

# The Devil Wears Prada, Hey John, What's Your Name

The concept of fashion is the one to blame: painting the portrait of conviction-less existence.

Well, it must be difficult being so gorgeous.

Claiming to be the kings and queens but it's all of nothing.

This shall pass.

Megalomania.

Congratulations on mutilation for a life.

I'm going to hope for you, i'm going to pray for you amongst the wreckless and the black.

Salvation lies within.

My time is your's my friend.

We all find ourselves so horribly weak.

(Oh God), here's an offering.