

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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