

Michael McGuire "Exit Harmony"

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EXIT HARMONY

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Dreaming is the shortest distance between two points,
it's always been
the pulp of dreams that oiled his joints, he always
thought he heard
voices in the storm of electric guitars, but the sky feels
heavy and over
burdened with stars, and his life just feels like rent to
the dreamers
landlord, and a monthly statement of what his debt
can't afford, he still
feels more like an idea than a meaning, a movie of the
world that
suffers private screening. Trying not to force the why
so he can just be,
trying to achieve exit harmony. Existence seems just a
ground for
mapping limitations, and this world a mechanism for
real imitations,
and he the mediator of flesh and flame, he gives a
writers block
autopsy to what's beyond the bones of a name,
nervous odds
spectator the gallop of the days, gods placenta
rainbow trying to find a
will for the ways. He cannot just play soft into the ease,
he lives to
bleed electric in the tease.
Turning out the lights so he has to shine to see, trying
to achieve exit
harmony. The love the love the love he has trying to
make it breath,
the pain the pain the pain he has; wake it from this
death.
Miscellaneous rage the physical bride of his church,
sometimes in
trance to the blind rhythm of the search, just to lose the
flavor of this
bitter root on his tongue, learn to grow as old as regret
in world that's
eternally young.

And he wanted his muse to be more of his lover than
his whore, but
the only thing he really wants from her is more, when
he finally lays for
that big sleep that chases no dream, he just hopes to
feel the ripeness
of the scheme. Trying to pull the heavens down to this
reality, give the
flesh back to the word for exit harmony.
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