

Norma Jean "Bayonetwork"

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We walked on glass all day long
With eyes rolled back
It came with smiles, it came with gestures
And it came with motives

Investing flowers in one hand
And a blade in the other
This is between me
And this blade and my heart

Distributing rusty knives
In these countless attractive letters
With a directional diagram of a guilty heart
'Insert knife here'

Lack of thought on this subject
Has attested catastrophic
Come one, come all, introduce knife to heart
With our eyes rolled back

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