

Mcguire Michael

"Holding On"

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There's a man he talks to angels
People coming from inside
Talking treason with Milton's heroes
Touch-tone dialing for the ride
And he's gone...
They say he's crazy a stranger to the world
Needles piercing through his hands
Breaking up deamons coming faster
Holding on as best he can
And he's gone...
Can you see them staring from the corner?
Breathing fire from the head
Losing sight of the strength of reality
Forgot the life he once led
And he's gone... away.

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