Pretendeavor

Norma Jean

Oh my God, hand us down your ribbons
Your death defier you, far from fear
Far from fear we are adrift, goneAfter the fallout, after a million miles
Adrift is the reason for the rain, the rain
And we're in the undertow
So we're in the undertow, we're in the undertowSo, stop dancing around in stories not told
The mind has conquered
[Incomprehensible]
Sewing the insecure thread of reasonI'll burn what it takes, down what it takes
Burn what it takes, down
We're not going down with the ship
With the ship, with the ship, with the ship
With the ship, with the shipBurn what it takes, down what it takes
Burn what it takes, down
We're not going down with the ship
With the ship, with the ship, with the shipI burned 41 hills
For the love of academic ability
That exceeds the love
Of searching for the truth, truthAfter the fallout, after a million miles
Adrift is the reason for the rains, the rain
The rain, the rain, the rain, the rain
The rain, the rain

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