

## Bayonetwork: Vultures in Vivid Color

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. This is between

Eyes rolled back roll

Eyes rolled back look rolled back

Distributing rusty knives in these countless attractive letters  
With a directional diagram of a guilty, a guilty heart.

"Insert knife here"

This is between me and this blade, and my heart. I'm lying here  
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This is between me and this blade, and my eyes.

Lack of thought on this has attested catastrophic

Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart.

Introduced knife to your hearts

With our eyes rolled back.