

# Big Wiggly Style

## The Devil Wears Prada

Condemned My regret is not writing more for You, Lord  
As this ocean comes to be deeper  
Our vessel becomes less stable Look 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 only With great horror, I admit that we  
All live off the lust and misfortune of others  
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This is vision, not contradiction I see greed in the face of a priest  
And deterioration in the walls of cathedrals  
Cathedrals What was right, now wrong  
Casts a cold reflection on glory, glory  
On glory, on glory My time has come, my time has come  
Look to the sky

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