

Norma Jean "Pretendeavor"

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Oh my God, hand us down your ribbons
Your death defier you, far from fear
Far from fear we are adrift, gone

After the fallout, after a million miles
Adrift is the reason for the rain, the rain
And we're in the undertow
So we're in the undertow, we're in the undertow

So, stop dancing around in stories not told
The mind has conquered
[Incomprehensible]
Sewing the insecure thread of reason

I'll burn what it takes, down what it takes
Burn what it takes, down
We're not going down with the ship
With the ship, with the ship, with the ship
With the ship, with the ship

Burn what it takes, down what it takes
Burn what it takes, down
We're not going down with the ship
With the ship, with the ship, with the ship

I burned 41 hills
For the love of academic ability
That exceeds the love
Of searching for the truth, truth

After the fallout, after a million miles
Adrift is the reason for the rains, the rain
The rain, the rain, the rain, the rain
The rain, the rain

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