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Devil Wears Prada "The Scorpion Deathlock"

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Distance decreases as if time is a dying cockroach. Plagues enclose. Sitting upon this wooden bench, I am helpless to billions of bullets. In this moment I am helpless. Why is it so difficult to see ourselves? No poem I've wrote, Nor song I have sung, can halt the army of wrath. Numbers Numbers Numbers Numbers. In this moment I am helpless. Serpents will transform into mice only to drown in the deepest red. I've always expresses my thoughts in colors, but we remain blind. Numbers Numbers Numbers Numbers

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