

Michael McGuire "The Golden Age"

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THE GOLDEN AGE

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Real life seems to slip right thru our hands, tangled in
this trapped by
that with all that living demands, swayed by good luck
and other false
prophets, blinded by faith and so tempted by logic,
Wait for the light of the golden age, wait for the words
from the poets
page, time is the anger of eternity, for not knowing now
is all there will
ever be.

Empty motion day after day, we know where were
going we just don't
know the way, confusion becomes our companion and
our guide, as we
find our lover and dream of our spiritual bride.
Wait for the light of the golden age, wait for the words
from the poets
page, time is the anger of eternity, for not knowing now
is all there will
ever be.

Every heart stands in the balance of the freedom and
the cost, in the light
there is a shadow for every soul that is lost, life is the
only reason not to
just lay down and die, but sometimes you feel the fury
of a bird trapped
in only sky.

Wait for the light of the golden age, wait for the words
from the poets
page, time is the anger of eternity, for not knowing now
is all there will
ever be.
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