Memphis Will Be Laid To Waste

Norma Jean

Walk around the room with a glaze in your stare
In your tuxedo suit
I will give it a name
Lower your defenses
Lower your casket
Open the door and open your grave
Murder
Now you're doing the waltz with your murderer
Mediocrity is the killer
You find yourself helpless
Christ is not a fashoin, fleeting away
He laid emeralds in her eyes
But I'd already tried a bracelt made of gold
And a scarlet thread around her wristEverything was wrong so we sang sentimental songs
"Oh how seldom we belong but how elegant our kiss."
We painted crooked lines
But danced in perfect time to a love so much refined
We know not what it is until like a dullen wine we pour into a grief know
Before
But never quite like this
All I know now is regret
It follows like a silhouette along the cobbelstone behind us
But has nothing to say except to innocently ask
Its voice delicate as glass
"Do you see me when we pass? "
But I continue on my way

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