Norma Jean, Memphis Will Be Laid To Waste

Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name.
Lower defenses. I'll lower the casket.
Open the door. Open the grave.

Murder.

Now you're doing the waltz with your murderer.

Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name.
Lower defenses. I'll lower the casket.
Open the door. Open the grave.

Mediocrity is the killer.

You find yourself helpless.
Christ is not a fashion, fleeting away. Fashion

He laid emeralds in her eyes, oh but i'd already tried.
A bracelet made of gold and scarlet thread around her wrist.
And everything was wrong so we sang sentimental songs.
Oh how seldom we belong but how elegant our kiss.
And we painted crooked lies but we danced in perfect time to a love so much refined, we know not
All i know now is regret, it follows like a silhouette along the cobblestone behind me, but has nothin
But i continue on my way.