

Michael McGuire "The Last Virgin"

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THE LAST VIRGIN

The pavement strains from the weight of the world, the
paperboy
hustles to turn our shame into the news, and I go to
work and my job
is just some job, good morning how are you ah man I
cant even hear
that sh*** no more.

The sacrifice, stoke the fire, desire the flame, burn
desire.

The mechanics of living we've offered our lives to our
god the machine,

I get off the elevator and kill my way inside, but it's
alright I'll be

alright as long as I lose my mind by the rules, that
receptionist there

what a beauty dare could she be the last virgin.

The sacrifice, stoke the fire, desire the flame, burn
desire.

Now we're studying the demographics of the average
drug dealer,

strange how their so close to the average faith healer,
the divine made

a present of the future and we gave it back unwrapped,
but I see the

point and the point just got sharper it'll end by
stabbing us in the
back.

The last virgin, pull back her hair, bind her wrist, f***
her care.

Kiss her mouth, then lick your lips, watch the sky, as it
rips.

Staring out the window and I don't know what I see, in
the glass my

reflection stares back at me, am I lost in this or is it my
definition, is

there a god out there that's beyond superstition, and
if there is well

than he must play dice, because a rich mans secret is a
poor mans vice,

and we kill with words and ways and knives, and we

move like silence
thru the holes in our lives.
The darkness comes from nowhere until the darkness
is right here,
and I don't fear no evil I just plane old fear, somehow
wrong got
tangled up in what seemed right, but we just kept on
believing in our
electric light, but now it all seems so black and white as
the colors
vaporize, the truth stood to bold and naked so we
draped it in
disguise, and now the last virgin will burn in the last
sparks of my
sense, and the world will rise from her ashes to keep
on dreaming in
past tense.
Man time to go, I didn't get sh*** done, wonder what
I'll do tonight, oh
man there she goes, I wonder what she'll do tonight,
I'd like to follow
her home.....
april 93

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