

Norma Jean "In Reference To A Sinking Ship"

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Oh my God, hand us down our ribbons.
You death defier you.
Far from fear, we are.
Adrift and gone.
After the fallout, after a million miles.
Adrift is the reason for the rain and we're in the
undertow.
Stop dancing around, in stories untold.
The wind has conquered the whole heart,
Sewing the insecure thread of reason.

I'll burn what it takes, drown what it takes.
We're not going down with this ship.
I burned 41 hills for the love of academic ability.
That exceeds the love of searching for the truth.
We comprehend a massive array.
Can we comprehend simplicity?

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