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, rewind this cycle, endless cycleRewind

Songwriters

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