

Devil Wears Prada, The "Big Wiggly Style"

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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
All live off the lust and misfortune of others
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
on glory
on glory
on glory

Look to the sky

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