Bayonetwork: Vultures in Vivid Color

Norma Jean

We walked on glass
We walked on glass
We walked on glass
All day longWith eyes rolled back
With eyes rolled back
With eyes rolled back
It came with smiles
It came with gestures
And it came with motives
Investing flowers in one hand
And a blade in the otherThis is between me
And this blade, and my heart
This is between me
And this blade, and my heartWith eyes rolled back
With eyes rolled back
Rolled back, rolled back, rolled back
Distributing the rusty knives
In these countless attractive letters
With a directional diagram of a guilty heartThis is between me
And this blade, and my heart
This is between me
And this blade, and my heart"Insert knife here"
Lack of thought on this subject
Has attested catastrophic
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart
Introduce knife to heart, introduce knife to you heart
Introduce knife to your heartThis is between me
And this blade, and my heart
This is between me
And this blade, and my heartWith eyes rolled back
Rolled back, rolled back, rolled back

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