

Devil Wears Prada, The "Who Speaks Spanish, Colon Quesadilla"

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This cold floor we know too well.
Hearts poisoned with pride.
Black blood dotting our warmth.
Ending our contentment.
This place is a contorted altar.
(I must seek strength from somewhere, for I've
reduced myself to nothing.)
We've been here one thousand times.
Cold idle hands, floor-welcomed knees.
Hello autumn, I'd die for your companionship.
Doubtless I stand; laying my heart into the hands of
eternity.
Revive my doctrines.
(Revive my doctrines.)
(Await the day, when all our blood will wash away.)
Selfishness outways generosity.
Blindness produced by your own hands affront your
face.
Lips bleeding with guilt.
Frightful little friends.
If these words mean nothing, than where is the
conclusion?
Lyricism aside, Christ is the deduction.

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