

# 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 fashoin, fleeting away  
He laid emeralds in her eyes  
But I'd already tried a bracelt 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 dullen 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 cobbelstone behind us  
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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