



## ***Lucrative Tale***

I learned something new-  
From you, today

That your soul is always for sale  
Depending on whom-  
Can tell you, a more lucrative tale

Consuming such lies-  
Deceit, shall eat up your flesh  
and flies, shall nest in your mouth  
While you comfortably, sleep

And when you've awakened  
Form those immoral fantasies  
You'll certainly wish,  
You had never spent-  
The gold coins, that were given to you  
By the thieves you've entrusted

As they'll be the first, to run and hide  
When you've been busted

With your freedom tightly chained-  
You'll never count on them  
To clear your name