

Michael McGuire "Burdens Bride"

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Deep in the clockwork of unfashioned time, where the
hour stutters
and the eons rhyme, an expatriate of eternity, found
his will to live lost
his will to be.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.
Thur the fugitive streets I slowly unravel, direction is
lost in the
meaning of travel, awkward bones and lip reading
stranger, at home
nowhere mansion or manger.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.
With tragic patience everyday I live my suicide, every
honeymoons
eclipse Iâ'm met with burdens bride, filled with this
sacred self-pity, all
alone in the bones of the city.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.
I sweep the pennies up off heavens floor, and thereâ's
barely enough to
make me want more, and the fire is raging but there is
no smoke, Iâ'm
desperately bending but my fix is already broke.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.
I bought the swamp from the weather salesmanâ's
tongue, back when I
was a hundred years to young, and the more itâ's over
the less it findâ's
itâ's end, it just clings to your apathy like a needy
friend.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.
Now that Iâ've learned to crawl I canâ't remember how

to fly, Iâ'm sure itâ'll
come back to me the day before I die, if it means
anything this doesnâ't
mean a thing, just more music to sigh another song to
sing.
Come come slow sister under the silence, come come
help me lay
down my oblivion.

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