Big Wiggly Style

The Devil Wears Prada

CondemnedMy regret is not writing more for You, Lord
As this ocean comes to be deeper
Our vessel becomes less stableLook to the sky
Encourage the elements of God
Rather than the jars that contain them
If only the ingredients of man were of such elements
If only, if onlyWith great horror, I admit that we
All live off the lust and misfortune of others
All live off the lust and misfortune of others
This is vision, not contradictionI see greed in the face of a priest
And deterioration in the walls of cathedrals
CathedralsWhat was right, now wrong
Casts a cold reflection on glory, glory
On glory, on gloryMy time has come, my time has come
Look to the sky

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