

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Animals And Angels"**

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ANIMALS AND ANGELS

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Animals and Angels

I will not suffer gladly for the penance of the wing, the  
animal must  
validate his hunger, humbled silence whispers sage  
but cannot say a  
thing, a desire goes blank as the blood grows younger,  
the elements  
grow weary of the strain of heavens weight, the  
construct is a  
reference to this bearing, sky is all fireworks and  
shooting stars when  
the angels mate, the animal struck dumb in wonder  
staring.  
Heart pumped worlds grow weary in the chase of orbits  
tail, surviving  
on the crumbs of life's token, bated with dumb reason  
when the strut  
of time does fail, and the statuary of this life lies  
broken, illusory  
skies beckon with the chanting of the lot, animals fight  
in temples of  
creation, lost to all that tooth and nail can divine from  
this plot,  
vested in the power of sensation.  
Animals and angels and heavens dream of earth is on  
the cusp of  
waking, doom and glory twinned in raptures question;  
the oneness  
made flesh in this aching, buildings forged of words  
corrupt the flight  
path of the angels deliberate wing, as the animal tries  
to take his  
feeble growl and make it sing, the sky is heavens  
warning of the  
brutal ground and it's wing crushing catch, and how  
must you deliver  
grace to this wingless dreamless and tooth fed wretch,  
stuck in habit  
worship and the vivid plainness of the flesh and it's

decay, there is no  
tread that does not lay intent on the dumb truth of the  
manufactured  
way.  
I will not be crushed beneath this endless depth of sky,  
hung in  
gravity upon this alter, encrypted dreams that only  
bring the dreamer  
a new why, in choice divine he is left to falter, the  
ceaseless ceremony  
of the clawing at the dirt, living down the burden of the  
meaning, he  
fumbles with the keys of Cain and the duty of his hurt,  
while all of  
heaven's host is drunk and leaning.  
I do not know the reference for the coin of the days, the  
angels bait  
the paradox of motion, habit of direction qualifies as  
the way, fantasy  
goes drowning for the ocean, when the sky is  
grounded upon the  
animals tired back, and angels tread the path of his  
making, the  
inventory taken then of all that he does lack, will  
humble angels to  
give what they've been taking.  
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