

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Rain In The Ocean"**

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All the mysterious money of a dreamers debt, spent in  
pursuit of rain  
that isn't wet, from the garden of Eden to apocalypse  
drawn and  
drained, jealous millionaires count the drops every  
time it rained, and  
pointless fortunes raise the sea levels ego, and she  
follows mocking  
direction which ever way we go, the meaning of light  
consumed in the  
definition of darkness, like a ghost fits the frame of an  
ideal carcass.  
The mothers milk of the babies cry, the heartbeat of  
heaven pumps the  
blood of the sky.  
A window to the soul of superficial saviors, the ruins of  
payday where  
paradise labors, it's the difference between a fix and  
an overdose in a  
junkies vein, it's how a cradle of clouds turns into an  
ocean of rain,  
brush is just the body; color the soul of the paint, yet  
we worship the  
deeds of this superfluous saint, in that crucifixion of  
sleep where the  
dream gets a little to real, and we lip sync the alphabet  
and kiss  
becomes kill.  
The clock of an idea spends the time of money, rain is  
the spice of the  
watered down honey.  
And monuments of rain spread the ocean's cancer,  
it's a hungry  
destiny draped in the weathers disguise, it's a dream  
of a question and  
a dictionary of an answer, the axis dislocated the whole  
plot turns  
weather wise, tomorrow puts up with the petty  
demands of today, in a  
transfusion of sterility means become a whore to the  
end, will has been  
sacrificed to the way, but this new weather pattern is

just following the  
radar's trend, while the history of banks brilliantly told  
in subway  
hieroglyphics, the code of all fortunes lie in the market  
flux of the rain,  
and the teller she fondles the hands on clash of  
specifics, and makes  
plans for her spiritual tax exempt merger with Cain.  
A cloud is feeding it's thirst over the ocean, crystals  
of essence divine  
and fortunes unfolded, the wind fills it's kitchen and  
confers it's  
stirring motion, and the god of tides is summoned and  
metamorphically  
molded.  
From a beach a tellers eyes sees the waste of rain in  
the ocean, but a  
dreamer sees the difference between the debt and the  
loan.

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