

Norma Jean, Scientifiction: A Clot Of Tragedy: A

Bring this underground, bring this to its knees.
Marching in slumber, swelling shades of mystery.
We have the motive to breathe and to feed from the mouth of deceit.
Mutual fear will bring us peace as the raven builds its nest.

I'm haunted by the strains of human limitation.
Sending you letters like I'm daring you to,
In relation to you going astray.
What seemed like a lifetime spent riding on the wings of the backwards devils.
It was if I had fled from a lion, only to meet a bear.
Cut off when I saw the unseen.
Sending me to my home, covered with dust and ashes.
Humiliation and insignificance.
Oh, the curious teeth of a bear, those fangs,
A continual lash and spur onto dedication.
I will not be moved or shaken.
I will not be mislead.
Messenger follows messenger follows messenger follows messenger...