

The Potter Has No Hands

Norma Jean

Speaking madness while I strive for a wordless language,
You cry experience at the top of your lungs.
Can you make it loud?
Just make it loud. Make it loud as hell.
Molding the truths of unawareness.
Search and destroy to fill the void at any result.
So keep it down, just keep it down.
I'm gonna ride this train till the end, the last stop is the cemetery.
Cough up your last kill.
You used to live now you just fertilize so breathe out all your last words
You used to live now you just fertilize
And waste your life trying to make memories.
Wear it with pride because it's all that you've got.
You just don't get it, yeah you just don't get it.
Make it loud, just make it loud. Make it loud, just make it loud as hell.
I'll rest here every night and propel my evils to him who hears me.
Even in the stillness of thought.
Even in the noise of your anger.
Even in the silence of prayer.
Cough up your last kill.
You used to live now you just fertilize so breathe out all your last words
You used to live now you just fertilize
Make it so loud that the words are lost
Make it so loud that their stomachs are filled with the gold that they endlessly seek
Make it so loud that they open their eyes
Make it so loud that the trees that they worship
Shake to their roots
Make it loud!
Don't want to hear a word they have to say.