

The Devil Wears Prada

"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 me doctrines

Await the day when all our blood will wash away
The world's balance, I'm too familiar with
Selfishness outweighs generosity
Blindness produced by your own hands affront your
face

Lips bleeding with guilt, frightful little fiends
If these words mean nothing
Than where is the conclusion?
Lyricism aside, Christ is the deduction

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