

Nickels Is Money Too

The Devil Wears Prada

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
Welcome to the museum of the dead
Endless gore becomes reality
Tradition's dug the grave
The inferno has commenced

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