

Norma Jean "A Temperamental Widower"

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We're not going backwards, we're just killing onward to die.

Put that knife away.

My first thought, a dragon.

The two contending marches.

Put that knife away.

She'll sting you to death like a swarm of hornets from the hive.

Sign my name to press hard, there are three copies.

You'll put me in the grave.

In the grave.

We're not going backwards, we're just killing onward to die.

Put that knife away.

Making progress...that of a dead man.

Constant last words.

The last word.

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