

Bayonetwork

Norma Jean

We walked on glass all day long
With eyes rolled back
It came with smiles, it came with gestures
And it came with motives Investing flowers in one hand
And a blade in the other
This is between me
And this blade and my heart Distributing rusty knives
In these countless attractive letters
With a directional diagram of a guilty heart
'Insert knife here' Lack of thought on this subject
Has attested catastrophic
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart
With our eyes rolled back

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