Scientifiction

Norma Jean

Bring this underground, bring this to its knees
Marching in slumber, swelling shades of mysteryWe have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceitBring this underground, bring this to its knees
Bring this underground, bring this to its knees
Bring this underground, bring this to its kneesMutual fear will bring us peace
The raven builds its nest, builds its nestWe have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceit
We have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceitNo, we have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceitI'm haunted by the strains of human limitation
Haunted by the strains of human limitation, limitation, haunted
I'm haunted by the strains of human limitation
Haunted by the strains of human limitation, limitationWe have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceit
We have the motive to breathe
And to feed from the mouth of deceitI'm sending you letters like I'm daring you to
In relation to you going astray
What seemed like a lifetime spent riding
On the wings of backwards devilsIt was like I had fled from a lion, only to meet a bear
Cut off when I saw the unseen
Sending me home, covered with dust and ashes
Humiliation and insignificanceOh, the curious teeth of a bear, those fangs
A continual lash and spur onto dedication
I will not be moved or shaken
I will not be misleadMessenger follows messenger, follows messenger
Follows messenger, follows messenger
Follows messenger, follows messenger
Follows messenger

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