

## 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