

## Michael McGuire "Between Notion And Nonsense"

Visit "[Between Notion And Nonsense](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

### BETWEEN NOTION AND NONSENSE

In between notion and nonsense, the grudge of  
thought and action is  
so tense, meaningless mechanisms bleed oil into  
meaning's milk,  
traitors conspire with the ones of their ilk, prolifically  
polite and  
profoundly petty, anytime they draw near well my  
hands they get  
sweaty, coffee-break conspiracies behind your back,  
but they never  
call themselves out for the spirit they lack.  
This elemental configuration breeds empires lush, and  
no pity for  
false finery caught in the crush, I've lived the petty  
plagues of my  
time, dressed upon the blank tongue of rhyme,  
submerged myself in  
the workings deep, while the rivers bride did so softly  
weep, with  
nothing but sorrow from crib to crypt, drawn ink from  
blood trying to  
write this script.  
I believe god must be a hypochondriac, the medicine  
of religion  
blessing the facts, for this razors embrace I have  
suffered some  
change, but the tragedy of her beauty is the comedy of  
her brains,  
her eroticism so politically energized, but her sexuality  
is spiritually  
circumcised, so women nurse the world while men try  
to milk it, and  
poets try to heal it while businessmen bilk it.  
Ideas are born in the un-wedded womb, just whores  
that whisper to  
their unmated groom, the war of one and trickle down  
throw up, left  
wondering when this new kingdom will show up, so  
we're scattered  
beyond time's recognition, and mathematical virgins

are fed to this  
superstition, and the meaning of flight to those left on  
the ground, is  
that a king is a kingdom once he is crowned.  
The sky just gets bluer and this rain just gets wetter,  
knowing it could  
be worse doesn't make it any better, the thoughts in  
my head well I  
guess they're unthinkable, the water in this wine well I  
guess it's  
undrinkable, I get up in the morning feel like I haven't  
gone to bed, I  
day dream the day from my sleepy head, this cosmetic  
cosmos draws  
me to it's center, it's subatomic summer turned  
nuclear winter.  
It's just black and white pictures of a gray area, the  
gray matter  
politics of hysteria, we see the world in our own context  
and code,  
and everything as pointless that doesn't play to our  
ode, and in this  
fixed orbit of gravity's equation, the soul suffers the  
mind's abstract  
abrasion, between notion and nonsense we breath on  
that brink,  
turning what we don't know into what we must think.

Visit [Michael McGuire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.