

A Temperamental Widower

Norma Jean

We're not going backwards
We're not going backwards

We're just killing onward to die.
Put that knife away.
My first thought, a dragon.
My first thought, a dragon

Two contending marches.

Put that knife away.
She'll sting you to death like a swarm of hornets from the hive
.
Endlessly I drift into this distraction.
Sign my name to shame
Press hard, there are three copies.

You'll put me in the grave.
You'll put me in the grave.

We're not going backwards
We're not going backwards

We're just killing onward to die.
Put that knife away.
Put that knife away.

Making progress like that of a dead man.
Constant last words.
The last word.
The last words.