

Nora

The Devil Wears Prada

Nora: attempting transcendence, transcendence

She's fleeing and lost living at a cost

Her family's been gone for years
Her home burnt to the ground
She's trying now to move along
Not to be reminded
Not to be shortsighted

Blistered and bruised
Fighting for every step
Tight lungs, short breaths
Weak knees, tired eyes
Determination in a lowly disguise

She's fleeing and lost living at a cost
Along with the wind

Nora: evading the killers, the killers

Wounds worsening
Laboring pushing on
Raw palms
Salt sting
No water
Muscle loss
Designation: calculated thoughts

They won't stop till they have her blood
Seething eyes and punctured flesh
It's the vision of nightmares
Material of slaughter, of slaughter

She's fleeing and lost, living at a cost

Each town tells a different story (She's fleeing and lost)
Or maybe they're all the same
The road says it's time to go (Living at a cost)
Nora knows to keep laying low

Along with the grim wind of slaughter