

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 vessels become less stable

Look to the sky

Encourage the elements of God

Rather than the jars that contain them

If on the ingredients of man were of such elements

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

What was right, now wrong

Casts a cold reflection on glory

Look to the sky