

# The Anthem of the Angry Brides

Norma Jean

I have nothing left to prove. No demonstrations, no explanations.

There was never any intention for me to convince you.

It's just another case of you with your formless sense of importance.

You're breathing fire and your words are burning in hell.

This rebellion is marching to its disarray.

It talks in circles and it's words are burning in hell.

You are every inch of neutral. So avert your senses from my dedication.

Wash my skin down to my stubborn and proud skeleton hands. Yeah

...

It's just another case of you with your formless sense of importance.

You're breathing fire and your words are burning in hell.

This rebellion is marching to its disarray.

It talks in circles and it's words are burning in hell.

You're not getting under my skin! Yeah... You're not getting under my skin!

You're not getting under my skin! You're not getting under my skin!

You're not getting under my skin! You're not getting under my skin... under my skin!