

The Devil Wears Prada "The Scorpion Deathlock"

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Distance decreases
As if time is a dying cockroach

Plagues enclose
Plagues enclose

Sitting upon this wooden bench
I am helpless to billions of bullets

In this moment I am helpless
In this moment

Why is it so difficult to see ourselves?
Why is it so difficult to see ourselves?
Why is it so difficult to see ourselves? Why?

Why is it so difficult to see ourselves?
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, helpless
In this moment

Serpents will transform into mice
Only to drown in the deepest red
I've always expressed my thoughts in colors
But we remain blind

Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers

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