

Fiction Plane, Wise

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 thought 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