

Norma Jean, Pretendeavor: In Reference To A Si

Oh my God, hand us down our ribbons.
You death defier you. Far from fear, we are.
Adrift and gone. After the fallout, after a million miles.
Adrift is the reason for the rains and we're in the undertow.
Stop dancing around, in stories untold
the mind has conquered the whole heart.
Sewing the insecure thread of reason.

I'll burn what it takes. Down what it takes,
we're not going down with this ship.

I burned 41 hills for the love of academic ability.
That exceeds the love of searching for the truth.
We comprehend a massive army.