

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

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