

Michael McGuire

"New Jerusalem Machinery"

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NEW JERUSALEM MACHINERY

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And then the pulpit of the eclipse device, the mystical
chant from the
wizard of paradise, the hum of unlearned languages
stifle tongues,
breathing beauty's perfumed soul conquers lungs,
the order of the
planets behind heavens eyes, lead to the fertile valley
of a thousand
why's, Corinthian columns of the palace challenge
every bluff, deities
of the bone for the love of star built stuff, and the
futures ghost
caught in the lure of the landlords weather, and a
broken bird trying to
learn to forgive the feather, the whirling whining grind
of viable
motion, metabolic engine turning gears of devotion,
the placebo of
chance puts an ache in the exhaust, magnificently
moving in the
direction of lost, the heat of a light drains the blood of
a shadow, as
soft cylinders sing the lament of the fuel flow, and the
road doesn't
know how to mirror the map, so the key to the kingdom
is the
blueprint of the trap, scaffold of the night; construction
staggers
clockwise, the organic fabric of myth to mechanize.
And then the burden of the bone laden spirit, only the
lay of the
landscape to steer it, manifested monument; the life of
deeds, the sex
in the schism of the world that breeds, the hero claims
a vision to
shape his blindness, but the gods deny the mortal coil
this kindness,
so in the twilight the colors merge to muck and magic,
and the earth
recites the engine of the tragic, ancient rivers baptize

the reborn rain,
as clouds of wonder advertise their bane, the hum
increasing to an
infinite primal roar, piston plays the martyr to motions
whore,
enchanted and lust driven by her supple destination,
and so the genius
of hunger makes a meal of temptation, abstract motive
in search of the
concrete cure, thoughts incognito the stage props of
action pure,
waiting is a hunger that will forever feed, the loins of
harvest and the
god city seed, blond hair and white dress; accidental
goddess frame,
the way back to glory thru the wreckage of this shame.
And then the madness of the moon descending jury,
the laws amended
by the engines fury, running like watercolors into a
desperate rainbow,
the sky whispers omens of what the earth will never
know, compass or
clock is it a place or a time, judge of engineers meddle
in the Eden of
crime, real estate angels lead the holy to the dead,
false prophet
bankers invest in god's shrunken head, bibles and
bullets of atomic
renaissance waste, the rider a fast victim of where the
road has been
placed, as the serpent glides thru the graveyard of
antique
constellations, the cartographer of souls traces dead
end destinations,
back to the origin the seed the seminal alter of ego, the
eye of the
sacrifice the knife influenced by moon glow, and now
beauty the blood
of a memory ebbs out of season, the engine rebuilt by
the
bloodstained hands of reason, anonymous epitaphs
await the
unanimous ode, now all circuits are tied and tangled in
bootleggers
code, new Jerusalem machinery choking on bone and
rust, the city the
engine the rider united in dust.
Nov-dec 98

