

Michael McGuire "Graveyard Moon"

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GRAVEYARD MOON

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When worse comes to worst, I am at my best, I study
this curse, like I
was studying for some kind of test, it's the things you
see, that can
really make you blind, and the things that we don't
really need, are the
ones that we try so hard to find, you cant steal from a
thief, you cant
get blood from a stone, you cant live on belief, you
cant make flesh
from bone.

Moved by her mysterious grace, mystified in this
wondrous place,
overcoming many pains, she holds every thing in tune,
the winter
blizzards and the springtime rains, the summer sun
and the graveyard
moon.

And now she wants me to surrender, but I cant give up
the ghost, now
she wants me to defend her, but I don't know who
needs it the most, I
used to love her sister, but now that seems like such a
trifle, her index
finger had a blister, from the trigger on the rifle, but it
was you who
caught my eye, but she inspired me with her touch, it
was always you
who said do or die, and death never really meant that
much.

Absorbed in her confusing ways, lost in these
desperate days,
conquered by many pains, I was held victim of the
night, drenched by
these endless rains, I stood fast to claim my rights.
Now I feel like a stranger, that knows himself all to well,
I never knew I
was in danger, of mistaking heaven for hell, but I was
ready to make
my move, be it just my foolish pride, I really thought I

had to prove,
what I always felt inside, but it was you who always
knew, what I never
even suspected, I never even had a clue, that the best
of both worlds
could be connected.
Mystified in heaven and earth, baptized in self worth,
conquered by
many desires, I still fought for the promised land, from
everything that
dark heart does inspire, I made my final stand.
And now I just want to surrender, but I cant give up my
heart, yes I am
the great pretender, I got the horse inside the cart, she
said it's easy
but thats a lie, but there is no other way, the hardest
part is just to try,
there is no tomorrow only today, but yet you say it can
be done, that I
just gave up to soon, I loved this summer sun, but I
never came to term
with this graveyard moon.
Moved by her mysterious grace, mystified in this
wondrous place,
overcoming many pains, she holds every thing in tune,
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and the graveyard
moon.

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