

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