

The Devil Wears Prada, Nickels Is Money Too

Climbing into fire, her hands are forceful.

We're burying earth in earth.

White hands, soft hands: carefully.

This makes no sense.

What's that sound I hear?

I'm lost in a state of confusion.

Oh ground.

I despise you, but rejoice in your essence.

Envy will cease my sky.

Greed will cease my sky.

"Here's a farmer that hung himself on the expectation of plenty"

At this time I feel there is no bottom to earth.

Welcome to the museum of the dead; endless gore becomes reality.

Tradition's dug the grave.

The inferno has commenced