

# And the Sentence Trails Off...

## The Devil Wears Prada

Hold diamonds to the sun  
Sparkling misconception "We're the ones that aren't afraid to die", ashes  
After this battle we laugh at the thought of innocence  
"Remorse!", I scream for  
Pride roses platinum gold rubies  
A transparent portrait The grave widens and the masses are mindlessly  
Marching to the necropolis  
There is no mystery here  
Nothing to grasp but adjacent bodies The cessation movement is synchronized  
Emotional poorness cannot be hidden by ivory  
We can't let this come between us, here I lie myself down  
I surrender at what I've done, I'm ashamed On this raised platform  
I compose the memoir of unworthiness  
Drunken with the spirits of Godlessness  
Spirits of doom, devil jaws on your throat  
Onward period die, emeralds hold no hope  
(Hope, yeah)

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