

## Who Speaks Spanish, Colon Quesadilla

### The Devil Wears Prada

This cold floor we know too well. hearts poisoned with pride.  
Black blood dotting our warmth.  
Ending our contentment.  
This place is a contorted altar.  
I must seek strength from somewhere,  
For I've reduced myself to nothing.  
We've been here one thousand times.  
Cold idle hands, floor-welcomed knees.  
Hello autumn, I need not your companionship.  
Doubtless I stand; laying my heart into the hands of eternity.  
Revive me doctines!  
Await the day, when all our blood will wash away.  
The world's balance I'm too familiar with;  
Selfishness outweighs genorosity  
Blindness produced by your own hands afront your face.  
Lips bleeding with guilt.  
Frightful little fiends.  
If these words mean nothing; than where is the conclusion?  
Lyricism aside, Christ is the deduction