

It Was as If the Dead Man Stood Upon the Air

Norma Jean

Rewind the cycle, the cycle
My regret is the world I created
My regret the kiss that sealed my fate
Rewind, rewind it all againRewind the silver that was my price
I think I will take a walk and rest my soul
A cylindrical neck resting in the arms of a circular rope
Rewind, rewind this cycle, endless cycle
Rewind, rewind this cycle, endless cycle
Rewind, rewind this cycle, endless cycle
Rewind, rewind, rewind this cycle, endless cycleRewind

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