

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 dullen 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.