

Trace Levels of Dystopia

Norma Jean

The dead, the dead, the dead are coming back to life

The dead are coming back to life
Does it hurt you to know that
It doesn't hurt me at all?
Oh how they love to see the mighty fall

Does it make me a bad person
That I can't wait for you to see what's coming?

Before you know it, they'll send a flood of knives
Eager to hit your spine
This isn't violence no. Fantasy justice yeah
The world's an empty stage and we're just watching it
Spite becomes routine
Harrowing questions have easier answers

There will be hell to pay

There will be hell to pay

The dead are coming back
There will be hell to pay

And you see what's coming

Before you know it, they'll send a flood of knives
Eager to hit your spine
This isn't violence no. Fantasy justice yeah
The world's an empty stage and we're just watching it
Spite becomes routine
Harrowing questions have easier answers

So crack the chest. Open and operate
Tie up the lungs with the debt because there's nothing to save
Send the feet to the fields and the fire
Bill the hands, because there's hell to pay
Because there's hell to pay
Hell to pay

So crack the chest. Open and operate
Tie up the lungs with the debt because there's nothing to save
Send the feet to the fields and the fire
Because there's hell to pay