

# Norma Jean

## "Coffinspire: Multitudes, Multitudes in the Valley of Decision!"

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They rest, they rest, they rest, they rest  
They rest on the coast and the tide is impending  
We pull at the motionless and static  
But the torrent has crowned their heads  
It fills their ears and it makes them ill

They, they do not struggle at all  
This will speak of the end and will not prove false  
And it's the time to move on with the weapons of faith  
and love  
Faith and love and faith and love and

Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns, yeah  
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns  
This world is damned to hell and it's a revelation  
This is a shallow grave  
[Incomprehensible]

It's on the highest rise, we stand on its highest crest  
I'll set myself on fire, come on, watch me burn  
Come on, watch me burn, come on, watch me burn  
Come on, watch me burn, come on, watch me burn

Poisoned now enough to kill, poisoned now  
Poisoned now enough to kill ten hundred men  
Poisoned, poisoned

Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns, yeah  
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns

The harvester's mouth has not gone dry  
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry  
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry, gone dry

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