

## **Devil Wears Prada, The "Nickles Is Money Too"**

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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; endless gore  
becomes reality.  
Tradition's dug the grave.  
The inferno has commenced

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