

And the Sentence Trails Off...

The Devil Wears Prada

Hold diamonds to the sun.
Sparkling misconception.
Statement:
"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)