

You Can't Spell Crap Without "C"

The Devil Wears Prada

I wish to turn around and return (to her warmth and laughter)
but this calling is strong, 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 engraved by 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