

## Wiseman

Frank Ocean

Wiseman closed his mouth  
Madman closed his fist  
Young man shows his age  
Judge man named it sin  
Bad man don't exist, no  
No evil man exists  
Good man don't exist, no  
No righteous man exists  
Sad man cannot cry in place where man can see  
Never witnessed his father weep  
This old man thought it weak  
But strong man don't exist  
No undying man exists  
Weak man don't exist, no  
Just flesh and blood exists  
But your mother would be proud of you  
I bet your mother would be proud of you

The beast will crawl this earth  
Then fall in the dirt to feed the crows  
They'll rip apart his flesh  
'Till all that's left is glorious bone  
So you'll bury your own  
Too vain  
You saw it unfold  
What you know  
And you claimed all you could hold  
Until death did you part from the mess you made  
I bet your mother would be proud of you  
I bet your mother would be proud of you

Primitive sharpens tool  
To survive and thrive in the jungle  
Maybe hearts were made to pump blood  
Maybe lungs were made for flood  
I won't blunt my blade for cut these chains  
Rather let my limbs be drug through mud  
You're my brother but your eyes are cold  
You're my sister but your womb is bare

I bet our mother would be proud of you  
I bet our mother would be proud of you

Bad man don't exist  
No evil man exists  
I know good man don't exist  
No righteous man exists  
Strong man don't exist  
No undying man exists  
Weak man don't exist  
No just flesh and blood exists