Michael McGuire
"Progressive Regression"

PROGRESSIVE REGRESSION
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You must drink till the glass is empty this is the wine of
salvation, you
must see with the eyes of the critic look thru the eyes of
frustration,
now that the lesson is over the time has come to learn,
all the passions
are free it's the right to pay the price you have to earn
And in the end all you can do is do what you can, the
man makes the
situation and the situation makes the man.
The night is your lover but the morning is your wife,
and her embrace
is your freedom but her touch is like a knife, how could
a ghost of such
glory haunt these minds of such vague imaginations,
you bask in the
glorious atonement's and suffer from expectations, ah
but let the dead
bury the dead while the dying nurse the sick, a
different magician a
brand new hat but it's always the same old trick.
You must walk the line on your tiptoes for this is the
silent season,
what good is the end if you cant justify your means with
the reason,
five years ago you thought you'd be further down this
road now your
surprised you made it this far, but it's so easy to be
easy when your
not sure when you are, perfect control over the senses
ignoring the
pain and the obvious faults, these are the facts of life
we live by and
the real truth is locked deep inside the vaults.
There's such life in her body but the smell of suicide
is on her breath,
you would die for her longing but you couldn't live
thru her death, and
the poison she feed you for lunch has now taken it's
toll. and she

opened your mind and the poison leaked into your
soul.
And in the end all you can do is do what you can, the
man makes the
situation and the situation makes the man.
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