

Devil Wears Prada, The "You Can't Spell Crap Without"

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(I wish to turn around and return,
but this calling is strong, and)
(And denial is impossible)
(No measure of weight can justify what now presses
into my chest)
(To the road, your freedom is awesome,
but does it compare to the sweet embrace of my love?)
Our convictions are engraved(x2)
(Our convictions are engraved by her marvelous)
(Convictions, engraved her marvelous hands)
My ears are upon the brink of detonation,
and the mud amongst the passage of my throat is
drying to permanence
Harvest the crop of (memories)
(To what's true, I offer thanks)
(I've found what's pure and I've found what's sweet)
(We are not barren)(x2)

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