

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 generosity
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