

Michael McGuire "My Black Guitar"

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MY BLACK GUITAR

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Someday we will all be equal, when our bones can no longer babble, the trouble with mistakes is all we learn is regret, and something so memorable is easy to forget.
All rivers run their course, all riders throw their horse, the mighty stand on their force, and it all means just what it means.
Blame is our favorite substitute for control, duty is a prostitute in place of a soul, is the truth a republican or a democrat, we don't care where we're going we just like to know where we're at.
For eons peons are pulverized, eternally idiots are idolized, while the masses are mesmerized, and it all works just like it works.
Life's not what you make it your what it makes you, circumstance not freedom gives the color it's blue, armies of feelings marching across my senses, my future free memory will pay their expenses.
The new history starts right from this day, so there is nothing yet we can say, I just want to prey and play, on my black guitar.
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