

# 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  
All is lost in the flood of the risen dead  
We cannot restore, we cannot recover  
All is lost in the storm of the disgraceful  
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>