

# 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 lonliness  
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