

Norma Jean, A Temperamental Widower

We're not going backwards
We're not going backwards

We're just killing onward, today
And put that knife away!

My first thought, a dragon
My first thought, a dragon

Two contending marches

And put that knife away!

She'll sting you to death
Like a swarm of hornets
From the hive
Endlessly I drift
Into this distraction
Sign my name to shame
Press hard, there are three copies

You'll put me in the grave
You'll put me in the grave

We're not going backwards
We're not going backwards

We're just killing onward, today
Put that knife away!
And put that knife away!

Making progress like that of a dead man
Constant last words, the last word.
The last words.