

Devil Wears Prada, The "Born To Lose"

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Blessed be those who have no idols. NO IDOLS
Invoke holy honor, sanctify the patient.
I don't see the world the same.
I'm no one's hero, so just forget my name.
I abhor you,
With every foolish thing that you say.
None of it is worth the time:
Another meaningless war.
You don't know what you need.
We're all so back and forth,
Nothing is as it seems.
You don't know what you need.
We make the same mistakes,
We've ruined everything.
What is it this time?
What must you call holy?
This is your lifeline,

Nothing is at it seems.
If I were you I'd give it up.
If I were you I'd care.
I'm born to lose
With a noose around my neck.
World be damned and move forward.
I abhor you,
With every selfish thing that you say.
None of it is the worth the time.
You don't know what you need.
We're all so back and forth,
Nothing is as it seems.
You don't know what you need.
We make the same mistakes,
We've ruined everything.
Born to lose
With a noose around my neck

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