

Devil Wears Prada, The "Reptar, The King Of Ozone"

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Bring it to your lips and experience the sulfur infect
everything that we've created.
Don't twist this around.
Don't attempt to justify what we know is wrong.
Tendons are torn and screams are released into a
poisoned, mathematic atmosphere.
We're composing our funeral songs, note by note.
With this I declare that tomorrow is an allusion.
What if the clouds are fragments of mistakes,
fabricated by the factories of our foolishness?
We're composing our funeral songs, note by note.
Prove me wrong

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