

Norma Jean, Liarsenic: Creating A Universe Of D

Run, run farmer screaming bloody murder.
The daughters of question have been murdered, murdered, murdered.
Deception is charming.
I don't think so.
I don't think so. I don't think so. I don't think so.

These things will harmonize and overthrow.
These things will cure, but they will tear down.
And we are not the ones who carry on.
And we are not the ones who wear the shroud, tear down.

Liar, condescender, words born as bastards.
Our swords will rest and a course in miracles will hail,
And killers will rise.
Where have we gone wrong?
Understanding laced the web.
I don't think so.