

# The Devil Wears Prada, R.I.T

Turn your back now: Lose yourself in hesitation.  
Dancing, dancing, always dancing, and staring at the floor.  
The sun came out just long enough to go down. Oh....

She shows the symptoms of being my suicide.  
I'm holding you to blame for this. I won't stop selling myself short.  
The broken windows: All of the glass. Knife in my hand: The questions I've asked.  
I dream about her more nights than not. I can't drown this away. (I can't drown this away)

With every single move that you make, you come closer to breaking me.  
With every single breath that I take, you push further from helping me (but you can't, you can't).  
I'm pulling the weight again. With every single move that you make, I come closer to ending me.

I blame myself, and it's not the first time. You see me for what I am: Damaged.  
Turn your back now: I will bask in the blackness of my darkest days. Yeah....

With every single move that you make, you come closer to breaking me.  
With every single breath that I take, you push further from helping me  
(but you can't, you can't, you can't, you can't).  
I'm pulling the weight again. With every single move that you make,  
I come closer to ending me. Self-loathing me.