Wrongdoers

Norma Jean

This is just a tragedy. Just another tragedy.
Feel the grave slide across my throat.
I'll live, or die and then forget the trip, forget the war, forget the struggle.
Failure on repeat.
Drive for miles just to turn around and play it back again.
Failure on repeat.
We came for the killing. Hopeless yes we know but we don't mind.
Blood to the bridle. Flood of red as far as we can see.
Careful not to cut yourself.
Unhand the knife drawer and please replace the moon with the sun.
I know it's hell to hope the feeling of knowing destruction isn't forever, take it or leave it.
We make love to the same mistakes and never get tired.
Embrace the lover, make yourself comfortable.
Whatever keeps me up. So fine, take this love and be gone I'm done.
I always remind you. Forget the pain and take the initiative.
I guess we just consume danger so keep your hands out of your pockets and know
I will never learn! Eat the ice and kiss this place goodnight.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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