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

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