

569-1000  
Evil mistress

This song is not what you think  
And no i have not had me a drink  
The evil mistress about which i speak  
Has nothing to do with getting my freak

The real evil mistress  
The one that hounds us all  
The one that brings us to the brink  
And that laughs at us as we fall

The real evil mistress  
The one with a heart of stone  
The one who walks away at our moment of need  
And who has no need to attone

The real evil mistresses are the narratives we see as truth  
When we by into the construct without becoming a sleuth  
When we accept the opinion that society has written  
That's the evil mistress, a curse once bitten