

## Michael McGuire "Odd Numbers"

Visit "[Odd Numbers](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

### ODD NUMBERS

Â© Electric Babylon Music Author: M.M.

In the far corner of the trinity forsaken by the god of  
hosts, where the  
children of the square peg are still haunted by Job's  
ghost, symmetry  
fortifies the killers pride of the brave, and yet there  
would be no  
master if there were no slave, the vague wind of  
circumstance blows  
from minute to hour, the bitterest seed that's sown  
reaps the sweetest  
flower, the richest souls are born into poverty for life,  
some are  
hardened into stone some see thru the strife.  
God's ways are mysterious but not any more so than  
mans, everyones  
caught a glimpse of a different set of master plans, for  
some the world  
is turning for others it is still, what can the victim say  
when he's  
approached for the kill, the outside is looking in while  
the inside is  
looking out, each faith only as strong as the  
desperation of doubt, the  
relative value wavers to and fro, some will see it thru  
others will watch  
it go.  
The biggest of ideas will be laughed about someday,  
there is only  
everything but that's for each to say, the equation is so  
precise yet it  
draws a question mark, it takes the knowledge of the  
light to be afraid  
of the dark, there's a sucker born every minute or a  
reasonable  
facsimile of, always on the receiving end when push  
comes to shove,  
and though the womb of the world is lined with sorrow,  
there still  
remains the inarticulate joy of tomorrow.  
The lawless go around wondering who made the laws,

or wondering  
about the interpretation of a particular clause, there are  
those who  
would cut off their thought to spite their mind, this  
whirlwind of  
information can sometimes be quite unkind, the beauty  
mark of style  
worn like a contemporary crown, it's a circus but it's  
hard to tell who's  
the clown, but the tightrope walkers are easy to spot  
way up on the  
high wire, where you either have to be brave or stupid  
or have a bad  
desire.  
But it's this repulsive nature that feeds this attraction,  
the same way  
this unresponsive attitude caused this reaction, in a  
world where only  
the unwilling walk on nails, heroes spill their guts and  
dead men tell no  
tales, a mongrel on a unicycle is not an inspiring sight,  
trying to avoid  
the issue is the surest way to start a fight, the absolute  
is now just a  
relative matter of legality, the most immoral things are  
done in the  
name of morality.  
Sometimes a theory of good intentions has no practical  
use, sometime  
holding it back does more harm than letting it loose,  
but it won't make  
it any better pretending that it's fine, confusing the all  
to human with  
the divine, predatory creatures on a handmade  
hunting ground,  
nothing has been lost but something has been found,  
reason fakes it's  
purpose then seeks it's pleasure, looking thru this  
trivial trash for a  
trifling bit of treasure.  
Lost in the eye of the beholder the subject becomes the  
object, the  
abject eye that overlooks all virtues but is quick to spot  
a defect, and  
now the truth is so battered and bruised it has to limp  
to the witness  
stand, and sometimes it's so down and out a lie must  
lend a hand, and  
there is no way to be sure when the truth does really  
lie, sometimes  
it's really hard to believe your eyes but I guess we

have to try, but there  
are some who would advocate the inspiration of doubt,  
and there's no  
doubt; doubts a belief that we can't live without.  
aug 87

Visit [Michael McGuire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.