

Michael McGuire "Clocks"

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CLOCKS

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Born into motion set sail against the sky, inspiration is
slowed down to
the wink of an eye, we travel east and west in the same
step, the
distance of our dreams distort in this strange effect,
time plays
favorites here but there's no way to know it, age is in
motion only the
clock doesn't show it, action moves so slowly but
turns into memory so
fast, memory clings to the moment but the moments
never last, move
me from the inside cast against the stoney ghost,
between the density
of experience and memory; memory weighs the most,
clocks are little
liars and full of shameless ambition, and just like
knowledge have no
respect for intuition, the fall doesn't look as fast at
the scene of the
descent, but purpose falls to pieces and becomes a
victim of it's own
intent, everything that has been done still lacks for
what can never be,
the pearly gates of perfection have a profound lack of
sympathy, the
shortest distance between two points is being there,
and a circle is the
only route for those who cant afford the fare, till we
finally reach that
perfect speed that cast the light, like the stillness of a
stagnant pool
reflects in the night, train of thought moves slowly thru
time, point of
reference fixed forever in this rhyme, all beauty is in a
transition of
indifferent decay, you cant rightly judge today until
tomorrows had it's
say, the contemporary rag of pain polishes some
antique pleasure, a

calculated risk pays off with a morsel too small to
measure, even after
all hope is lost desire still remains, it's a matter of
time but the clock
just complains, every second of blind faith is spent
tempting fate, it's
never too soon to always be too late, but there's a
beggar's fortune at the
end of every rainbow, and on the dance floor of the
rain dance their
waiting for the rain to show, the past is gone all we've
got left is the
future now, but the slippery hands of the clock cannot
hold this vow,
the atoms of time make up the parts of the clock, it's
sardonic voice
repeats the nonsense of tic tock, life in motion in it's
dust cloud fame,
it begins in wonder and it ends the same, the thunder
is the void as it
clears it's throat, the summer returns to the sky for
it's winter coat, a
fence row marks the boundary of imagination, and on
the other side is
the junkyard of miscalculation, and the ruins of the
future are kept
there to, until their time has come and then is thru, and
every now and
then an impossibility jumps the fence, and sings for
it's supper at it's
own expense, but time doesn't have a memory and it
has no eyes, so it
can't remember the truth or see thru the lies, but clocks
are the
conspirators against all this holy time, but they can't
stop the
posthumous poet from singing his eternal rhyme.
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