

## **The Devil Wears Prada "Nickels 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  
Welcome to the museum of the dead  
Endless gore becomes reality  
Tradition's dug the grave  
The inferno has commenced

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