This Song Is Called

The Devil Wears Prada

I am the speaker but what is responsibility?
This is beg of you, build me brick upon brick.
High tides; waves of hypocrisy.
I didn't think the clock struck more than twelve times.
I decided to name her insomnia.
"Her teeth like white seeds in a scarlet fruit"
This I must tell you, old friend: fear beauty.
This is meager, this is feeble.
She was only a fiction and my creation.

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