

# The Scorpion Deathlock

## The Devil Wears Prada

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

Lyrics provided by

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