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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