

**Erin Mckeown****"Manifestra"**

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Humble, like the child of God she wants to be  
Stumbles over briar and branch that falls off the tree  
Recognize the obstacle still she is stepping in it  
Criticized for the child of God she wants to be  
Precious, the momentary comment of sleep  
Pregnant, the meanings and warnings especially  
Question the answers and chancery of status quo  
Acceptance, return to the message of what you know

Every day, give me the strength of a thousand beams  
Every day, carry me and lift me and hold me

I'm thankful for the prayers that are answered every  
day

A tankful of gratitude pressed into holidays  
Vacate the habits and stay close to what you love  
Mandate and prorate the style of our Tanqueray  
Backbone learn to stand up for the audio  
Tactile in the process of knowing what you know  
You dismantle the rot and the ruin of a straight line  
One chance to say something deep in the audio

Every day, give me the strength of a thousand beams  
Every day, carry me and lift me and hold me  
[x2]

And the orchestra tunes itself up from the dissonance  
A manifesta of violins sweep into consciousness  
Harmony in the style and the guise of martinis  
Continents in the verbage and endings of paragraphs  
Trust is the anecdote to the pejorative  
Plus one, plus we accumulate the principle corrective  
Jealous of the wealth of other girls?  
Call on a higher power to finish where the math is

Every day, give me the strength of a thousand beams  
Every day, carry me and lift me and hold me  
[x2]

Spelling, the proper sentence and period  
It's telling, the transmutation of Ahab

And it's killing me, slowly and surely as grass  
Not willing to change for the style of the period.  
And it's the in/out, the daily reprieve of the exhale  
Mmm, I forgot about the water and chase the whale  
The myth that the prize is all there oughta be  
A novel written in the style of the whiskey

Every day, give me the strength of a thousand beams  
Every day, carry me and lift me and hold me  
[x2]

I'm humble, like the child of God I want to be  
I stumble over briar and branch that falls off the tree  
Recognize the obstacle still I am stepping in it  
Criticized for the child of God I want to be

Every day, give me the strength of a thousand beams  
Every day, carry me and lift me and hold me  
[x2]

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