The Thread

The Devil Wears Prada

Ten thousand tons
Somehow gaining mass

It senses the symptoms
Of a life's thread rusting out
It features the dangers
With a mind for pure corrosion

You won't say a word
Why won't you look my way?
As we gaze through the window
The ash storm begins to rain

Iron oxide tells the difference
Patterning what this used to be

I've got some feelings
Some feelings as of late
Meanwhile the ceiling
Is what I can't shake
What if we don't change?
What if we stay the same?
Then you're the ceiling
The ceiling that I can't shake

You can see my hands
Reaching out, grasping at the thread
Hear her laughter reverberate
Through the lowest rings of hell

I'll be gone once you're through with me
I'll be gone once you're through with me

I've got some feelings
Some feelings as of late
Meanwhile the ceiling
Is what I can't shake
What if we don't change?
What if we stay the same?
Then you're the ceiling
The ceiling that I can't shake

The ceiling that I can't shake
The ceiling that I can't shake

You won't say a word
Why won't you look my way?
As we gaze through the window
The ash storm begins to rain
You won't say a word
Why won't you look my way?
As we taste the shattered glass
The ash storm begins to rain

After all is said and done
Unable to tolerate
You can watch me go under

Brought down by the weight
After all is said and done
Unable to tolerate
You can watch me disappear
Brought down by the weight

You should speak up

You should speak up
Let me hear your voice
Let me hear your voice

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