

The Devil Wears Prada, Dez Moines

Fall to your knees (Accomplish nothing)
Fall to your knees only to excersise your schedule
Abandon calendar
What has come with such preaching is loneliness
Profit: Zero
Achievement: Zero
Foward can't be stopped
It just goes to show that some words are useless
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Take all your medals, take all your ribbons, take all your awards
Take them, take them, back to the ground
Our youth is lost
A product of the created circumstances
All I can say is 'maybe'
Maybe, maybe
All I can say is maybe
This is what I've been expecting all along, all along
Now's the time of weakness, now's the time of blood
Perhaps even the whole-hearted had wished for this
Now's the time of weakness, now's the time of blood
And still the time of lions
Push everything
Force everything
We've all sung of the end, but who truely understands it?
All along, all along
Forward can't be stopped, It just goes to show that some words are useless
Take all your medals, take all your ribbons, take all your awards
Take them back to the ground