

Devil Wears Prada, The "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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