

## **Michael McGuire**

# **"Sweet Dorthea And The Nature Of Evil"**

Visit "[Sweet Dorthea And The Nature Of Evil](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

SWEET DORTHEA AND THE NATURE OF EVIL

Â© Electric Babylon Music Author: M.M.

Eyes like a circus and tongue like a snake, the birth of a lover that

heaven did forsake, experience intangible in the shifting mythic light,

the subtlety of daybreak and the power of the knife bone night, she

was born to please but she is bored with her duty, so she sings a

catastrophe and it feels like beauty, and when she moves like a hungry

cat you will kill to bring her food, she is the rainbow she is the swamp

she is the global mood, I saw her once in a crystal ball as a storm over

a city, she is the inspiration of every prophecy of pity, but your

appetite says much more than her blank desire, but her coolness is

much more like a frozen fire, and your tears are just her favorite drink

your sighs the wind in her sails, and in the crucifixion pride she acts

the nails, watch her walk down a lonely avenue at sunset, the way the

darkness swallows her body your match is made and met.

And you begin to want her, and you begin to love her.

It's just practicing your fall from grace, chasing mermaids swimming

thru light breeding space, she is subtlety and purpose with her

Rembrandt face, and your lust is an open wound on which she feeds.

In the light she looks like an angel in the dark she looks like the light,

and desire is a fighter and reason is a fight, and the moon's the only

cure inside the curious night, she will give your angles thoughts and

forms their deeds.

She delivers desperation in the artifice of a sunset, and  
you will trust  
her shadow and plead heresy to regret, she'll make  
you feel like a  
master when you're really just a pet, there's a different  
world in each eye  
and you look deep.  
She is the honesty of a black rainbow, and you touch  
the rain and you  
live the rain and you're sick to know, so you hoard the  
treasure of the  
thunder's woe, until you have nothing to give and only  
temptation to  
keep.  
With earth hurt curves and autumn motion, a desktop  
mind and a  
blood letting ocean, tapestry of silence; lips on the  
bullet, in a god sick  
fever in creation's pulpit, asphalt fury; sex bed  
shame, overtones and  
whispers and tongue dust fame, nervous art chaos;  
clock paced thrill,  
carnival persona undressed to kill.  
And you begin to need her, and you think she needs  
you.  
jan 96

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

---

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