endless experiment, endless hope and endless disappointment.  
And I thought all I needed was just one breath to stay afloat.

For me it was like... like the breath, the last breath, the last breath that I never wanted.  
Any of this.  
I never thought that this would capsize,  
I'm moving forward.  
But this isn't a boat, it's a coffin!

And now I'm moving forward.

So I begin with the end in mind.  
Into the sea... into the great sea.

The cycles of heaven, 20 centuries gone by, come home.  
I've fallen three miles now... and I still can't shake this dragon,  
My sea is dying, but death is a doorway.  
But the end is coming like a flood.  
It is going to be a year for growing and the greatest amount of forgetting.  
It's the greatest reminder.  
What a broad world to roam in, what a sea to swim in, so I begin with the end in mind. And at the ve