

Lyzanxia

"Wise Counselor"

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On my way to fucking Hell, got something to say
I saw you at a corner, corner of a dream
Naked inside a liquid, or a screen of face
She starts seeking love in me, eat my soul at least

You, fucking bastard just killed, just kill the lover
I can see the only way, a few steps to go
Addiction right in your face, next time suffering
Too many worms to delight, They would not be playing

See your time breaking out
We aren't free to fly
Pray or die
But my love should try
See your life burning out
We aren't free to try
Lack courage
Bravery lack

Missed my inner-welfare flask, it's right in my hand
I'm wise, you're clean and so strong, even when I sin
I ignore my fucking life, and my existence
In my psychie, no freedom, great Wise counselor

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