

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

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

Prove me wrong
Prove me wrong
Prove me wrong