

And There Will Be a Swarm of Hornets

Norma Jean

I built this destruction with my own hands
With my hands I will help pull it down.
And like the worker bees, silenced by that swarm
I'll make a new home

String me up, just leave me here
And I'll find my way back home I swear
These are not the plans I made.
This is not the life I wanted
I don't care
Pull it down

With broken bones and vital organs
Far from functional, I am ruined.
So pull me down
And I'll find my way back home I swear.

What you can't pull from me, pull from yourself

We know what we have to do.
We're not going anywhere!
With blood stained glasses
Staring straight at me and just careless
With that lidless gaze I am ruined

I need to be saved.
Pick me up
And I'll find my way back home I swear

What you can't pull from me, pull from yourself