

## **Fiction Plane**

### **"Wise"**

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Wise is the one laughing from his grave  
Poor is the one who refuses to save  
Gone is the hope of a better day  
I don't really know you but I want you to stay

We though we were the government  
Until the day our lives were spent  
We laughed at all the ones who went  
To make the same mistakes  
With all their good intent  
With all their good intent  
They think they are the government

I tried to talk to my lover  
But silence fell around me  
I drew my last breath  
I couldn't tell her I loved her  
Bring back the living with the kiss of death

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