

# It Was As If the Dead Man Stood Upon the Air

Norma Jean

Rewind the cycle.  
My Regret is the world I created.  
Regret the kiss that sealed my fate.  
Rewind, rewind it all again.  
Rewind the silver that was my price.  
I think I will take a walk and rest my soul.  
A cylindrical head resting in  
The arms of a circular rope.  
Rewind this cycle endless cycle.