

## **Lysistrata Jones**

### **"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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