

## Cemetery Like a Stage

Norma Jean

There will be no more color  
Broken I stand here  
A new creation  
On the stage of history  
Where map and compass  
Mean nothing at all  
The arrows are in me  
My spirit drinks poison  
I joined the avalanche  
Just to feel alive

I remember sitting in  
My mother's room  
And I watched them cry  
We're not supposed to be here  
Tonight I will sleep on the floor  
Oh, such weight

All colors rushing back  
Restoring frail life  
We're broken here  
We're ruined here

There are strangers  
In my house  
Tripping over  
Themselves to  
White wash this  
Disaster  
I am young but  
I'm not blind

All colors rushing back  
Restoring frail life  
We're broken here  
We're ruined here

The Voice of Heaven  
Speaks with time  
A new understanding  
Dedication  
This will never fade  
I guess the body  
Means nothing, means nothing at all

Broken and unbroken

All colors rushing back  
Restoring frail life  
We're broken here  
We're ruined here