

# 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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