

## Michael McGuire "Ode To Something"

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ODE TO SOMETHING

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If all is one maybe that's why I feel so lonely, and of  
these boneless  
mysteries wither belongs the ode, I beg in the flexed  
humility of  
routine desire, for I would sing the storm gathering in  
my throat.  
It hangs; some listless moon bathed in darkness, from  
every window a  
beauty of obscurity, and every sailor who begs  
direction of the sea, is a  
patron of this brazen purity, ways are told in puzzles of  
make and  
myth, in a wound it leaves detached from my pain, a  
painting of a  
gallery the painting is hanging in.  
The sorrow of the river inspires the artist of the rain.  
The metaphors of machine invest a style of dying, and  
in the folk  
darkness of worlds report, tongueless medicine  
babbles a cure, so the  
motors of Babylon are geared to this resort.  
And so I a scholar to the empty ways of dogma's fill, I  
study the lean  
and motion of flight, and the weather beaten thoughts  
of host divine,  
vainly offer a prism to filter logic from the light, a  
flirtatious sky offers  
the throat of an unfixed horizon, and desire is a self  
explanatory  
delusion, but there is something in the way she  
delivers her rhetorical  
temptation, that makes me want to celebrate  
confusion, yet I hear  
some whispered chant in the winds unconscious, that  
woos me to a  
slow October dressing, and I want to sync the clock  
rivers time.  
Where all passage has the scars of blessing.  
While I hunger for the marrowbone of the mystery,  
I'm held hostage to

the rations of light, and the killer that marries your  
mother, is the  
polygamist who seeded the night.  
The wit of the beast served with lightning kiss, finds  
the balm of  
creation in rhyme, and eternity unriddled like a lovers  
heat, flows freely  
into rivers time, as I sift thru the debris of this heavy  
sadness, for  
healing and even beauty seems a nihilistic nurse, Iâ€™m  
just so lost I donâ€™t  
even know where I want to be, in the poison chemistry  
of the seasonâ€™s  
convoluted curse, its all a beggars tide the dynamics  
of moon and  
mind, this somethingness an agent of machine, and I  
am trapped in  
the cogs of reason and reflex.  
Fixated on what this breath and babble could mean.  
Maybe the poets search for godâ€™s monologue, is the  
divine caught in  
humanityâ€™s rut, in this bleeding oneness I suffer  
distinct, ode to  
something I know not what.  
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