

## Norma Jean

# "Scientifiction: I. A Clot Of Tragedy - II. A Swarm Of Dedication"

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### I. A Clot of Tragedy

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.

### II. A Swarm of Dedication

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 as 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 follows  
messenger follows messenger follows messenger  
follows messenger follows

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