

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"The Last Days"**

Visit "[The Last Days](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

ELECTRIC BABYLON

PREFACE

Some when (perhaps the present has already planned its future), We  
step into the life of a young man who is perplexed at what he sees as a  
world fashioned for the art of self destruction. There are rumors, there  
is death predominantly in the guise of what has become known as the  
chirp because of the high pitched wheezing that accompanies the  
illness. No one knows. Authority declines comment. Meanwhile most of  
the populous carries on business as usual although there are sporadic  
protests and riots in which the participants call for the immediate shut  
down of all industry and transportation and anything else deemed  
harmful to the environment. The people who take part in these riots  
have come to be called poets because of their seemingly quixotic  
ideals. Another group (unofficially led by a radio personality named  
Russ Lawler) called the red church is militantly opposed to any  
interference with what seems to be happening because they see it as  
god's will. Pulled this way and that by gravity and thought we watch  
the world's will bend our hero's will into the grotesque shape of guilt,  
fear and doubt as he struggles to find the sense in living a life that is  
killing us.  
The last song is taken from the pages of a scientist's journal who was  
working to help solve the environmental problems man has created.

## THE LAST DAYS

May nineteenth, the sky looks like hell turned upside-down, I guess  
the only invention man neglected was his salvation, but this thing  
happened so slow we didn't see it coming, yes it started so long ago  
when man found religion and lost god, the instant man fancied himself  
created rather than creator he tossed responsibility, it's ironic the red  
church essentially had this same idea, but somehow this never struck  
me so much as dying for dignity as for spite, man just never noticed  
the wake of destruction caused by his marvelous creation.

June eleventh, I saw a man on the street today babbling it's happening  
it's happening over and over, he walked up to me and looked me in the  
eyes and said I keep having these dreams and I'm not in them, he said  
he must find Sophia and walked away he had the chirp bad he was  
beyond help, I've never seen the the chirp affect someone's mental  
health but perhaps it was this world that did that, but then; too sad to  
ponder cause and effect, the world of possibilities couldn't help but  
fascinate but the possible always exploits the actual, and then money  
became the standard measuring unit for anything and everything, and  
the whole thing became a game of trust based on mutual distrust.

June nineteenth, the government issued an order today no one is to go  
outside without their sunsuit or air mask, this may have helped about  
two years ago but not now, besides the planet itself is dying and we  
can't wrap it in a sunsuit, but the serpent will feed on its tail until  
dinner is over, everyone I work with is agreed there is no way to reverse  
the situation yet we work on it everyday, I guess it's just some kind of  
desperation or just another manifestation of the mania

for  
possibilities, hope would be a superfluous ingredient in  
this recipe for  
doom, I wonder why I even write this but I guess even  
Mozart will be  
trash now.  
July fourteenth, I find myself more withdrawn into  
myself in a way I  
never have before, for the first time I really realize the  
value of my life  
as a distinction from rather than a part of everything, I  
guess Iâ€™ve  
always viewed myself as what I do not what I am, itâ€™s  
ironic though  
now I feel more a part of everything in a much more  
profound way, my  
existence is everything and only me at the same time,  
now it seems  
that life is the mystical experience and death just  
seems; easy, for  
some reason I keep thinking back to the man I saw on  
the street a few  
weeks back, there was something more than insanity in  
his eyes;  
understanding maybe?  
July twenty-fourth, things seem a prelude to chaos  
radio and t.v. are  
barely functioning, the machine is breaking down food  
is getting scarce  
suicide is a common antidote, John and Ann both died  
this week now  
thereâ€™s no work to do and no way to do it, if anybody  
ever reads this  
donâ€™t pity me scorn me, we didnâ€™t have the luxury of  
foresight just the  
excuse of hindsight but it was never too late until it was,  
I think Iâ€™m  
getting the chirp but I feel more sorry for the dead  
trees than I do  
myself, itâ€™s funny I still can't believe something like  
this could happen  
even now while it is happening, life seems god given  
and indestructible  
but then so did the sky.  
August ninth, I had a dream last night vivid incredible  
and heart  
wrenching, an angel appeared out of a fiery sky she  
slowly descended  
to stand before me, white gown and gentle face but  
armor across her  
chest and a sword on her side, I asked was she the

angel of death she  
said no she was the angel of mercy, and shall we  
receive mercy with a  
sword? yes it is all that is left, I asked had we really  
lived off the pulp of  
forbidden fruit, she answered it needs be that these  
offense's come  
but woe to the man by whom the offense cometh, and  
is life now no  
more than a dream is to the morning's wide eyed  
stare, the dirt will  
receive your dry seed but eternity's rain will always  
bring the blossom.  
August twenty-seventh, I am dying, I am dying, I am  
aug 93

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

---

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