

The Devil Wears Prada, Texas Is South

Good evening, miss.

All I ever do is wish things were different.

This envy is destroying me,

And it is obvious.

I'm looking to put a bullet into the tile floor. Mark this.

I want to say something:

We were blessed, but now I wet my lips and wait for them to dry.

The lust of the dress.

The thought of her lips.

Reverent smile.

These letters I've wrote are shackled to my chest.

Her tantalization.

She is misconception.

Good evening, miss