

Isn't It Strange?

The Devil Wears Prada

Navigate the map
Distinguish a poorly-written script
Am I the city center or am I an island?
Isn't it strange? Am I all alone?

The doctor is running a few minutes late
No drip to compensate
Paper blanket pulled out straight
No room for debate

Nothing echoes within the corners
A door frame contrasts the space
Always distracted - these ghosts took my name
They stole my faith - all in vain

All in vain

Invisible waves through me
Intrusion - entirely
Slow down like January
Take a form - pathetically

Isn't it strange?
Isn't it strange?

The doctor is running a few minutes late
No drip to compensate
Paper blanket pulled out straight
No room for debate