

Revive

The Devil Wears Prada

Science has become a child's game
There is no solution to bring away this plague, oh
No remedies have been discoveredThe cure is a shotgun, the cure is whatever
Blunt instrument one can salvage
Whoever finds themselves too proper
Will be the first to perish
And you know nothing that matters nowWe cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost in the flood of the risen dead
We cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost in the storm of the disgracefulThe incurable bring us our punishment
Today's destruction can only be measured in
In biblical, biblical proportion
Let's go
My will is at God's hand, never within man's teeth
My will is at God's hand, never within man's teeth, yeah
My will is at God's hand, never within man's teethAlways wanting more, never enough
Until this day and age when there's nothing left
Always wanting more, never enough
Until this day and age when there's nothing left
Always wanting more, never enoughWe cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost in the flood of the risen dead
We cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost in the storm of the disgracefulWe cannot restore, we cannot recover
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We cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost in the flood of the risen dead
We cannot restore, we cannot recover
All is lost

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