

# 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 fashion,  
fleeing away. He laid emeralds in her eyes, but I'd  
already tried a bracelet made of gold and a scarlet  
thread around her wrist. Everything 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 duller 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 cobblestone behind me, 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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Lyrics submitted by Olivia.

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