

## Norma Jean

# "Scientifiction: A Clot Of Tragedy"

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Bring this underground, bring this to its knees  
Marching in slumber, swelling shades of mystery  
We have the motive to breathe  
And to feed from the mouth of deceit  
Mutual fear will bring us peace as the raven builds its  
nest

I'm haunted by the strains of human limitation  
Sending you letters like I'm daring you to  
In relation to you going astray

What seemed like a lifetime spent  
Riding on the wings of the backwards devils  
It was if I had fled from a lion, only to meet a bear  
Cut off when I saw the unseen

Sending me to my home, covered with dust and ashes  
Humiliation and insignificance  
Oh, the curious teeth of a bear, those fangs  
A continual lash and spur onto dedication

I will not be moved or shaken  
I will not be misled  
Messenger follows messenger  
Follows messenger follows messenger

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