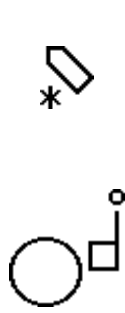
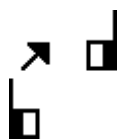
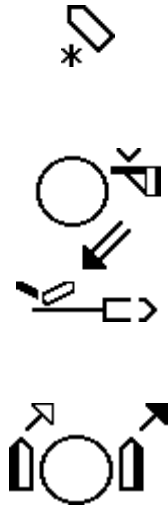


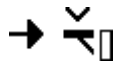
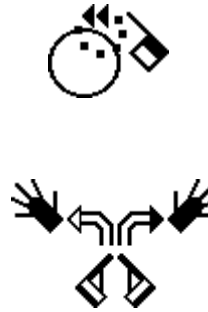
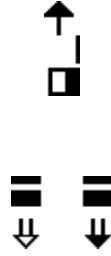
Pr 5:1 ¶ My son, attend unto my wisdom, [and] bow thine ear to my understanding:

My son attention my wisdom, and to my understand your ear-lean.



Pr 5:2 That thou mayest regard discretion, and [that] thy lips may keep knowledge.

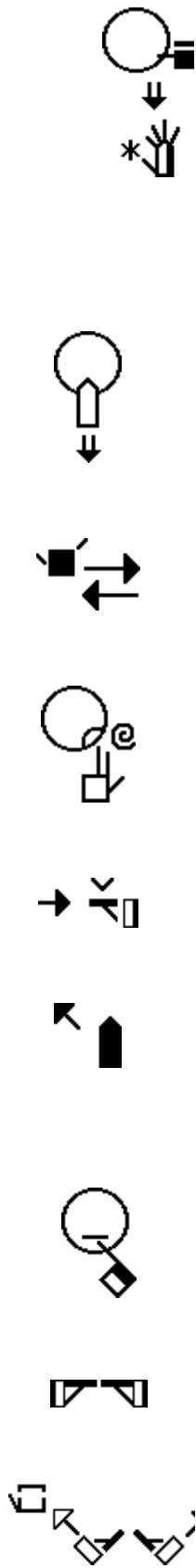
For you can think clear and your lips say true know.



Pr 5:3 For the lips of a strange woman drop [as] an honeycomb, and her mouth [is] smoother than oil:

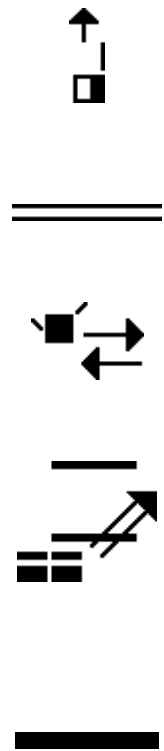
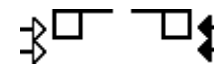
Because lips of bad woman sweet same honey and her mouth more smooth than oil.





Pr 5:4 But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a twoedged sword.

But in future you become bitter same wormwood. She hurt you, same sword.



Pr 5:5 Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

Her-I path-down where to death. Her-I walk where to hell.

