

## Reptar, King of the Ozone

### The Devil Wears Prada

Bring it to your lips and experience the sulfur infect,  
everything that we've created.  
Don't twist this around.

Don't attempt to justify  
what we know is wrong.

Tendons are torn  
and screams are released  
into a poisoned, mathematic atmosphere.

We're composing our funeral songs  
Note by note.  
We're composing our funeral songs  
Note by note.

With this I declare that  
tomorrow is an allusion.

What if the clouds  
were fragments of mistakes  
fabricated by the factories  
of our foolishness  
foolishness

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Note by note.  
We're composing our funeral songs  
Note by note.

Prove me wrong  
Prove me wrong  
Prove me wrong