

Praise Poison

The Devil Wears Prada

I heard the sound, the shout proclaimed.

Now I'm here to praise poison.

It's a Monday, let me be mundane.

How's there so much to speculate?

I can't stand to carry the weight.

Call me "the sound and the fury".

Consider me dead and buried.

I'm like the city's grime.

No time for no crime.

Praise poison.

They fill your head with the devil and god.

You're so bored, but there's a choice.

You're screaming without a voice.

They fill your head with the devil and god.

Call me "the sound and the fury".

Consider me dead and buried.

I'm like the city's grime.

No time for no crime.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>