

## Memphis Will Be Laid To Waste

Norma Jean

Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.  
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name. Lower  
defenses. I'll lower the casket. Open the door.  
Open the grave. Murder. Now you're doing the waltz with your mu  
rderer.....

Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.  
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name. Lower  
defenses. I'll lower the casket. Open the door. Open the grave.  
Mediocrity is the killer.

You find yourself helpless. Christ is not a fashion,  
fleeting away. fashion...

He laid emeralds in her eyes, oh but I'd  
already tried. a bracelet made of gold and scarlet  
thread around her wrist. and everything was wrong so we  
sang sentimental songs. Oh how seldom we belong but  
how elegant our kiss. and we painted crooked lies but we  
danced in perfect time to a love so much refined, we  
know not what it is until like a duller wine we pour  
into a grief we know before but it's never quite like this. nev  
er quite like this.

All I know now is regret, it follows like a silhouette  
along the cobblestone behind me, but has nothing to  
say except to innocently ask, a voice as delicate as  
glass, "Do you see me when we pass?" but I continue on  
my way.