

Michael McGuire "Hunters Tune"

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HUNTERS TUNE

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I was born last night under a virgin moon, Iâ'm the
hunted heart I sing a
hunters tune, I move my hand thru a rainbows arc, I
move thru the
morning before the lark, night of wonder, and morning
glory, thatâ's
my way, thatâ's my story, as the sleepers dream I
make my art, my head
tells me to have a heart, a rose in bloom does not
compare, with her
sculpted body her midnight hair.
The woes of the world are not my wine, what this is is
what Iâ'm not,
take what you believe is yours leave what is mine, I just
want my life
itâ's all Iâ've got.
Portentous whispers on a desolate wind, the bones of
time will break
not bend, if you look deep into beautyâ's face, youâ'll
see her awkward
moves are what lend her grace, I take her wine, I drink
deep and long,
it makes me holy, it makes me strong, I lose my way to
her faultless
lead, when she cuts my soul I just let it bleed, I take my
name to the
killing stone, I cast my knowledge to the great
unknown.
The woes of the world are not my wine, what this is is
what Iâ'm not,
take what you believe is yours leave what is mine, I just
want my life
itâ's all Iâ've got.
Secret sleepers in dreamers breath, walk the worlds of
life and death,
she lays down the weary stars the rested souls, the sun
shines mercy
the river rolls, I turn inside, I turn to her, what I will be,
is what we
were, she moves in fields of an inner landscape, I

move thru forms and
spirits I follow her shape, my lover tries to tempt my
sight, I look back
into the darkness then I turn to the light.
The woes of the world are not my wine, what this is is
what Iâ€™m not,
take what you believe is yours leave what is mine, I just
want my life
itâ€™s all Iâ€™ve got.
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