

## **The Devil Wears Prada "Survivor"**

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I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,  
Just along the outskirts of a small city.  
Like most that have made it this far,  
I live off of old canned goods and a healthy back stock  
of ammunition.

Greetings from extermination, Kansas - death in the  
midwest.  
Greetings from extermination, Kansas - death in the  
midwest.

Even with the godless reaching my property every few  
days, I am tortured by solitude.  
The whispering of the cornfields haunt me like the  
moans of my undead enemies.  
My depression grows stronger: its bitter claws around  
my neck.  
I will always be tortured... tortured by solitude.

Will anything get better for me?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
Will this sickness ever leave this world?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
I am haunted, I am haunted by all that surrounds me.  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
What I've known has been taken from me.  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.

I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,  
Just along the outskirts of a small city.  
No one living has been within this house since my wife  
died two years ago.  
Another occasion of when the undead came across  
some innocence...  
...came across some innocence.

I will never see through this nightmare. I will never  
know sunlight again.  
I will never see through this nightmare. I will never taste  
her lips again.

