

In Heart

The Devil Wears Prada

Again, the same things part.
Flames fuel the company.
It's all invisible desperation.
Stop and stand and stare and break.

Let it be, walk away.
Ignore your instincts,
And let it be with the rest.
And as the game goes.
Turn back or burn down.

Through the bones we're all the same.
With burning wings we're led astray.

So we live with the dead.
Call it "the apathy of love".

Name it "her majesty".
Tell her that everything will be fine.
And as the lust still grows.
Ignore your instincts.
Turn back or burn down.

Through the bones we're all the same.
With burning wings we're led astray.
Through the bones we're all the same.

Through the bones we're all the same.
Push past the tissue and we are to blame.
In blood and organs we fall apart.
And in our likeness we join in heart.

Through the bones we're all the same.
Push past the tissue and we are to blame.
In blood and organs we fall apart.
And in our likeness we must join in heart.