

Norma Jean, Surrender Your Sons...

Your pale of skin is a razor sharp wire
So I place these scales over my eyes.

Don't touch me, I'm sick.
You whisper, but I hear only what I choose.

Hello my good old friend, your hand pulls me back from that mire
Or will I look back and stare and wonder if she is way back there,
But afterwards my mouth will be filled with gravel and i'm left alone.

You know that feeling of fear and desperation
In the pit of your stomach making you nauseous.

Excitement apprehension you wish you could lose it all.
(When your head spins and your stomach swells.)

Hello my good old friend, your hand pulls me back from that mire
or will I look back and stare and wonder if she is way back there,

But afterwards my mouth will be filled with gravel
And afterwards i'm left alone.

The fear of deal with this is stronger that
The fear of just forgetting this and future I scared of you.

Hello my good old friend, your hand pulls me back from that mire
or will I look back and stare and wonder if she is way back there.

I swear I will find my way back to the light
Now that I'm left alone.